

ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XXIV.

No. 144.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1879.

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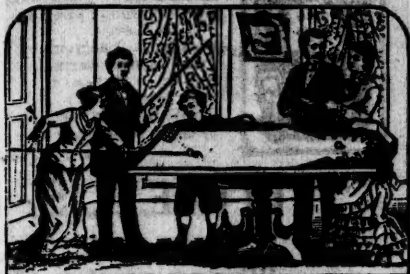


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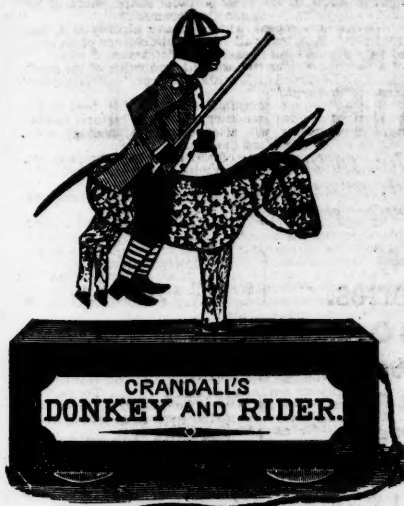
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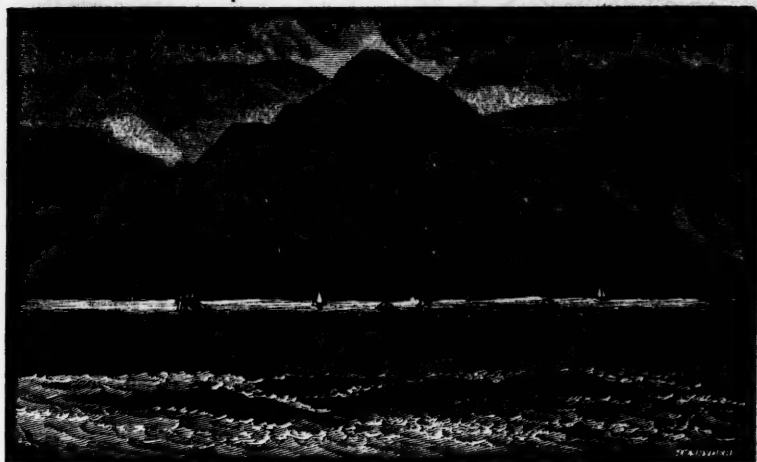
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

DECEMBER, 1879.

AMONG THE BISCAYANS.



APPROACH FROM THE SEA—OFF MOUNT SORRANTO.

THE traveller approaching for the first time the northern coast of Spain from the Bay of Biscay will be surprised and charmed by the grandeur of the mountain-scenery which meets his view. At a distance of seventy miles at sea, on a clear day, the snow-capped peaks of the Cantabrian Pyrenees are visible, first like islands here and there rising out of the bosom of the deep, but gradually shaping themselves, as the beholder draws nearer, into connected portions of a continuous coast-line. Grand-

er still is the effect when, the approach having been made under cover of night, the voyager mounts to the deck in the first cool flush of early morning to find his vessel riding the waves like a sea-bird under the shadow of these giant mountains, which, descending in green cultivated slopes to the very water's edge before him, stretch away in bold bluffs and fantastic promontories to the east and west, seeming to offer an impassable barrier to the farther progress of his journey.

Yet this coast, to all appearance so

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inhospitable, is in reality indented with numerous bays and inlets where ocean-vessels may enter and find havens landlocked and secure, amid poplar-lined banks, fertile vineyards and hillsides from which the chimes in hoary church-towers ring out the passing hours and summon the faithful to their devotions. Such is the charming contrast that awaits the voyager who, after having tossed about for a night or two on the Biscay waters, finds his vessel safely moored in the quiet waters of the Bilbao River, a little stream winding in and out among the mountains, and affording navigable



PILOT-TOWER AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE
BILBAO RIVER.

communication between the sea and the city of Bilbao, eight miles inland.

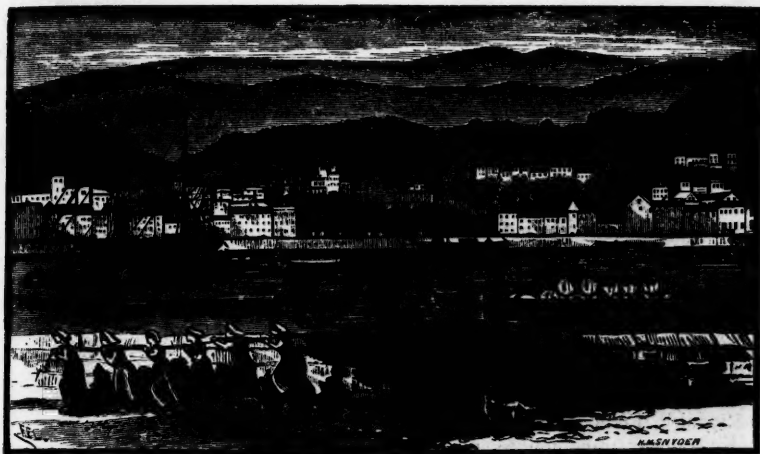
It must be admitted that one's impressions of Spain as derived from first contact with her people and civilization in the persons of the pilot and custom-house officer are not as favorable as might be desired. While the arriving steamer is still well out at sea an open boat, pulled by ten or a dozen swarthy oarsmen—picturesque-looking fellows in caps of red or blue flannel, but otherwise conspicuous for their scantiness of habiliments—comes alongside, and one of its occupants clambers up the ladder with the agility of a cat, mutters a greeting to the captain, and proceeds to take command of the ship. There is a troublesome bar at the mouth of the river, and for a paltry matter of

five or six dollars, to be divided among them all, this adventurous boat's crew have put out to sea at one or two o'clock in the morning to take their chance of putting a pilot on some incoming vessel. Standing on the bridge, his eye intently fixed on the signal-tower in the river yonder, where, by a flag waved to the right or left, the vessel's course is directed, our pilot has the air of a lazy, good-natured good-for-nothing—a sort of marine Rip Van Winkle, who only works because he has to, and who will probably lie asleep all the afternoon under the shade of some friendly tree, content until the few *pesetas* earned by this morning's work are gone. But, for all that, he brings us safely over the bar, we steam triumphantly past the pilot-tower, the captain passes around a brandy-bottle and glass among the swarthy oarsmen, and a few moments later the pilot has gone and the ship's whistle is blowing for the customs officer, who comes aboard at Portugalete. Although addressed as "Señor Don So-and-So," a rare specimen of the shabby-genteel functionary is the moustached individual in cocked hat, cloak and rusty uniform who steps aboard, follows the captain down to the after cabin, inspects our trunks—or pretends to—signs his name with a magnificent flourish, gulps down a stiff glass of brandy, and leaves again. On his coat-sleeves, covered with tattered lace, one can read the story of all the faded glories of Spain. But he looks happier when he departs than he did when he stepped on board. "*Que voulez-vous?*" says our captain, who is a Frenchman. "The poor fellow's salary is a mere pittance, he tells me he has six children, and—" He shrugs his shoulders. We are left to infer the rest as to what has passed between them.

Portugalete, the little town opposite which we have stopped for a few moments, runs straggling up the hillside, with several steep streets no wider than a Fifth Avenue sidewalk. But they are densely populated with old women, babies and dogs, and but sparse glimpses of blue sky can be seen between the overhanging eaves and windows above.

At the summit of the knoll up which any one of these streets leads, stands, amid a grove of ancestral poplars, the old church of Santa Maria, in which during the late Carlist war some three hundred of Don Carlos's tatterdemalions took refuge when closely pursued by the victorious royalists after the decisive bat-

tle of Somorrostro. But vainly did they seek refuge "even at the horns of the altar." The royal troops promptly occupied half a dozen of the neighboring heights with their batteries, knocked away a goodly portion of the church-tower, clock, chimes and all, sent hundreds of shells down through the tiled



DELIVERY OF AMERICAN PETROLEUM IN SPAIN.

roof into the midst of the enforced worshippers within, and finally compelled the surrender of the entire party. Amid the hush and quiet now pervading the interior of this grand old edifice one finds it hard to realize that it has so recently witnessed such a scene of carnage. There are, to be sure, some jagged portions of the bell-tower yet un-repaired, and the parish schoolhouse adjoining it still stands roofless and dismantled. But the chimes have been replaced, the hands once more mark the hours on the dial, and the inscription over the doorway, "*Non est hic aliud nisi Domus Dei et Porta Celi*," reminds us as we enter that, notwithstanding man's profanation, this is still God's house only.

Santa Maria Church—it is a cathedral in fact—was built late in the fifteenth century, although the earliest inscription visible dates from early in the sixteenth (1532), when, as a tablet informs

us, "Don Pedro de Salazar and his beloved wife brought the remains of the former's father to this spot, and caused them to be interred in this chapel." There is another very curious chapel dating from 1560, and a costly bronze *reredos* in scriptural bas-reliefs extending from the floor to the roof in the rear of the chancel, which must have grievously taxed the purses of the faithful.

Under the hill, and fronting directly on the river, is a new Portugaleta—a long, terraced avenue with stone balustrade in front, and lined on its inner side with elegant granite dwellings of modern construction, much similar to those seen on upper Fifth Avenue about Central Park. Hither in summer come the wealthy Bilbaoans to enjoy the sea-breezes and forget the cares of city-life. Many of these dwellings, now rebuilt, were destroyed by Don Carlos's artillerymen, while others adjoining them, and belonging to adherents of the cause, were

left untouched. The Carlists, it seems, knew well at which to direct their aim.

Opposite Portugalete, on the point formed by the river's entrance into the bay, is the bathing-resort of the Bilbao people—Las Arenas, with a gently-sloping beach of fine hard sand and the usual seaside medley of bath-houses, saloons and pavilions, such as one sees at Coney Island, Atlantic City or any other American salt-water resort. A submarine cable from Point Lizard, England, comes in here. The irrepressible Yankee is represented too, by advertisement at least. The writer saw the poster of a well-known American sewing-machine company glaring at him in flaming letters as he sat on the veranda of one of the hotels waiting departure by the horse-railway, which furnishes communication every fifteen minutes during the day between Las Arenas and Bilbao. Advertising, in fact, is conducted on a polyglot basis in this region. All the way up along the river there may be seen over the store doorways signs in Spanish, French and English. The horse-railway track follows the river-bank all the way to Bilbao, the cars being drawn by mules, and resembling in external appearance those in general use in American cities, though the rate of speed is considerably greater. The eight miles are made in about an hour, the mules going at a gallop most of the distance. So well patronized is the road, especially in summer, that the company is taxed to its utmost to provide transportation for the crowds of passengers, and consequently another railway, to follow the opposite bank of the river, is already talked of.

We pay our ten-cent fare to a spruce-looking chap in uniform with the label "Conductor" on his cap, and he in turn "punches with care in the presence of the passengaire" by tearing out from a coupon-book and handing us a ticket entitling the holder to two sections in the first-class compartment of the car. In the second class we discover a motley gathering of workmen, market-women and peasantry, yet, for that matter, the Spanish horse-car is democratic enough

throughout. It is no uncommon sight to see a dark-complexioned donna in veil and mantilla standing outside on the rear platform. Inside or outside everybody smokes, regardless of the presence of the gentler sex. The lady who "likes the odor of a good cigar" is altogether a superfluity in Spain.

The roadway skirting the river is well built up for nearly its entire length, if we except two or three intervals where wheat-fields or vineyards come straggling down to its border. At every quarter of a mile is seen a sentry-box, where a *carabinero*, gun in hand, stands watching for any attempt at smuggling. There are several villages on one side or the other, the two principal ones on the opposite bank, San Nicolas and Luchana, being the ore-loading stations or termini of the various railways connecting with the iron-mines in the mountains a few miles back. Farther up, within a mile and a half of the city, is Oleavaga, the station at which petroleum-vessels have to come to anchor. One is almost certain at any time to find an American vessel or two anchored at this point. The writer saw a three-master from Richmond, Virginia, discharging a cargo of oil there. The blue-topped casks, so familiar to the eye of any one who has ever visited the petroleum-region, are lowered over the ship's side into barges, which are towed up to town by lines of women, whose labor can be hired for less than that of mules. The condition of the women of the poorer classes here is abject and pitiable indeed. Women may be seen everywhere, in the fields, on the roads, on the wharves, in the quarries, toiling like cattle, with very little prospect of earning more than the provender necessary to keep them alive.

Far above the housetops at Oleavaga, along the steep mountain-side, over arches and through cuts, runs the dusty turnpike-road connecting Bilbao with Santander. In the morning and evening the diligence—for stage-travel must always remain the principal means of communication in this mountainous country—goes dashing by with three

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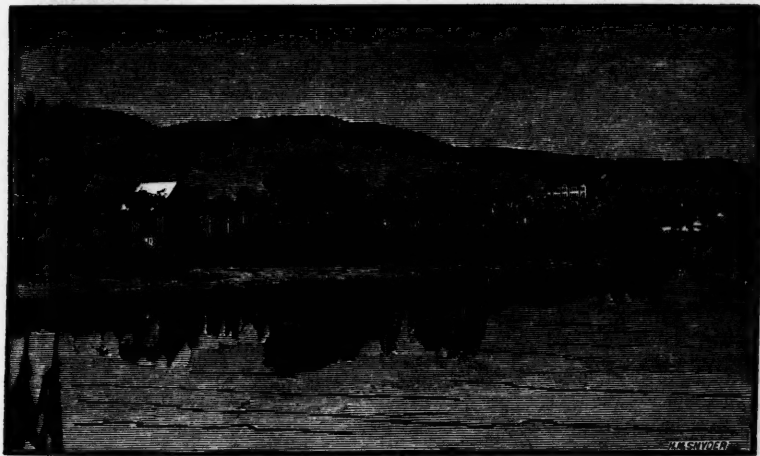
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horses tandem, a great snapping of whiplashes, occasional volleys of oaths, and a cloud of dust enveloping all. He who desires to study Spain and her people from an inside point of view should take one ride in any of these mountain-diligences, but *only* one: he will never want another.

Just before reaching the stone post which marks the city limit one sees on the river-bank the English burial-ground, a shaded enclosure of an acre or so, with a neat chapel and gateway at the en-

trance, and thickly planted with willows and shrubbery, from the midst of which a snow-white monument or gravestone here and there peeps out. Of late years the iron-ore trade has attracted to Bilbao hundreds of English residents and sailors, and in this quiet spot has been laid to rest, far from home and kindred, many a poor fellow whom the rigid interment-laws of this priest-ridden land have excluded from burial in the public cemetery.

Like Washington, Bilbao may be termed a "city of magnificent distances," her



THE ENGLISH BURIAL-GROUND.

limits extending out into the fields and up the mountain-sides far beyond her thickly-settled centre. This it was that enabled Don Carlos during his siege of the city to boast in turgid rhetoric that he had "captured a portion of Bilbao." His pickets, in fact, were posted on all the country roads in the environs, many of them within the city lines and within talking-distance of the sentries, but none of them ever actually entered the city proper except as prisoners. The siege lasted for one hundred and two days; the inhabitants were reduced to a diet of horse-flesh; upward of five thousand shells were thrown into the city from the forts on the neighboring mountain-tops; houses, churches, and, among other objects, a very handsome wire suspension

bridge spanning the river, were demolished; yet the brave Bilbaoans held out, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing Don Carlos and his ragged cohorts beat a precipitate retreat over the adjacent mountains. To-day the Spanish government is replacing at its own expense all buildings destroyed by the besiegers' guns, and Bilbao shows but few traces of her recent trials.

One's impressions of the city on entering it by the horse-railway from down the river are very pleasing. Rows of palatial dwellings, with gardens before them, line the road on the left: to the right, extending along the river-front, is a park with flower-beds, shrubbery and fountains, shaded by a dense growth of forest trees and thronged every afternoon

with well-dressed promenaders of both sexes. On the other side of the park can be caught glimpses of steamers, sailing-vessels and smaller craft lying at anchor in the river or discharging their cargoes at the quay; and beyond them, in turn, may be seen the mountain-slope ascending abruptly on the other side.

Most Spanish cities are famous for nothing if not their antiquity, but this one, with its thirty-and-one thousand inhabitants, is an exception to the rule in that it has both an antiquated and a modern side to it. The centres of the



THE GREAT SEAL OF BILBAO.

old and the new town are very clearly defined even to the casual observer. An old New Jersey farm-house with a fanciful Mansard-roofed wing looking haughtily down upon it, or a half-ruined châteaupon which some ambitious owner of later days has built up a brand-new modern villa, aptly typifies this little city, which in spite of its five or six hundred years of existence is to-day in many respects as wide awake and enterprising in its habits and ideas as any of our live American towns.

Bilbao is built, as it were, in the bend of a figure 5 formed by the river, the more ancient quarter of the city being at the upper end of the curve. At this point the river is spanned by an antiquated stone bridge of two arches, now closed to travel. Yet one looking at its form and architecture, redolent of the past, cannot but picture to himself the pageants of mail-clad horsemen, with all their pennants and blazonry and nodding plumes and martial music, that

on many a triumphal occasion in days long gone by have passed over its now crumbling roadway. The old bridge and the large church adjoining it, which is now used as the municipal building, have been adopted as a device for the great seal of Bilbao. A wide quay before the city hall and the arcaded sidewalks adjoining it are used as the public market-place, and at any time before noon the spot is crowded with chattering venders of fish, flesh, fruit, vegetables and a thousand varieties of notions and knickknacks. The river, at this point seems, too, to be utilized as a sort of public washtub, for from sunrise to dark there may be seen at frequent intervals along the banks groups of a dozen or so of barefooted laundresses in gaudy-colored skirts and kerchiefs washing out their family linen or putting it on the rocks to dry.

At every turn in this quarter of Bilbao the stranger meets with much to entertain him. Dark and narrow streets, with family crests and escutcheons quaintly carved over every doorway; long winding stairways straggling up the hillsides, with a resting-place or landing before each door on the way up; alley-ways ending abruptly in walls of rock; a jumble of shops and chapels and convents,—all recall some bit of canvas torn from a mediæval painting, and suddenly reproduced here before the admiring eyes of to-day. But follow the river around for a distance of half a mile, and the scene is changed at once. Here are a modern railway-dépôt built in the style of a Swiss chalet, and said to be the finest in Spain; a theatre where you may hear the *Ballo in Maschera* or *Lucia di Lammermoor* sung by an Italian troupe of more than usual merit; a clubhouse where, if fortunate enough to have the privilege of admission, you may daily read the *London Times* or any of the principal Paris papers; an hotel where for a dollar and a half a day may be found all the comforts of the large hotels in any European capital; a public park, a telegraph-office, and stores stocked with a bewildering and brilliant variety of merchandise. The boulevard and

park extending along the river-front before the Hotel d'Inglaterra will prove an attractive place for the visitor. At early morning he may stand there and see the sunrise breaking over the mountains, successively tipping each peak with gold while the base is still swathed in its garment of nocturnal shadows. During the afternoon come throngs of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen promenading, and toward sunset the shaded walks and lawns are resonant with the shouts and laughter of hundreds of joyous children. And when night has settled down

upon the scene, and the gas-lamps glimmer through the shade, there may be heard now and then the musical tum-tum of a guitar and a voice trolling out a lively *bolero* as some group of merry-makers go by, with perhaps a couple or two of dancers with joined hands whirling in pirouettes through the dim-lit shadows in advance of them.

To the student in ethnology it is interesting to note the strongly-contrasted types met with in the faces of the people. The swarthy Moorish complexion, black eyes and raven hair predominate,



RIVER-FRONT, SHOWING BOULEVARD AND PARK.

yet the Northern Goths have left their traces too in the clear skin, ruddy cheeks, flaxen locks and blue eyes not unfrequently encountered. Courtliness and dignity of manner, without the excessive *complaisance* of the French, are noticeable everywhere among the "señor dons" and "caballeros." Most of the men dress in the fashionable styles usually seen on the Paris boulevards, though here and there the sugar-loaf hat and ample cloak, its folds partially held up before the wearer's face, are still seen. The ladies cling more tenaciously to the traditional costume of their sex, the veil and mantilla, very few of them appearing on the streets with cloaks or bonnets. Housemaids too have their dis-

tinguishing *coiffure*, a double braid of hair falling over the back and sometimes reaching nearly to the ground.

French is quite generally spoken, and forms, as almost everywhere else in Europe, the chief means of communication between foreigners and the people themselves. At the *table-d'hôte* dinner at the Hotel d'Inglaterra one day during the writer's stay there were seated twelve guests, ten of whom were conversing together in French on the subject of the New York *Herald's* weather-reports. Yet of those ten, one was a German, two were English, two Moors, two Spaniards, one an American, and only two real Frenchmen; who, by the way, must have relished the babel of varied accents with

which their mother-tongue was being served up by the assembled guests.

The churches of Bilbao, while outwardly plain and uninviting, are extremely costly and attractive in their internal decoration. The faithful must, however, forego the luxury of chairs or cushions, and whether rich or poor must alike kneel upon the hard stone floor. As early as five in the morning one finds numerous worshippers, mostly women. But early rising is no difficult matter in Bilbao, thanks to a quaint custom still extant. From midnight to six A. M. the hours, as they are successively rung out by the chimes in the principal cathedral-tower, are repeated by the watchman sta-



A BILBAO MILKMAN.

tioned in the street below, and from him in turn the words are caught up and reiterated by every other watchman in the city. The effect is indescribably novel and beautiful. The writer chanced to be awakened one morning by hearing the neighboring chimes strike three: An instant afterward a clear, loud, ringing tenor voice in the street below chanted in a strange but not unmusical monotone the words, *Las tres—sereno* ("Three o'clock, and clear"), and a moment later the still air of morning was resonant far and near with re-echoed cries of *Las tres—sereno*, coming back from

out the distance like the tinklings of a hundred silver bells.

It is a pity to have to record of Bilbao, with all her churches, that she indulges in the luxury of occasional bull-fights. Four days of every August are set aside for this edifying sport, and during that period the great amphitheatre, seating fourteen thousand people, is daily packed to repletion with men, women and children of all classes, the peasantry coming in by swarms from a distance of twenty or thirty miles around to applaud the *torreadores*, and scream *Bravo!* at the senseless slaughter of scared bulls and jaded horses. Six bulls are daily led into the ring, and as each bull, before

being despatched, is allowed to kill five horses, and no more, it is not difficult to figure up the sum-total of quadrupeds, bovine and equine, offered up on the altar of this barbarous custom during its four days' annual duration. But there is an undercurrent of public opinion opposed to all this cruelty. Many Spaniards when the sport is mentioned smile and intimate that, as conducted at the present day, it is an arrant humbug. The horses are poor, used-up creatures, unfit for further service; the bull generally asks no better than, like the "erring sisters," to be allowed to depart in peace; while the gallant *torreador*, so often sung in verse and portrayed on canvas, is a very ordinary sort of fellow—agile, it

is true, as any circus-jumper, but never, in reality, exposed to any great danger from his incensed bullship. It is safe to predict that in another half century bull-fighting will have become one of the lost arts in Bilbao.

Street-venders are as numerous and as odd here as anywhere in Europe. The cigar-shops along the sidewalks are neat and convenient, and offer a capital cigar for five cents. The matutinal milkman is perhaps the most interesting character-study in Bilbao. He reminds one of the herdsman Tityrus, that bucolic swain whom Virgil apostro-

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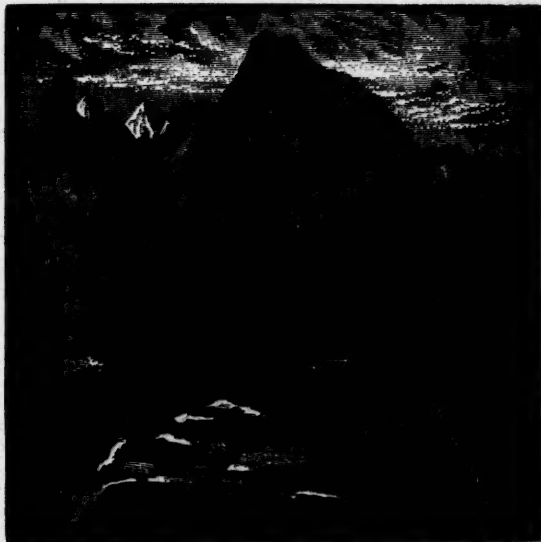
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phizes as making the woodlands vocal with strains to his loved Amaryllis. In the early morning hours—and none too early at that—when the slothful housemaid begins to bestir herself and the city awakens to its daily life, a herd of ten or a dozen goats, marshalled by an ill-favored but faithful shepherd-dog and driven by this Spanish Tityrus, may be seen coming lazily down the street. The goatherd

is a picture in himself, the very personification of a whole pastoral poem. On his head is a slouch cap of blue flannel; he wears a short blouse; he carries a shepherd's staff in his hand; and ever and anon as he approaches the house of a customer he trolls out a ditty as shrill as a mocking-bird's whistle from a reed flute which he raises to his lips. The goats know where to stop, the door is opened, the servant-maid appears, and the pennyworth or two of milk is served fresh and steaming, the other goats and the dog meantime standing idly by, waiting the signal to resume their march.

A description of the Biscay province would be incomplete without some mention of its inexhaustible iron-mining resources, which have of late years been developed to an extraordinary extent, principally by the aid of a million and a half pounds sterling of British capital. During 1878 over thirty-five hundred vessels, of which upward of two thousand were steamers, came to Bilbao for iron-ore. England's foundries are largely supplied from these mines, the famous Creusot Iron Company of France procures much of its material here, and Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannon, has four vessels running regularly between this port and Rotterdam. There are direct lines to Cardiff, Swan-

sea, Middleboro' and Newcastle, to Antwerp, to Dunkerque, Boulogne, Bayonne and La Rochelle, and shipments are made even to American ports. A trim Yankee brig, the Eugene Hale, Captain John E. Lord, of Calais, Maine, recently brought out a cargo of wheat from New York, and has long ere this landed her return cargo of Spanish iron-ore at its destination on the Jersey City docks.



RAILROADING IN THE PYRENEES.

When Pliny, the Bayard Taylor of Roman days, wrote home from this region that he had seen "a mountain made of iron," he scarcely exaggerated the truth. The Triano Mountains, to which it is supposed he referred, might with some slight allowance for the tales of a traveller be fairly described in those terms. From time immemorial there have been numbers of little forges or blacksmith-shops scattered through these mountains, but only during the past ten years or so has there been a systematic effort made to develop the resources of the mines. There are now five lines of railway, varying from six to eight miles in length, connecting the river with the mountain-fastnesses where the ore is taken out.

Of these roads, three were built by Englishmen, one by the Franco-Belgian Company and one by Bilbao enterprise. English skill and English industry are visible everywhere, and have dotted these once desolate mountain-sides with populous villages. The locomotives are from Birmingham, the cars from Manchester, the tools from Sheffield, and even the telegraphic-apparatus in many of the stations is found to bear the mark of an English maker. But that which most commands admiration is the bold engineering genius which has carried these roads, with double tracks, tunnels and solid granite embankments, up from the river-level, over gorges, around giddy precipices and through the very bowels of the cliffs, to summits whence one can look down upon other mountain-tops, upon village-dotted vales "stretching in pensive quietness between," and upon the soft blue waters of the Bay of Biscay beyond. Such is the view commanded from the village of Galetta, which has sprung into existence on the mountain-top around the Cæsar and San Miguel mines. Its houses, its walls, its tiny church and its hotel, where "coffee and billiards" are pretentiously announced, are all built of iron-red mud, which by exposure to the sun has become as hard as iron itself. Its streets straggle up and down the mountain-side, anywhere and everywhere, regardless of surveyors' lines; yet it has a mayor, enjoys the honor of being a railway-terminus, and is apparently happy. About six hundred miners, all Spaniards, live here, earning sums equal to a dollar and a dollar and a half a day. The Biscayans are good workmen, industrious, temperate and saving, the English say. Most of them own small farms, which they leave in charge of their wives during their absence here in the mines. When the wet season comes, however, they go home to look after their affairs, and then the mining company is compelled to replace them temporarily by Castilians, who as a rule are quarrelsome, indolent fellows, much given to play and drink. A fair illustration of their character is afforded by an incident that occurred a few months ago. The

overseers reported one day that most of the men had quit work or were practically doing nothing. Inquiry was at once ordered, resulting in the discovery that a rivalry had arisen between a couple of workmen and their respective adherents as to which of the two could do the most rock-drilling in a given time. A sum amounting in value to five hundred dollars had been wagered by the competitors and their friends, a day was set apart for the trial for the championship of the Pyrenees, and by general consent work had been suspended to enable the miners to watch the progress of the contest.

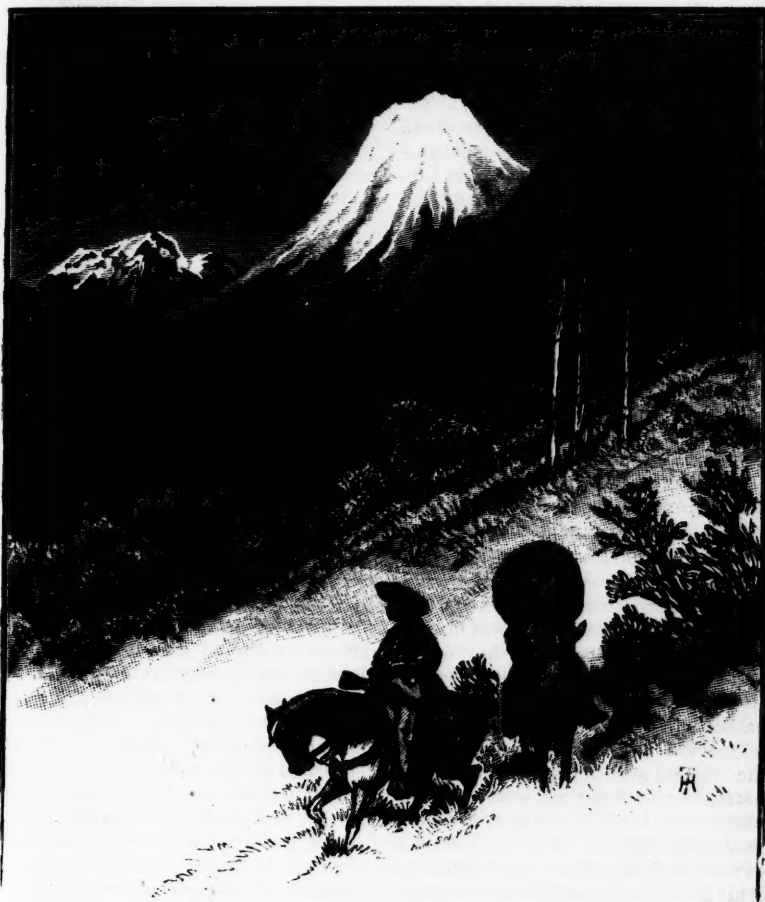
One who has any taste for the adventurous will find a rare delight in the return ride by railway down the mountain from Galetta to the river. He must crowd in with the engineer and fireman on the locomotive, for passenger-coaches are a luxury unknown on this line. The rapidly-descending grade of eight hundred feet in six miles renders the use of steam entirely superfluous; and with thirty or forty ore-laden cars adding their impetus, the train, with brakes all on, goes rattling and clattering down the mountain-side at a rate of speed which makes the unaccustomed passenger hold his breath, and perhaps at times fervently wish the journey were over. Yet, with all its spice of danger, the trip is intensely exciting. The fresh, cool mountain-breeze, the unsurpassed scenery, made up on the one-side of wild ravines, yawning gorges and bold acclivities, and on the other of a green carpeted landscape bounded by the river far below, — all these combine to elicit an involuntary exclamation of delight from the passenger, and make him forget whatever danger, if any, there may be in the long and rapid descent. And when, having reached once more the river-bank, where the steamer ready for sea is perchance awaiting him, he turns for a farewell glance at the cloud-capped heights from which the iron horse has in safety transported him, it is with a soul filled with new conceptions of the glory of God's creation and the grandeur of man's triumphs.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

SUMMERLAND SKETCHES; OR, RAMBLES IN THE BACKWOODS
OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

CHAPTER VI.—LA TIERRA FRIA.

Up in the highlands, in the home of health.—Prior.



MOUNT PEROTE.

DOGS and horses whose caudal appendages have been clipped for different generations are at last born with bobtails, and the pathology of the human mind presents some very anal-

ogous phenomena. The spiritual tyranny of the Middle Ages, for instance, has certainly left its mark on the Latin races, for Nature accommodates herself to abnormal circumstances, and when

she found that the possession of an inquisitive mind subjected her children to the knife of the hierarchical vivisector, she saved them and their trainer a trouble by making an incurious disposition hereditary. The posterity of the orthodox Spaniards have, in consequence, become contentedly, and almost complacently, ignorant, and the difference between the science of the Anglo-Americans and that of their Spanish-American neighbors is one of kind as well as of degree. In Yankeedom knowledge is a hobby, a passion, a recreation: in Mexico it is a trade. The convent brethren of the Padre Ramon tolerated his scientific pursuits as a harmless monomania, but I do not think that more than three or four of the forty-two *frailes* were able to understand how a sane man could busy himself with stuffing birds and collecting minerals unless he was engaged by a museum or the assayer of a mining company.

"*Venga*," said the abbot, "*vamos a ver las singularidades*"—Let's take a look at the oddities, the extravaganzas, of the honest doctor—a chance to utilize the fool by showing him off to strangers and fellow-lunatics.

Padre Ramon was certainly a versatile scientist. His museum (in a partition of the church that I should have mistaken for the cage of a staircase) comprised natural and antiquarian curiosities, relics, mechanical contrivances, busts and several dozen oil pictures, mostly of his own painting. His collection of beetles and butterflies was really splendid: he had sixty or seventy varieties of swallow-tailed papilionides, horned *scarabæi* of wonderful metallic lustre, and one specimen of the colossal atlas moth (*Sphinx gigas*), measuring eleven inches with outspread wings—the first I had ever seen on this side of the Isthmus. A gorgeous display of fossils and minerals on a varnished oak table evinced more taste than erudition: the polychromatic crystals were arranged with a view to effective color contrasts, but a piece of coralline rock was labelled "*Panál petrificado*," petrified honeycomb, and the skull-bone of an Aztec warrior and the canine teeth of a cave-bear were grouped together as homogeneous frag-

ments, and described respectively as "Skull of Fossil Man" and "*Horns of the Same*." The pictures were of the modern idyllic type, Paul and Virginia promenading on verdigris-colored lawns, and landscapes that bore a strange resemblance to the fifty-cent chromos in our metropolitan variety stores.

"It can't be denied that he is a superior artist," observed the prior: "come and let me show you two pictures he painted for our church."

The one was a *Mater Ecstatica* with uplifted hands and large expressive eyes: the other was a *Templation of Christ*, the tempted a meek saint, but a trifle too sleek after his forty days' fast—the tempter luridly grotesque, with red proboscis and carnivorous teeth. The abbot and his friar met here on common ground. Besides the doctor's contributions, the main church contained a collection of pictorial miscellanea whose presence in a sanctuary seemed hardly justified by their artistic merit. Sundry uniformed generals and grandees from an illustrated history of Spain glittered among the beatific visions of a Mexican Tintoretto, and the department of "simple wood-cuts" comprised a "Street-scene in Melbourne" from some illustrated English monthly, and a view of the "Riverside Military Academy" at Peekskill, New York.

Toward evening, when I was picking a few berries from the currant-hedge on the south side of the convent-garden, Padre Ramon entered the gate with his angle and a string of black pickerel, but made straight for the refectory. After supper he joined me in the garden—a fat, vulgar-featured little monk, but with a singularly pleasant voice and an infectious laugh. His joviality was not the sly self-persiflage of certain French abbés in the presence of suspected sceptics, but the unaffected frankness of a man who felt his practical independence of his present situation.

"You can boast of a very indulgent prior," I remarked when he mentioned a recent visit to the lake-region of Michoacan in company of the *padre cocinero*, the convent kitchen-master.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Our gates are open," said he, "and inside parties now-a-days need *algunas alicientes*—some inducements—to stay," alluding to President Juarez's abrogation of the law that made monastic vows legally binding.

"Are these concessions sanctioned in Italy?"

"In Puebla at least: our vicar-general leaves it optional with each abbot."

The prior of San Rafael seemed to have

made the freest use of that privilege. There was no regular night-chapel, and, with the exception of a few detailed functionaries, the friars were at leisure after sundown, pleasing themselves as to the employment of the next twelve hours, provided they restricted their choice to indoor pastimes. Those who disregarded this provision had to take their chance of finding the gates closed at their return, but the readmission of a penitent seemed to depend on the degree of his



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

prospective usefulness rather than of his previous guilt, and in the case of valuable artisans the prior had a trick of "conniving with both eyes."

"You may have noticed that big fellow in the tree there," said the doctor, pointing to a sycamore near the gate, where a burly friar had swung his hammock: "that's the chief carpenter, one of our monks, but just as independent as you or the French consul if it should please you to pass a few weeks on our premises. He left us twice, and the last time built himself a shanty for his children and their mother in the Villa Amorosa, as they call that settlement in the bottom there, inhabited mostly by females—in daytime. When his woman left him the prior offered to take him back, promising comprehensive indulgences for past and future offences, but he stipulated for a triple ration and six yards of black cloth per month, since we cannot pay him in cash; and finally we had to take him on his own terms."

"You are not permitted to employ outsiders, I suppose?"

"Yes, we are, but we cannot afford to pay them: the convent is too much in debt, and the receipts of our farms are nearly swallowed by the *mudanzas*—the commutation-money."

"What's that?"

"The constitutional amendment of '59 suppressed all convents, you know, excepting those connected with a charitable institution; and, since we have no hospital of our own, we pay 'commutation-money'—nominally in support of the Puebla state hospital, but in reality into the pockets of the official blackmailers, who would have us by the throat in a minute if we didn't plaster their palms. That law defeats its ostensible purpose," he added, "for it has reduced us to *passive* charities and raised the price of our hospitality considerably."

The padre's last remark made me thoughtful, and seeing José at the gate half an hour after, I took him aside and asked him to ascertain the terms of our present boarding-house as discreetly as possible. He knocked stealthily at the door and slipped into my bedroom a

minute after the prior had recommended me to his patron saint.

"I'm glad you thought of that in time," he whispered. "I told them we preferred to settle our bill every morning, and the padre cocinero says that their regular terms are five dollars a day, and two for each servant, but that the prior will probably deduct a couple of reals because you have no horse. *Santissima, que sinvergüenzas!* Let's get out of this: that beats the hotel-prices in Aguas Calientes."

We needed no better pretext than the glorious weather of the next morning, and continued our road in the direction of Perote and the "Coffer Peak," the highest summit of the eastern coast-range. When we left the convent-gate, and again an hour before sunset of the same day, I noticed an interminable swarm of blackbirds flying in a south-westerly direction, probably northern emigrants on the way to their winter quarters in Honduras or Yucatan. Their flight was as silent and steady as that of migratory pigeons, as if fatigue or the wonders of the strange country had hushed their accustomed chatter.

On our first halt, at the edge of a precipitous cliff, we were overtaken by a troop of noisy gamins, the youngsters of the Villa Amorosa, to judge by their pure Spanish and convent-cloth jackets. One of them clambered up to our cliff, and, seeing me drink from a dripping rock-spring, asked me for the loan of my gutta-percha cup.—"Just come up here, boys, where this gentleman can see the fun," he called down to his comrades.

"What are you going to do, niño?" I asked.

"Oh, they are coming, sir: you'll see the whole lark. Padre Tito's Pablo caught a big black squirrel last Friday, and yesterday morning the creature got away and up a big pine tree behind our house. There were eight of us after him, and when we cornered him near the top he jumped down on our roof, sixty feet straight, and never hurt himself a bit. We caught him on the chimney, but Pablo's godmother wouldn't let him

keep the thing: he's bewitched, she says. But if we can't keep him we are going to have some fun out of him, anyhow; so we agreed to take him out here and throw him down one of these high cliffs."

"What good would that do you?"

"Why, to see the fun and to find out if he is bewitched or not. If there is any *bruxeria*" (enchantment) "about him, a thousand feet more or less won't make much difference."

The outer crags of the declivity overhanging the valley of the Rio Blanco, more than six hundred feet below, and the foot of the precipice was bristling with cliffs and boulders. The question whether squirrels can be killed by a fall could hardly be put to a severer test: the problem had a scientific interest, and a stout squirrel might survive the *salto mortale*; so, calming my conscience with these considerations and the blessed absence of Mr. Bergh, I decided to tolerate the experiment.

They had him in a pillow-slip, a full-grown *Sciurus niger*, as bulky and heavy as a moderate tom-cat, and quite as wary in his movements. He crouched for a spring when I peeped into the bag, and lowered his head, measuring the opening with glittering eyes.

"Let him look down, and let's see if he will risk the jump on his own account," said I when his proprietor approached the brink.

The boys got around him and turned the flaps of the slip back, till the captive sat exposed at the bottom of the bag. He looked down and then back and sideways, as if comparing the chances of escape in the different directions, and finally clambered to the edge and turned half around, so as to face an open space between the spectators and the brink of the precipice. But just when we widened our circle to intercept a flank movement he took a flying leap into space, and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle-dog, but quicker and quicker, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. A rabbit of the same weight

would have made the trip in about twelve seconds: the squirrel protracted it for more than half a minute. With utter disregard of the conventional laws of gravity the ratio of its descent *decreased*, till it appeared to hover in empty space, and alighted as easy as a skylark on its return from an aerial flight. The four-footed bird landed on a ledge of limestone, where we could see it plainly squat on its hind legs and smooth its ruffled plumage, after which it made for the creek with a flourish of its tail, took a good drink and scampered away into the willow-thicket.

In leaping from a roof or tree a cat has to rely on the elasticity of its legs, which will not save it if the height exceeds a certain modicum, unless the ground below is soft or sloping; but a squirrel breaks the force of its fall in mid-air, using its tail and flat body as a parachute, for the common varieties, as well as the flying-squirrel proper, have an expansive skin joining the upper half of each leg to the body.

The children of the amorous village seemed rather disappointed at the result of their experiment, but it settled two points to my satisfaction: that squirrels cannot be killed by a fall, and that they must act some important part or other in the household of Nature, since their survival has been secured by such ample precautions. With the exception of the diving sea-gull, which can fly, swim, run and stay under water for minutes together, hardly any other animal is so well protected against the contingencies of its trade as the fan-tailed rodent, that unites the agility of a monkey with the immunities of a bird, and supplements the winter-store-gathering providence of man by a faculty of intermittent hibernation.

Leaving the *camino real* to the right, we kept along the precipitous banks of the Rio Blanco, crossed it about ten miles above the convent, and again struck into the *piñal*, the coniferous region of the Tierra Fria, whose lower boundary rises in the coast-range to nine thousand feet, while the warm Gulf winds elevate the snow-line to thirteen or fourteen thou-



PRECIPICE OF THE RIO BLANCO.

sand, or about eight hundred feet above that of the central sierras. On north-western slopes I noticed a slight frost on the grass, but the vegetation was less

uniform than in latitudes of the same average temperature: mulberries, copper-beeches, chestnut trees, and even magnolias, still mingled with the firs and hemlock pines, for the persistent invasion of semi-tropical germs from the neighboring Tierra Templada has here adapted some plants to the climate of Scotland which human art could hardly propagate in France or North Carolina. I have often thought that our attempts to acclimatize southern trees and flowers would be more successful if we could procure our seeds from the forests of an equatorial mountain-region rather than from the borderlands of the temperate zone.

We passed a *venta*, a little wayside tavern, in the open forest where our trail crossed the Orizaba stage-road, but the *ventero* had nothing but pulque and bacon on hand, so we took dinner a few miles farther up, at the turpentine-distillery of Don Luiz Tacóma, where the shopkeeper of the casa sold us a bunch of plantains and a pailful of fresh milk, and where we witnessed another experiment with flying mammals. One of the overseers, who was taking his siesta on the porch of the shop, informed us that the proprietor had shipped six hundred barrels of turpentine to Matamoras this year, and could undersell the Yankees after realizing a handsome profit. He paid his laborers from two to three reals (twenty-five to thirty-seven cents) a day. "I am sorry that the superintendent isn't at home," said he: "he could show you a specimen of a curious sort of cannel coal which our workmen have found at different places in this neighborhood. It's jet black, and burns in chips, like sulphur: you can light it without any wood at all."

"You don't store your turpentine in a combustible building like that?" said I, pointing to a long wooden shed above the factory.

"No; that's the workmen's barracks: we have first-rate storage in a natural cave back there. All we had to do was to level the floor and fix a gate to the entrance: I haven't got the key, or I would show it to you."

"Ask that gentleman if he has ever

seen a pitched bat fly," said the storekeeper.

"You are right.—Look here, sir: have you ever tried to blind a bat and let him fly in daytime?"

"No: how do you do it?"

"I'll show you.—Oh, Lorenzo!" he hailed one of his workmen: "tell that boy Lucas to get a couple of bats if he can climb the gate. Tell him to get two big ones, and bring the pitch-bucket here.—That cave is just lined with them," he explained. "In winter-time you could gather them like grapes in a vineyard. In midsummer they are pretty scarce."

"Now, look here," said he when the boy returned with a pitch-keg and some things in his hat that looked like two pieces of flabby leather: "just notice the size of their eyes—little black specks, that's all. What do you say now?" after anointing one of the victims with a spoonful of pitch-grease: "is there any earthly possibility now of this creature's seeing with his eyes? No more than if you'd chopped his head off. But now I'll show that he *can* see, after all."

We entered the shop, closed doors and windows, and flung the bat more than once against the ceiling. The third time he took wing, and began to navigate the air as steadily and knowingly as any bat or moth in the twilight of a summer day. He avoided the rafters, dodged the hams and fox-skins at the ceiling, and turned just before his wings touched the walls at either end of the building.

"That will do," said I. "I have heard something of the sort before, but I believe it now. They can see in a pitch-dark night as well as in daytime."

"Yes, but how?" said the overseer: "they don't do it with their eyes, that's one sure thing: it must be—"

"Witchcraft?" I suggested.

"No, but—what d'ye call it?—*instinto*" (instinct), said the overseer. "Yes, that's it: it must be *instinto*."

Indefinable words are useful in such cases, but I don't know if the "sixth sense" which Schwammerdam ascribes to birds of passage and carrier-pigeons is a much better explanation. I incline to the theory that the hidden sense or

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clairvoyance of bats is nothing but a very acute sense of feeling, that intimates the neighborhood of a solid obstacle before they come in actual contact with it. Sensitive persons walking in a dark corridor may notice that a sort of physical presentiment gives them timely warning if they are going to bump their head against a wall or pillar.

On the ridge of the San Rafael range we got a glimpse of the Val de Perote with its yellow cornfields and sombre mango-forests. The famous fort was not in sight, but on two opposite hills, on either side of the camino real, the old commercial highway between Vera Cruz and the cities of the table-land, I distinguished the ruins of two ancient castles, La Fortaleza and Torres Negras, that bore a striking resemblance to the dismantled châteaux of Switzerland and Southern France. Among the adventurers that followed in the track of Cortés and Ojeda there were some enterprising hidalgos who hastened to fortify themselves on the hills of the New World in the hope of reviving the age of feudal independence and romantic forays, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century New Spain could boast of some regular robber-knights—sans peur et sans *approche*—defying gods and men behind their inaccessible battlements. But they soon found that the alcaldes and friars sheared their flocks too close to leave much wool for extra-official clippers.

The last ten hours of our march had led us skyward at the rate of at least five hundred feet per mile, and an occasional chill, with a growing acceleration of the breathing process, reminded me that we had reached the region of high barometers and low thermometers that tests the lungs of man and discovers the defects of his habiliments. Our Tuxpan converted his armhole serape into a Scotch plaid, and I found that the upper buttons of my coat were not wholly expetive.

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To judge by the scale of arboreal vegetation, we were about eleven thousand feet above the level of the Gulf. The air of such altitudes is not difficult to breathe: on the contrary, it relieves asthma and pleuritic strictures. The trouble is, that it is not *filling* enough to supply the organic laboratory at the ordinary rate of respiration: it is air diluted with ether, and a lungful of it contains so little oxygen and hydrogen that the intervals of respiration have to be shortened. Hence the distress of diseased lungs, whose functions are already abnormally quickened, and cannot be further accelerated without overstraining their mechanism. The climate of the Tierra Fria, therefore, will counteract dyspepsia and all complaints that could be relieved by vigorous physical exercise, and it will almost



EL TIGRERO.

certainly cure incipient pulmonary disorders, but it will prove quickly fatal to patients in an advanced stage of consumption.

"This neighborhood used to have a bad name," observed José when we crossed a broad ravine which in the rainy season forms a tributary of the Rio Blanco. "The Orizaba stage-coach was robbed here a few years ago, and during the French occupation a troop of guerrillas, as they called themselves, had their head-quarters in the outskirts of the piñal. —*Que novedades hay* (what news?): is the coast clear?" he hailed an old man

who had hitched his mule at the roadside and seemed to be taking a rest at the foot of a gnarled mulberry tree.

"*No hay nada* (nothing stirring)," replied the stranger. "Which way are you— Halloo!" he interrupted himself, "where did you leave the rest of the boys, old chum?"

The guide stopped and stared. "Santa Virgen!" he burst out, "if that ain't my *tocayo* (namesake), my old *tocayo*, Don José Macán!—Did you ever digest that dish of armadillo, Don José? Are we going to have another eating-match to-night?"

"You'll find out if you stop at my shanty to-night," laughed the old fellow. "I'll beat you at a squirrel-stew, with or without pepper, and give you odds besides. I take that gentleman for an umpire, and I hope he'll shoot you if you try to bribe him."

"Why—*mi santissima*!—you do not mean to say that you are still living in that same old trap, Don José?"

"Of course, I do. Don't stand gaping there now, but *anda*—go ahead—or it will be another drawn game. *Anda, te digo*—just make that lazy Greaser move ahead, sir. I'll overtake you before you reach my place: it's more than four miles yet. You'll excuse me: I'm just mending my buckskin breeches."

"All right!" I laughed.

"Hurry up," the guide called back, "or we'll decide that match without you."

"Who is that?" I inquired when the mulberry tree was out of sight.

"A trapper, an Irish heretic from Poland or England," said the guide, whose notions about the subdivisions of Anglo-Saxony were somewhat misty. "He used to belong to the harbor-police in Vera Cruz six years ago, but, one night he disappeared, and has lived in the sierra ever since. They say *que se encaro al reves*—that he came across the wrong man, a detective perhaps; but *quien sabe*? It's no concernment of ours. He is a *tigrero* now—a panther- and bear-hunter—and the best hand we ever had in these parts for catching such creatures alive: I know that the ring-master of the Potosi arena

paid him two hundred dollars in a single year. Vermin are getting rather scarce in this neighborhood, but he still lives on the old place, it seems, alone with his dogs and pigs in the same shanty where I saw him three years ago. *La Trampa*—the cage—they call it, because it was first built for a bear-trap. We could have camped more comfortably in a ravine near here, but his trap is only two miles farther, and I guess he can sell us provisions enough to take us through to Perote."

The hunter failed to overtake us, and we stopped repeatedly, doubtful if we might venture to enter the trampa in the absence of the manager; but on turning the flank of a hill whose primitive vegetation was interspersed with a few straggling apple trees, we saw a thick black smoke rise from a coppice at our feet.

"Let's hurry up," said José: "there is somebody at home, or the trampa must be on fire."

"Why, I declare! it's the old man himself!" he whispered when we reached a little clearing in front of the shanty. The mule, only half unsaddled, was hitched to a post, and his owner was sitting on his porch grinding corn or coffee in a little handmill.

"How on earth, or under the earth, did you get ahead of us?" laughed the guide, starting back as if he had seen a ghost.

The trapper put his mill down and leaned forward to shake my hand. "You came by way of the old limekiln, didn't you?" he inquired without answering his *tocayo's* question.

"Yes, certainly: isn't that the right way?" said the guide.

"I thought so: just like a mule, following the trail he is used to, no matter if it's six miles out of the way. Didn't you see that the Perote *arrieros* had laid out a new road over the hill? You might have saved at least half a league. Well, make yourself comfortable," said he, "and excuse me a minute: I believe I hear my cow down in that bottom."

We slung our baggage to different harness-hooks on the porch, and put our terrier under a hencoop to propitiate a

pack of obstreperous hounds at the rear of the shanty.

"He says we missed the right road: did we, José?"

"Nonsense!" growled the guide. "The truth is, that he himself has taken a roundabout way and galloped ahead of us."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but I believe that the old chap is a little sensitive about strangers coming here unawares, before he has fixed things up a bit. He seems to have had a pretty good education in some respects, but if his folks ever taught him to handle a scrubbing-brush and a piece of soap, he must have forgotten all about it."

"Has he ever been married?"

"No: that's just what's the matter with him, for what can you expect of an old bachelor keeping house with a litter of pigs? The miners in San Carlos used to tell some tough stories about his place: they said that one of his dogs died of a broken heart from having to live in such a pigsty. He's a smart carpenter, though: he has enlarged his trap considerably: this porch is new, and he has a good roof now, I see."

The trampa was a rude log cabin, built around and into a huge limestone boulder, a vertical cleft in the rock having been fashioned into a chimney, while a sort of rock-cellar with a lattice door at the other end of the boulder served the purpose of an outhouse.

"That's his larder," said José, "and he keeps it full. He's living pretty high, for a hermit."

"What 'eating-match' was that you were quizzing him about?"

"Oh, he was beaten that time, but not fairly: they pitted him against a fellow who had an unnatural appetite, a regular hunger disease, that obliged him to stuff

like a hog-tapir. My todayo here had made a standing bet of fifty dollars that he could out-drink and out-eat any native Mexican at any kind of tipple or meat they might fetch along; and three years ago the miners heard about a strange Indian in the Pintado settlements who had been driven away from his native village on account of his appalling appetite. He could digest anything, from a bushel of wild chestnuts to



LA TRAMPA.

a roasted alligator; and when they found out that he could even go a broiled armadillo, it struck them that they might risk fifty dollars on such a champion, for if a man is in his natural condition an armadillo-steak works him like a dose of *aroxano* (*nux vomica*), you know. So they procured half a bushel of horse-chestnuts and three fat armadillos, and asked your landsman if he would undertake to roast them as a supper for two, and stake his championship on the result.

"He said that he had never tried armadillo before, but that he was sure he could stand it if any native Mexican could. Well, sir, that night there were about sixty Indians around this shanty, and some twenty *Blancos*, the engineer

of our blast-furnace acting as umpire and I as one of the seconds. The meat and things were weighed and portioned out on different dishes; and at first I thought the Indian was losing ground, but when my tocayo commenced on his second platter of steaks, he turned about sixteen different colors and asked me to go down to the spring for a pitcher of cold water.

"I do not know what happened next, for just when I reached the spring I heard a fearful hurrah, and two minutes after the old man came tearing down the road like a cavalry horse, and the crowd were cheering and laughing like lunatics. The confusion was too great to get a sensible account of the last round: all I know is, that they had got the fifty dollars. The next morning I came by here and found the door locked, but the old man was in bed, for I heard him grunt like a four-footer."

When the trapper returned with a pailful of milk we took supper on the porch, but after sundown the wind seemed to set from the direction of the Orizaba ice-fields, and drove us one by one into the interior of the trampa. The narrow chimney had the advantage of dividing the atmosphere of the shanty into a torrid and a temperate zone, so that the natives of different latitudes could select their favorite climate.

Don José M'Cann, the "vermin"-exterminator of the Rio Blanco, was a countryman of the snake-destroying saint, but he had been more than sixteen years in the Western hemisphere, during which time he had passed over nearly every republic of North and Central America and lost all traces of his Milesian descent, being in manners and appearance a perfect Mexican, and had almost forgotten his native language. He had been in California, Arkansas and Texas, and preferred Western Arkansas to any other part of the United States, but not to the South Mexican highlands.

"A man who can rely on himself can be more independent here than anywhere else in the world," he said; "and if he's a hunter or a farmer he wouldn't

be ruined by competition. You could not find a better climate, either—too far south for a cold winter, and too high up for a warm summer."

"Wouldn't you like the foot-hills better yet?" I inquired—"with less snow and ice and more wild fruit?"

"I don't know, sir. The nights are rather chilly up here, but the day-weather suits me exactly; and there's one great advantage: you can *digest meat*, and the lowlanders can't, unless they content themselves with sparrow-hawk rations. I could eat a roast boar every Friday, and have as good an appetite as ever before the end of the week. They call me a glutton and a drunkard, but since I have lived up here I have never been sick longer than ten or twelve hours: a man who had a mind to diet for his health could outlive Old Nick in this sierra. A fellow doesn't know what the next day may bring, but if I should get seriously sick I would just lock my door and open the windows, and rely on the mountain-air to do the rest, without any priest or doctor nosing round me."

"You are self-reliant in everything, it seems, but don't you find it rather dull work—in the long winter nights, for instance?"

The hermit picked a coal from the embers and lighted his pipe. "No, sir," said he. "You wouldn't think so if you had ever tried it for a winter or two. But an old Mexican hunter asked me the other day if I wasn't *afraid* to live alone; and that's nearer the point, though it seems a foolish question to ask a man with two rifles and four dogs, and no money hardly about him. Trusting yourself with your own thoughts is just like going to an Indian ball: a fellow may see more than he has bargained for. There are things that never show themselves till you are alone, but if you once make up your mind that there is no harm in them, you find out that they are pretty good company."

"Well, I suppose a man may get used to lonesomeness, as to anything else."

"Yes, but that's not what I mean, sir. He may get so 'used' to it that he will

be sorry he didn't begin sooner. Have you ever been in the army, sir?"

"Why?"

"Because an old soldier would know from experience that I am right. If a man has to go on post it may rile him to be waked in his best sleep, but if he has been out for an hour or two, especially on picket-guard or in a dark, calm night, where he can dream with his eyes open, it's ten to one that he will be sorry to hear the relief come round: it's like being interrupted in a pleasant conversation. It makes time pass you don't know how, and much faster than before sunset, because in daytime a man can never be entirely alone."

"According to that, it would not interfere with your comfort if they should lock you up and keep you in solitary confinement?"

"Yes, it would: I like fried trout and open-air exercise. And, to say the truth, there is something else: a man wants to have a pet. It would make people happier if they all knew that, especially if they knew that it needn't be a human being. I'm better off with my dogs."

"At least if you count upon gratitude."

"Yes; and they ain't bad company, either. You have no idea how they get used to you if you are alone with them for weeks together: the worst of it is that it comes so awful hard on a fellow to lose a creature of that kind. I bought a fine Scotch deerhound in Baltimore in '66: I had him nearly eight years, and I tell you, sir, I felt like shooting myself when I lost him. The Greasers poisoned him, because he wouldn't let them come near my smoke-house at night. No square, straightforward poison either, for it took him a whole week to die: it just went through me like a knife to hear him whine, and perhaps I ought to have put him out of his misery, but I was thinking of all the scrapes we had helped each other out of—we had frozen and starved together all over Texas and Arkansas—and I couldn't kill him while there was a ghost of a chance of his pulling through."

The voice of the old rough became inarticulate at the recollection. He had

spread the dog's couch at the side of his own bed, and patted his shaggy coat till he lay silent and motionless. But late in the evening, when the logs in the fireplace had almost flickered their last, the hound raised his head and placed it upon his master's arm, looked into his eyes and sank back dead—like the last pressure of a human hand, "a 'farewell' mutely spoken, but not easy to forget."

My companions had ensconced themselves in a recess of the chimney-corner, and snored a quartet with two asthmatic pigs under the board floor of the shanty, and for a while I hesitated between the popular night-air superstition and a private antipathy or prejudice against heated dormitories; but after a look at the crowded floor I unbuckled my blanket-roll and spread my couch on the moonlit porch. The intermittent breath of the night-wind swelled or muffled the voice of a waterfall, and at larger intervals the silence of the upper pifal was broken by a sudden scream: it was the hour when the panther-cat descends from the crest of the hemlock-fir where she lurks during the day, and the pine-marten leaves its hidden nest to steal along the branches and surprise the slumbering birds. Our dogs ignored such noises, but attested their watchfulness by a *sotto-voce* growl when the lower valleys echoed the gallop of a nocturnal rider—perhaps a belated gambler or a miner returning from the rancho of his dusky *amante*.

The next morning the mountains were shrouded with a persistent fog, and our host accompanied us across the plateau to the brink of a declivity, where, in accordance with his prediction, we emerged from the clouds into the sunshine of the eastern slope.

"Well, *compañeros*, now you can't miss your road," said he: "if you follow this creek you'll strike the camino at the river. From there you can take the Perote trail across the San Inez range; but if this fog should overtake you, you had better follow the camino and stop at Mr. Urban's place for supper. By the by, sir: there you can see the benefit of mountain-air: he's a pretty old buck, but his father is living in the same house, and if you

go out in the yard you can see his grandfather chopping cord-wood. He does that every evening, and won't let anybody else come near the wood-pile. His son is eighty-two, and he must be at least twenty years older, but he still earns his rations and shows them that he knows it if there are garbanzas for dinner. And that's just the way I am going to live a century or two," he added. "In my younger days I had a different plan, but this is the best: a man has to try a good many dishes before he knows what really agrees with him."

"You wouldn't try any more armadillo-steaks, then?" suggested his *tocayo*.

"Hush up, you *sanducho*, you skinny swamp-ape setting up for a guide! I could just demoralize you with a single kick. — Good-bye, sir," said he, "and don't forget that there is freedom in the Tierra Fria if the crusaders down in Potosi make things too hot for you."

The immunity of mountaineers from physical and political diseases may be referred to the same cause—the ruggedness of their territory, which keeps invaders out and health in. On level ground pedestrianism has to be pursued to a considerable length before it can rank with the health-giving exercises; but if it includes uphill work, it becomes a substitute for the most elaborate course of hygienic gymnastics, and the only reliable charm for exorcising the demon of dyspepsia.

Eastern Mexico, like the Atlantic slope of our own republic, is favored by a humid climate, which manifests itself in the variety and exuberance of the arboreal vegetation. Near the junction of the Inez range with the Sierra de Perote our trail skirted the great Piñal de Loreto, a coniferous jungle of sixty or seventy leagues, whose thickets gave me an idea how many trees to the acre even a rocky soil can produce where the aggregated growth of centuries has never been touched by the earth-desolating axe. There were no creepers, no brambles and but little underbrush, but the pines stood so close together, and crowded their neighbors with such a maze of lower branches, that their visible inter-

spaces extended rarely beyond a four-fold row of trees. A flock of turkeys that crossed our road only twenty yards ahead of us vanished instantly, like rabbits in a quickset hedge, and, viewed from a ridge of higher ground at a horizontal distance of about half a mile, the single treetops could no longer be distinguished.

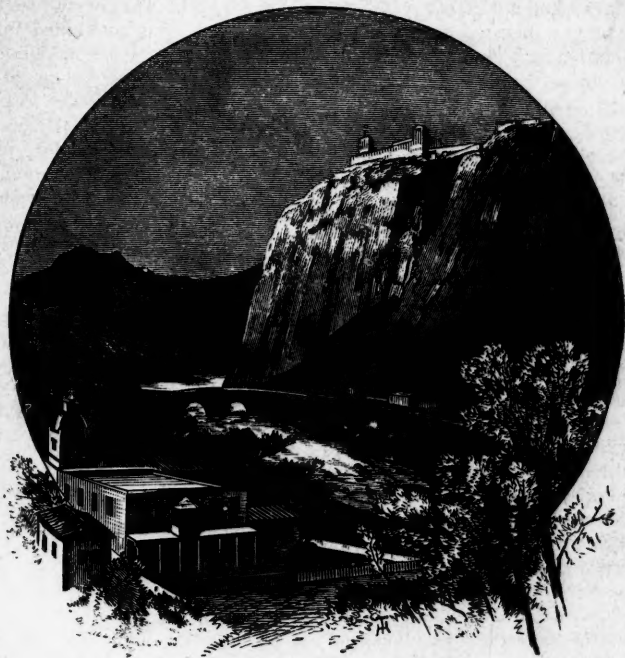
The neighboring Val de Loreto was the home of the Amozocs, a race of warlike Indians who committed inhuman cruelties among the settlers of the Tierra Templada, and, after having been expelled from the lower valley took refuge in the thickets of the piñal, from which they made frequent raids into the next haciendas, and once even sacked the town of San Augustin, near Puebla. In 1812 the governor of Vera Cruz ordered a general *razzia* against these marauders, but it is said that a remnant of their tribe still lurks in the inaccessible mountain-jungles of the Rio Mesillo, and that hunters and miners have occasionally seen the smoke of their wigwams from the heights of the Sierra Madre. No government surveyor has ever carried his quadrant into this wilderness: like the swamps of Eastern Yucatan, the piñal is *pays de ninguno*—nobody's land—exempt from taxation, not included within the *comarca* limits of any state map and never visited by custom-house spies and begging friars—the abode of the puma, the pine-grouse, the bush-panther, and who knows of what other guests?

When we came unawares upon the cliffs of the eastern slope a black eagle shot out of the rocks at our feet, uttering a curious whoop, not unlike the coughing boom of the bull-bat, as they call a certain species of nighthawk in Northern Georgia. Though it seemed most unlikely to find unfledged eaglets at this time of the year, we clambered all over the cliff in the hope of discovering the nest, misled by repeated shrill squeaks and twitters, till we found that these sounds emanated from a heap of boulders farther down, where a colony of *marmottos*, or mountain-weasels, had their burrows. These little mountaineers build themselves commodious nests,

and fill them with nuts and grass-seeds at the approach of winter, but their domestic peace seems to be disturbed by chronic family feuds, perhaps in consequence of their polygamous habits, for the champion marmotto of each community keeps house with a whole harem of young females, after driving his rivals into remote bachelor holes.

I noticed that in descending the east-

ern slope the coniferous region is succeeded by a belt of nut-bearing trees, especially of the genus *Juglans*—walnuts, pecans and hickories—while in the West the corresponding altitudes produce chiefly thorn trees—mesquites, hackberries and acacias—besides different thorny shrubs. In regions of our earth whose climate has been deteriorated by the outrages of man upon the vegetable king-



VAL DE PEROTE AND THE OLD FORT.

dom it seems that by a curious by-law of Nature all larger plants become spinescent, as if to protect them from the hand of their ruthless destroyer. From the dwarf cactus to the gigantic bombax tree, the plants of the arid West are bristling with spikes and thorns like vegetable hedgehogs, and the *palo verde*, a shrub of the North Mexican desert, shows no leaves at all, the green bark answering their purpose, but is covered from the root up to the extremity of the smallest twig with an armor of thick-set, formidable spines.

The sun had disappeared behind a cloudbank in the south-west when we reached the camino real on the eastern flank of the mountains that overhang the Val de Perote. The ramparts of the Sierra Madre rise abruptly on either side with a majestic sweep, barely allowing room for the clambering pine forests that fringe the crags at their feet, and, viewed from a ravine of the opposite mountains, could hardly be suspected of enclosing a more fertile valley than the cloud-capped hills around the Andalusian Vega. But from the brow of a hill

about a league west of the castillo a wide and magnificent view opens over the northern districts of the state of Vera Cruz and the beautiful valley of Perote with its lakes and shady haciendas. The horizon is bounded by the Sierra de Loreto, once the stronghold of the long-invincible Amozocs, and the Peak of Perote, one of the highest in Eastern Mexico, rises immediately on the right. The town resembles a long straggling village, and contains few buildings of more than one story, but the fortress-hill that towers above the terraces of its southern suburb like a huge Acropolis gives it an antique and, I might say Oriental, appearance.

The fortress of Perote used to be called the New Spanish Gibraltar, a comparison which only the isolation of the mountain could justify, but the rock is certainly steeper and much higher than the *soi-disant* impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein near Coblenz, and the southern declivity, from which a bridle-path closely resembling a staircase winds down to the valley below, could easily be made as inaccessible as the sheer precipices on all other sides. But the construction of a new highway around the northern base of the sierra made the *fortin* a *cornejal*—a rook-tower, a fort in the wilderness—and in 1835 the arsenal, together with a large part of the garrison (and even the name of El Castillo—The Castle, *par excellence*), was transferred to the Presidio de San Carlos, half a league north-east of Perote, a clumsy quadrangle, whose proximity to the junction of two principal highways should not have overruled the strategic objections to its position in an open plain.

At present the old fortin is only used as a prison for political culprits and soldiers of the regular army on trial for capital offences. It is the head-quarters of the *preboste capitán*, the chief executioner of the Mexican army, and from the activity of this official the Indians of the neighboring villages call the fort "La Matagente," the manslaughter-house.

On the ridge of the hill some merchants of Perote and Vera Cruz have their summer residences, and their pleas-

ure-gardens soften the aspect of the stern battlements with a background of ever-green foliage. The fort itself I recognized by the tricolor of the Mexican republic, though on a meadow at the foot of the mountain we saw a similar and larger flag, and behind it a body of men, which I took for a brigade of soldiers drawn up in close marching-order. But on crossing a viaduct over the ravine of a mountain-creek I noticed that the uniforms of the supposed brigade were largely mixed with serapes, and even with the white *rebosos*, or head-shawls, of the Mexican matrons of the upper classes.

"What is it?" I asked when we met a trooper who had watered a couple of horses at the creek—"que hay? another execution?"

"No," said he; "only a foot-race. Cardena's circus is in town, and one of our *muchachos* has challenged their champion runner and wrestler. The *desafio* is for ten onzas (about one hundred and sixty dollars) a side, and they are just mowing a meadow for a race-course."

Enthusiasm is contagious. I had intended to dismiss my guide on the same evening, and take the stage-coach to Jalapa and Potosi, but we all stayed till the following morning to witness the result of the *desafio*.

The presence of a crack regiment of cavalry at Perote and their weekly prize-drills had fostered a spirit of gymnastic emulation, and the citizens had organized different rifle, race and bull-ring "teams," which frequently tried conclusions with the matadores of the garrison. Two brothers of the neighboring village of Tresmontes, Luiz and Juan Vegos, had scored so many victories in these local contests that, like the Maccabees, they had come to think themselves invincible, and when the circus gymnasts tried to astonish the natives one of the brothers had the boldness to challenge the wrestler, Gil Rivas, an athlete of national reputation.

The *desafio* was threefold—wrestling, running and spear-throwing, a favorite game of the mounted lancers—the victor in more than one match to claim the

stakes; and by making interest with the umpire the Peroters had carried the shrewd proviso that the contest should begin with the foot-race.

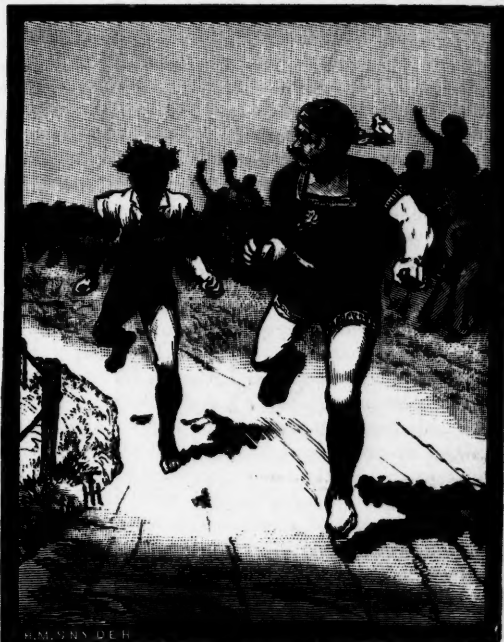
The next morning was cloudy and disagreeably close, but the population of the comarca turned out *en masse* to see their champion put his head in the lion's mouth. The competitors seemed not fairly matched. Gil Rivas was a broad-shouldered, fine-looking gymnast, a native of the warlike border state of Nueva Leon: his rival was a mere *mozo*, a clean-built but slender lad of eighteen or twenty; but the Peroters had conferred with a council of veteran strategists, and were resolved that the big frontiersman should not have it all his own way.

The benches of the circus, supplemented by barrels and planks, formed the stage, and after pacing the race-course and choosing their sides the champions deposited their slippers at the umpire's stand and dashed off with a fair start, the *mozo* barefoot, the circus-man in his stocking feet. At the half-mile post the latter led by at least six yards, but after that the *mozo* redoubled his speed, and when they passed the stake Don Rivas seemed to be a trifle behind. But that might be on account of his fluttering scarf. The goal-keeper pronounced it a *concurso*—a dead heat. The same on the second trial: the *mozo* hung back for the first four or five hundred yards, and then overtook his rival without any visible effort. The third time he took the lead, but relaxed on the home-stretch till his competitor all but overtook him. *Concurso* again. Mr. Gil's comrades looked glum: they began to suspect the *mozo*'s stratagem; but the fair Peroteñas, who were not in the secret, and the garish belles of the circus,

rose in groups, waved their *mantas* and cheered their respective favorites at the fourth start.

"*Anda, Don Gil! Viva! viva!*"—"Anda, *Juanito, por mi amor, muchacho!*" they screamed in intense excitement.

But Don Gil needed no such stimulus to do his utmost, and Juanito could not afford to gratify his fair friends just yet. His confidants chuckled behind their



THE FOOT-RACE.

serapes. Three more heats resulted in concursos, till the athlete's white jaqueta became gray with dust and perspiration, while his rival's shirt and skull-cap looked as dry as his demure countenance. The circus-men put their heads together, and, seeing the umpire getting uneasy, the *mozo*'s friends whispered a word in his ear when he returned to the stand the next time.

At the seventh heat Juanito let the gymnast forge ahead till the contest seemed decided, when he suddenly flung

his cap down, went away like the wind, and won the race by four or five yards, though Don Gil, seeing him come, had finished with a magnificent spurt in the hope of saving his lead. Shouts and vivas rent the air, for all Perote now saw what the sachems had known long ago—that their champion was dallying with his antagonist in order to exhaust his strength before the second match.

But the athlete had his revenge. After a rest of ten minutes and a glass or two of *pulque helado*, the men stood up to each other in front of the stage, and with a sudden dodge Don Gil caught the youngster round the waist, and was about to force him on his knees when the Peroters set up a general shout of foul play—"No esperó el señal!" The circus-man had not waited for the proper signal, but grabbed his man unawares. The athlete grinned, and permitted his rival to regain his equilibrium, and then stood still, waiting for the *señal*. But Juanito was on his guard this time, evaded the waist-grip and disengaged his neck by screwing his head through, using his chin as a lever and his nape and occiput as a sliding fulcrum. After trying in vain to get a body-hold from below, Don Rivas changed his tactics and complicated his evolutions by feints and an aggressive use of his knees; but Master Juan could not be tripped, and repaid his adversary's thrusts by butting his stomach. During the first six rounds Rivas had no fair chance to bring his superior strength into play: the mozo's head proved untenable, and he obviated all attempts at his waist by a movement which French wrestlers call *garde à coude*—elbow-parrying. His chin-and-nape trick seemed to answer a variety of emergencies, and he might have succeeded in protracting the match beyond the regulation time of forty minutes if his long impunity had not betrayed him into occasional offensive manœuvres. Stimulated by the applause of his countrymen, and perhaps by an injudicious suggestion of his second, he changed his position before the seventh round, and at the word "*Va!*" had his man round the leg, and attempted to trip him by

jerking his foot up and throwing himself back with his full weight. Catch as catch can, strike where you please, but don't kick, is the rule of the Mexican wrestling-ring.

Don Gil seemed to yield, but in stumbling forward bore down upon his aggressor in a way that obliged him to clutch his arm in order to save himself from an underfall. In the next moment he had him round the waist, and, disengaging his right arm with a sudden wrench, he bent the mozo backward till his knee-joints gave way, and in spite of his desperate writhing and plunging the youngster was prostrated on his native soil in front of his black-eyed innamoratas.

That made them even, and the possession of the ten onzas now depended on the result of the third match—*echar lanzas*, javelin-throwing—an exercise which the six lancer regiments of the regular army and the use of the hunting-spear among the half-savage Indians have made very popular in Mexico. The target was the skull of a goat stuck on a short pole—distance, sixty yards. By agreement of the seconds the athlete used a short heavy spear of polished boxwood, while the mozo preferred the government regulation lance, which had won him weekly victories on the parade-ground of the castillo. Their proficiency in the use of these archaic implements would have won the applause of a Turkestan robber-knight and thrown Maurice Thompson into ecstasies.

The mozo's friends were confident of victory, and even his former rivals, the soldiers of the garrison, cheered uproariously when he knocked the target down at the first throw. But the frontiersman showed that he had not lived among the Comanches in vain, for at the end of the first two rounds each *lansero* had scored one square hit and one "graze," and when the attendant *chulos* returned them their missiles the spectators leaped from their seats and crowded to the front with utter disregard of civil rights and female privileges. The ring-master vociferated, girls clambered on the shoulders of their gallants, and even the priests and foreign

residents were in a state of fierce excitement. Juanito declined the first throw, so did his rival; but before the seconds had found their dice-box Don Gil had changed his mind and stepped to the front, spear in hand, with the sangfroid of an old stager.

His javelin touched but failed to stir the target, and the silence became breathless when the mozo squared himself for the decisive throw. He paused on hearing his name called: his second had seen his arm tremble, made his way through the crowd with a bottle of *aguardiente*, and offered him a glass *por darle firmeza*—to steady himself if his nerves should be in need of it. But Juanito, smarting under the sting of his late defeat, declined the offer with an impatient gesture, and again poised his lance. His hand trembled visibly, and once more his second challenged him, but before any one could interfere he leaned back and let drive.

The lance darted through the air with an audible whizz, a little too high, as it seemed, but coming down in a flat curve it struck the jawbone of the strange target fair and square. The skull spun round like a top, and when it fell the men of Perote rushed upon their champion like a crew of Sumatra pirates, snatched him up and dragged him away: regardless of his modest protests, of the shower of bouquets and the pouting of disappointed lips, they rushed him off to the rear of the circus-tent, where the manager had left a splendid roan stallion as security for the payment of the ten onzas, and amidst shouts that were echoed by the cliffs of the Sierra Madre they lifted him up and upon the horse, which, though wild with terror, could not stir a leg in the crowd that pressed around it in a compact mass. "Did he like the horse? Would he prefer it to the cash?" The owner valued it at twenty-five onzas, but the collection was taken up in a minute, and the multitude surged back, dragging horse and rider along till they stopped in

front of the stage, where they surrendered their victim to the mad muchachos.

The population of Perote and Trespontes was crowded together within a space of forty yards around the stage—merchants, muleteers, priests and soldiers—in a confused mass, all shrieking and gesticulating like Donnybrookers, laughing, bragging and cheering, and shaking hands with all the friends and relatives of the victor.

A troop of ragged Indians that had come from the mountains at the northern border of the comarca were standing together in the rear rank, and the enthusiasm of the poor devils gave me an idea what the rapture of gymnastic competition must have been in a country where every male adult was an athlete at a time when men did not think it necessary to despise earthly things for the love of heaven.

The sages of that time inclined to the view that this world has been created for its own sake—nay, that it might just be possible to enjoy paradise on this side of the grave—and our system of ethics takes alarm at the mere mention of such heresies; but we have begun to rediscover a truth which was familiar enough to those Nature-taught heathens—namely, that the highest moral and physical well-being cannot be attained separately, but must go hand in hand, like thought and action or will and force; and I hope that the time will come when every school-house shall have its gymnasium and every village its arena, for only then can we celebrate our recovery from the Semitic pest, which has turned our proudest forests into deserts and our noblest men into monks. The ancient Greeks reckoned their dates from the institution of the Olympic festivals, and their re-establishment would indeed mark a new era in the history of a world which had so long forgotten that God is the Creator of our bodies as well as of our souls.

What nation will inaugurate that revival?
FELIX L. OSWALD.

ROSE.*

I.

"SHE says to meet Sir Mungo and Lady Sahaira."

"Oh yes, I dare say; but I'll bet you—bet you anything you like to name—we never lay eyes on either of 'em. Ugh!"

Major Chuffington, ætat. fifty-five, with dyed whiskers, and hair—what there was of it—ditto, threw himself back in the cushions of the express and glared at his vis-à-vis, a wholesome-looking, well-built young fellow of twenty-eight or thereabouts, who was listening with an air that was half amused, and at the same time half respectful, to his talk.

"Tell me, bless you!" went on the major. "I know a little too much for that: nothing opens your eyes like knocking about the world." Here he opened the window and jerked out the note of invitation he had been looking at with a curl of contempt on his thick red lips. "Now, at Lord Muncastries' two-and-thirty every day—I give you my honor—in the dining-hall: that's the sort of thing I like. There you've got the—the reality of the thing. God bless you! you *know* what you've to do and who you've to meet. None of those new-fangled mushroom crew, just feeling their way, sir—feeling their way in society. I give you my word I only met these people at my sister's, Lady Chandellicr's, you know, just once—once," repeated Major Chuffington in an emphatic tone—"and here they're persecuting me into going to their house!"

"Haw!" replied his vis-à-vis, Secome Secome, "I don't know them much, either. Old Budgecombe didn't seem to me half bad, eh? I met him in Strathbroch in September of last year."

"Bah!" said the major with an expression of scorn and contempt on his countenance. "I dare say, I dare say; and you found Miss Budgecombe and Miss Stella all that's delightful, I'll wager too. Bah!"

Mr. Secome laughed a little fatuously, for he was not yet inured to the ways of fortune-hunting young ladies and their relations, and he either could not or would not discern between the glamour and flatteries intended for his adventitious merits, and those to which, as a good-looking not altogether stupid young man, he was fairly entitled. He had been, until he was six-and-twenty, a contented, good-humored clerk in a government office, and the six thousand a year which the deaths of an uncle and his three sons, the Secomes of Secome Grange, all occurring within two years, had placed at his disposal, was so unexpected a stroke of good luck that he had scarcely as yet realized its full importance and the change which it had operated in his own consequence as a member of society.

"I know 'em." Just ask me if I'm not up to them! Miss Budgecombe! Yes, that girl's not so young as you'd think. Now, she's eight-and-twenty, every day of it." The major went on viciously: "And as for the other, Tom Widdingham, of the —th (you know Tom Widdingham? Oh no! he was before your time)—he, I say—hem!—walked through it clear: no endeavors would bring him to book. I don't know what it was—laws, no: I'm not hinting anything even—but the fact is, the old woman's a horrid screw. She had the money, you know, sixty thou': yes, and is well able to keep it. But, I say, here's the station. I wonder what they've sent for us? It's not surely a dog-cart this cold day, I hope."

The major put down the window and craned his head out to try and discover the vehicle. His fears proved prophetic: a smart dog-cart was in waiting; and, leaving their valises to follow with Secome's valet—the major, as he expressed it, "did his own chores"—the two visitors drove off. The presence of the Budgecombe groom in the back seat restrained the elder man's tongue, and as Mr. Se-

come was never talkative, the conversation was limited to general topics.

"Bet you my boots," muttered Chuffington as they drove up the well-planted avenue, "there will be an excuse from Sir Mungo Sahaira: I know this lot and their ways."

The house had an oppressively new air, and the whole front, from *porte-cochère* of Portland stone beneath which the major guided the dog-cart to the balustrade that ran along and veiled the flat roof, seemed primness and starchedness personified.

"They've a fair head of game—we're to try for partridges to-morrow and next day," muttered Chuffington, quoting his letter of invitation again—"but unless they're brought down from London in cages I'll be d——d if there's a feather on the place."

By this time they were at the drawing-room door. Ulsters and hats had been left to an assiduous footman in the hall, and they entered the drawing-room to find five-o'clock tea in full swing. As the fragrance of that cheerful fluid greeted the major's nostrils he curled his lips in disgust: "Cat-lap! not for me.—How de do, my dear Mrs. Budgecombe? So glad to see you! Looking charming! By Jove! I positively refused Lord Marcquepoint to come to you—yes, threw him over.—Miss Budgecombe, how do you do?"

Secome the unsophisticated listened to his venerable friend's effusiveness with some wonder, remembering his diatribe against the family in the train; but he was speedily swept off by Miss Budgecombe, and made to drink tea and give an account of his doings since their last meeting in London. She was a well-set-up, well-dressed girl, perhaps four-and-twenty, with a manner intended to be pleasing, and which no doubt with the male sex accomplished its object, but which women in general stigmatized as artificial and hard. Secome thought her agreeable and jolly—she was a trifle fast—but her figure, which was what Chuffington styled "planky," and which was a *sine quâ non* in Secome's eyes, rendered all her endeavors to fascinate him utterly

bootless. The sister was two-and-twenty, very fair, and passing for a beauty, without further qualifications for that rôle than a really fine complexion and yellow hair. She was a little too fat and addicted to flushing, and was now seated as far from the fire as possible without being absolutely out of range of the men, sipping her tea in a very cautious manner. Chuffington had his fishy eye on her and her sister, and watched their attack on young Secome with a malevolent grin. Secome was too useful to him to be allowed to marry yet. A fellow who was little more than a learner at billiards, and only just, so to speak, "come upon town" the other day, the major meant to have his share of him before he passed him round; so, while talking to the hostess and a couple of guests beside her, he continued to watch the play of the young ladies. These guests consisted of a distinguished lady-novelist, a quiet, silent woman of eight- or nine-and-thirty or so, who seemed almost exclusively occupied with some colored wool-work; an officer's wife with a handle to her name, a faded little woman with a passion for theatricals, who was constantly trying to lead the conversation to that topic, and whose make-up recalled that of a third-rate burlesque actress; the wife of a well-known Q. C., whose soul was centred on getting Mrs. Stryper, the novelist, to promise to dine with her. She, Mrs. Rebutter, Q. C., also distrusted the advent of Sir Mungo and Lady Sahaira, and kept up a running fire at the hostess, who began to grow fidgety and uneasy under the major's eyes and the innuendoes of the legal lady.

"Lady Sahaira was a Miss Goaheyd: yes, I know, Mrs. Rebutter," Mrs. Budgecombe was saying. "She was at school with a very dear friend of mine. I was invited to stay in the same house with her once."

"Before she married, Mrs. Budgecombe?" interrupted Mrs. Rebutter in an impatient tone.

"Ahem! yes, before she married. They were at the Pidgenhams last week for a three days' visit. Lady Pidgenham says Lady Mungo only brought five dresses

—everybody else had nine, of course—but these clever people always are privileged, you know." She said this with a patronizing smile at the novel-writing lady, who did not relish the liberty in the least, for, like many of her compeers, she was disposed to make the least account of what was, after all, her sole authentic recommendation to society—namely, her talent. To get invited on account of her great-grandfather the admiral, not because of her last book, was the ambition of Mrs. Stryper.

Mrs. Rebutter cut in again in her most frigid, insolent tone: "I could almost understand Lady Mungo being careless about the Pidgenhams. You know they are—er—hardly of her set: wonder they went there at all. It is so foolish of people like the Pidgenhams putting up for people so very far beyond them as the Sahairas. Why, I quite wonder at Lady Sahaira: Sir Mungo, of course, can't be expected to mind these things, but I should fancy she had more judgment. It's such an impertinence of people obtruding themselves into sets beyond their own!" She swung round in her chair to face Mrs. Stryper as she said this, and raised her voice so that Mrs. Budgecombe could hear the words.

Mrs. Stryper smiled, and the hostess asked herself had the Mungo Sahairas played her false at the last moment—if she was to endure this for three days. Major Chuffington began, out of pity for her, to respond to the entreaties of the Honorable Mrs. Cinquefoile, who had a soul above Chinese explorers, and the girls moved an adjournment to the billiard-room. They could play well, and were inured to tobacco. Miss Budgecombe had been known to smoke—under pressure, the pressure of Sir John Pidgenham's eldest son. To do her justice, nothing short of an eldest son would have induced her. Her figure was not good enough for billiards; so she allowed her sister to monopolize that accomplishment when there was anybody worth her attention present, and preferred to sit as gracefully as possible in the easiest pattern of club smoking-chairs.

Major Chuffington went down too. Mrs. Rebutter flatly refused to stir, and there was nothing for Mrs. Budgecombe but to remain in the drawing-room and submit to be pin-pricked by the merciless woman who had given up an invitation to what she thought a better house on the strength of the promised Sahairas, and who had intended to take it out of her hostess for swindling her.

Brandy-and-soda and whiskey and Apollinaris were brought into the billiard-room to the party there assembled. Miss Budgecombe offered to "split a soda" with Secome, to "take the taste of the tea out of her mouth:" her sister made the same offer with a pretty little air of condescension to the major, but that thirsty soul, who wanted a deeper potation than that afforded by a mere half soda, declared that nothing agreed with him but Apollinaris and Kinahan, and filled up his glass from the syphon with a malignant grin.

They went on with the game then. Miss Stella played quite as well as Secome Secome. Her sister could hold her own, but was playing under protest, and the major, who had forced her to play, showed off all her shortcomings with malice prepense.

"Look at me, Miss Budgecombe," said he, leaning on one elbow and taking aim with the cue laid across his arm in a fantastic fashion. "This is the way Lady Muncastries plays. She's such a stroke, that woman, and as graceful as—as—"

"Indeed, major, I could hardly fancy that pose becoming—at least not from your illustration," snapped the young lady, who was keen-witted enough, as she pocketed her ball.

Secome laughed heartily.

"Who is here, Miss Budgecombe?" asked the major, after laughing too of course, but at the same time entering the young lady's crusher in his mental memorandum-book.

"Captain Cinquefoile, those Rebutters, Mrs. Stryper—you have seen her—Mr. Digby Arnam and Ashton Conyers."

"Conyers, indeed! Have you got him? Very nice fellow—goes into very good

sets. I've met him at Lord Muncastries'. Digby Arnam—yes, I've met him too. —Rising man, ain't he, Secome?"

"Yes," said Secome, who did not know in the least, but of course had an opinion to give—"awfully clever man."

"Oh, clever!" repeated Miss Budgecombe, in a very dubious tone. "Papa asked him: we don't know him. He writes, doesn't he?"

"Something of that sort," said the major carelessly. "That's all the fashion now, you know: don't care much for these fellows myself."

"They were out in the stubbles—our own stubbles—all morning with papa. To-morrow you've to go over Joyce's farm—kept for you," she said with a meaning smile to Secome. "They've ridden over to Weston this afternoon: I wonder they're not back? However, it's only seven: there's an hour yet."

"I wonder have these Sahairas come yet?" said Stella. "It will be outrageous if the old dears sell us, won't it? Such a lot as are to meet them to-day and to-morrow!"

"Here come papa and the others. I hear the horses led round.—Stell, you and I'll go dress," said Miss Budgecombe, putting her cue away.—"I'll play that out with you another time, Mr. Secome—mind, now," she called back with sweetest smiles as she passed through the curtained door.

"A lot asked to meet them, hey?" repeated the major when the girls had vanished. "Well, we'll see. I begin to think the old woman isn't altogether shamming, so far as her part goes; but, mark my words, we'll see no Sahairas here—no, no; and that Rebutter woman knows it too. Ha! ha!"

"I think we might as well go to our rooms: I feel as if I'd like my bath," said Secome with a yawn. He was indifferent whether the great travellers came or not. Miss Budgecombe was uncommonly jolly, and the people in general seemed a very good sort. So he went away to take his warm bath, feeling perfectly contented with his surroundings. Chuffington went to his room too, and his original discontent was in no

way lessened by the discovery that he was located in a small apartment on the top story.

Secome found the drawing-room full of people at ten minutes to eight. Mrs. Budgecombe rapidly introduced him to a crowd of neighbors—stout matrons whose proportions were accentuated most ludicrously by the skin-tight exaggerations of the Regent street modes into which they had forced themselves in honor of the lions whom they were to meet. The Pidgenham family related anecdotes of dear Sir Mungo and of Lady Sahaira, with whose euphonious names the whole air of the room seemed impregnated. Mrs. Rebutter, in a dress of red and the new gold-colored satin, looked like some ill-natured foreign bird on the watch, with mandibles half unclosed, for an unwary finger. Mrs. Budgecombe had actually been forced to show her the Sahairas' note of acceptance, and the Rebutter, who was mean as well as truculent, had requested the signature for her autograph-book. Mrs. Stryper was the most fashionably-dressed woman in the room, and had all the air of knowing it as she sat, evidently taking notes, on a causeuse in the centre of the room.

"Just eight!" said Lady Pidgenham with a smile of triumph to her hostess, down whose powdered face the perspiration of anxiety and mortification was trickling.

Mrs. Budgecombe pretended not to hear her: she had renounced all expectation of seeing the Sahairas, and her whole soul was now concentrated on the hope that they would at least send her a telegram, and thus re-establish her reputation with the unbelieving. Mrs. Rebutter, she thought, might speak for the veracity of the invitation and its acceptance, but the malicious legal lady chose to be dumb, and was evidently enjoying the scene. The French clock struck the five minutes to eight, and Mrs. Budgecombe thought of the scene there would be after dinner, when the red and yellow satin was disposed close to her and talking at her. The door opened suddenly, and in a moment she

found in her hand the whitey-brown telegram. She read it aloud, with a tone in which Mrs. Rebutter discovered as much exultation as if it had conveyed to the guests the intelligence that dear Sir Mungo had requested dinner to be kept waiting ten minutes for them. The excuse was bald enough. Lady Sahaira had a bad cold, and was not coming. However, she had sent an excuse, so the situation was in a measure saved, so far. Mrs. Rebutter and Lady Pidgenham exchanged sneers.

Then the pairing down to dinner began. Mr. Arnham, the literary man, was given to Mrs. Rebutter, to her intense disgust, though her husband, the Q. C. and M. P., had begun life as a reporter. Mr. Conyers was given a prettyish, fair-haired girl whom Miss Budgecombe had determined to separate from her admirer *in esse*, Mr. George Pidgenham, and her admirer *in posse*, Secome Secome, whom she had secured to herself, deputing to her sister Stella the task of keeping the baronet's son warm for her. Miss Stella, though pretty, was too occupied with herself to cut her sister out. So they got under way. Lady Pidgenham talked to her partner in an audible tone of dear Araminta's cold, and discussed her constitution with the freedom of an intimate and privileged friend. Mrs. Budgecombe listened with envy and anger mingled, and Mrs. Rebutter sneered at Lady Pidgenham, and occupied herself exclusively at dinner in watching the blunders of the ill-trained country servants, and letting their mistress know that she was so engaged.

The dry sherry was excellent, the hock first-class and the champagne unimpeachable, and Secome enjoyed all three pretty thoroughly.

Miss Budgecombe had good eyes, and plied him with all three stimulants in their turns. "Aren't you glad," said she effusively, "those tiresome old dears didn't come?"

"Who?"

"The Sahairas. I'm delighted. We should have had to listen to their talk—and make them talk, you know—about Thibet and Tartars, and all that sort

of thing. I'm sure I should have died."

"Heh? you don't like that sort of thing, eh? Don't like travelling?"

Now she had to think before replying: Secome might like travelling: "Travelling—oh! different thing that. Travelers' talk, now, I don't like."

"Oh—a—yas. I don't, either."

"Have you travelled? I'm sure you have," went on the young lady.

"I've been on the Continent—yes, of course. Somehow, I've never got much farther than Paris. And I've been in Ireland—go over there to hunt now and again."

"Ireland! Have you really been in Ireland? I have so often wanted to go there! How did you like it?"

"Well, it was fairish hunting in Meath—very fair. I met a fellow—nice fellow—awfully ready-witted those Irish are—er: they really are, upon my honor, now—and he—"

Miss Budgecombe vainly signalled for an audience for Secome's anecdote. Mrs. Rebutter caught her imploring eye, but turned away her head instantly. She had no idea of being civil to any of these swindlers. Lady Pidgenham never understood anything, and required the points of stories explained in a most distinctive manner. Major Chuffington had heard it before, and went on eating. So Miss Budgecombe unwillingly resigned herself to solitary enjoyment of the luxury which she had vainly endeavored to share with her friends.

"I met him one fine day after a run as we were driving home toward Rat-sath after a splendid run right across from Dunboyne: that's—that's—let me see, how many miles is that? I asked him were there many Englishmen over: he said, 'Lots, lots of 'em, and we'll soon have 'em all over here, ye see,' he said. 'There's too many railways in England for hunting now. The horses 'ud be knocking up against steam-engines every other minute.' Fancy it, 'knocking up against steam-engines!' Ha! ha!"

Miss Budgecombe got almost hysterical.

"Yes," went on Secome, "and the car-

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man heard us remarking how few falls we had seen that day—fact, I assure you, I never saw better riding—and he turned round and said to me, 'Shure, sir' (Secome had evidently learnt Irish from the *Shaughraun* company), 'there niver does be any lyin' down wid the ladies an' gintlemin of the Meath Hunt.' Imagine that! 'lying down' for falling! They are awfully droll."

After another interval of hysterics, Miss Budgecombe, who in her dislike to travellers' tales was at least discriminating, contrived to articulate, "Then you did meet with a funny car-driver? I have heard—or rather read—of witty Irish carmen, but I never knew any one who had met one—never."

"Er—you see," said Secome, "it is necessary to have a—er—sense of humor to appreciate a good thing. I believe—er—there *are* people who wouldn't understand those fellows if they were to make a joke—wouldn't see it, in fact."

"Yes," growled Major Chuffington, "you're right there, Secome—quite right: no doubt about it." Chuffington was not going to let Miss Budgecombe do all the running, and was afraid, judging by his friend's elated air, that she had had too long an innings.

Miss Budgecombe, however, was not to be put down: "Do you hunt much? I adore hunting. We shall have our first meet of the season on Saturday at Pidgenham. Sir John is M. F. H. now, but I don't believe he'll go on with it—too expensive, h'm! They're so dipped, you know."

The Pidgenhams being so dipped was the reason she was seated beside him instead of Sir John's heir-apparent, a heavy blond youth on the other side of the table who was drinking more than was good for him.

Secome did not reply. He was thinking of his last day with the Meath stag-hounds, and of one little girl who was riding with her father, and who had laughed in his face when he offered to open a gate for her. What blue eyes those were! Miss Rose Blake of Batterstown: the huntsman had told him

her name. What a figure she had! Secome indulged in a reverie for a moment, from which he was roused only by the shrill voice of a child. Dessert was on the table, and the children came in. There were three, and they belonged to the present Mrs. Budgecombe—a couple of pasty-faced little girls and a five-year-old boy, their senior, a forward, spoiled child.

"Well, Tottenham," said his father, seating him beside him, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Tottenham was drinking champagne, and in his hurry to answer some of it went the wrong way, and he coughed and spluttered. "I say," he began as soon as he had recovered his breath, "where's the Chinaman?"

"What! Tottenham!" from his mamma.

"Well, I say, where is he? Old Blake told me there was a gentleman to be here from China. I don't see him, mamma."

There was a general laugh at this, and, encouraged by it, the hope of the Budgecombes continued: "Will he have a pig-tail like that fellow papa took me to see in London—the Heathen Chinees, eh? And his wife? I say, where are they?—Shut up, Cecily: I can say what I like—I'm not a girl."

"Come, Tott, did you have a ride to-day?" said his father.

"I did. And what do you say, I gave old Blake a ride too—only a little one, mamma, for I thought she might be too heavy—just half round the field; and Tomkins said she'd a splendid seat. Now!"

Miss Cecily, a preternaturally intellectual infant of four, had her eyes on her mamma's face, and broke in in a sharp, high voice: "I told her I'd tell you of her, mamma, but Tott would have her to."

"Who's old Blake, I say?" asked Secome, highly amused, of his neighbors.

"Oh! the children's governess—nurse rather, for the poor creature is not educated enough to be a governess: she's quite unfit for her position."

Then the interesting infants and the ladies swept out and up stairs to the

drawing-room, where the hostess had a bad quarter of an hour between the open insolence of the disappointed Mrs. Rebutter and the boasting of Lady Pidgeham, to whom Lady Sahaira was now Araminta without the slightest compunction. The men did not come up till nearly eleven. Miss Budgecombe seized on Secome, who had been doing ample honor to her papa's good wine, and got him to relate his Irish experiences over again, which he did while a young lady played the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata," a curious *obbligato*, to the affected cackle of Mrs. Budgecombe. Sir John Pidgeham was asleep: his son was talking of mangel-wurzel to Mr. Rebutter, whose lean, hard face wore a perpetual sneer. His wife and some others were at *bézique* and go-bang. The lady of the house was sulky, and was looking forward gloomily to her ball of the following night. She was a stingy woman, who looked closely to the ways of her household, and would have infinitely preferred pottering about the store-room with the odds and ends of the feast to enduring the penance of the highest society, almost, of her county. Her eldest step-daughter seemed to be getting on nicely with Mr. Secome: that was some consolation, but a doubtful one, as Mrs. Budgecombe told herself, for she remembered a great many previous affairs that had looked just as prosperous as this. Major Chuffington, in much better humor, was drowsily talking in a condescending tone to Digby Arnham, asking him what clubs he belonged to and what men of title he knew. Mr. Arnham, a shrewd, hard-headed man, recognized the type of his questioner, and replied to all his impertinences in a studiously courteous tone that soon brought the major to his senses.

The sonata finished, conversation again lagged, and Mr. Conyers was asked to sing. Singing and kindred social accomplishments were Mr. Conyers's *raison d'être* in most places. He was busy now with Mrs. Cinquefoile, planning a charade which he had invented expressly for the ball the following evening. He too was aggrieved that

the Mungo Sahairas had not turned up, and refused to sing, sulkily enough.

The evening was a failure: the defection of the lions had cast a gloom over everything, and it was with heartfelt joy that Mrs. Rebutter was observed moving toward her candlestick at ten minutes past twelve.

Then brandy-and-soda and cigars in the smoking-room engaged the gentlemen's attention. Major Chuffington related his last club-stories. Conyers sang a song with knuckle-bone accompaniment, and bet Secome ten pounds he would shoot the first partridge next day.

"Capital cigars!" said Chuffington—"never had a better, not even at Lord Mun—"

"Bet you two to one I've as good in my cigar-case up stairs," said Secome.

"Done!" snapped Conyers eagerly: "fetch 'em."

"No, ring," cried old Budgecombe, but Secome was gone.

The ladies were all gone to bed, and there was only a lamp burning dimly in the long corridor. As he came out of his room with the cigar-case his ear was caught by a flutter and scuffle at the farther end of the long passage. It was little Budgecombe in his night-shirt racing away from a tall female in a white peignoir, with a cloud of black hair flying loose on her shoulders, who was pursuing and trying to induce him to return to his crib.

"I won't. Let me alone, old Blake: what do I care for you? There! I say—"

"Tott, do come now, there's a jewel! Do, you little torment! Don't run into that room," cried a fresh young voice.

There was something strangely familiar in the tone. Secome started and stood still, lost in a whirl of amazement. Surely he had heard that voice before? Where? and when?

"Is it open a gate for me? Ah! come out of my road till I show you the way over."

Yes, he knew it! He remembered now the gray dull day in March, the bright-eyed girl on the chestnut mare, and the red coats of the Ward Unions now gleam-

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ing against the naked dun-colored hedges of Meath. And the hounds were ahead a couple of fields, old Sam Brinkly pounding at their tail, and the viceroy, though mounted on his second mare, barely keeping up with him. What a run that was, to be sure! All this ran through his brain with the rapidity of a flash. It was only a coincidence of course. How could he imagine anything else? Then his dream was rudely dispelled by Tottenham, who dashed head first against him. To seize the youngster and drag him forth was the work of a moment only.

Secome saw her face. It was only a momentary glimpse, brief as a flash of lightning, and he dropped the struggling boy with an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh!" screamed the governess as she caught sight of the stranger.

"Miss Bl—," he said, with a step toward her. But he was not quick enough: the girl turned with a half scream and rushed off down the passage. She and the boy disappeared simultaneously into their sanctum, and Secome remained dumfounded at the threshold of his own door.

II.

IN THE WOOD AND OUT OF THE WOOD.

THE next morning was clear and sunlit—a lovely September morning, gold reflections in the yellow and red-brown of the beeches and chestnuts, and a soft shimmering haze over the level stretches of Budgecombe Manor. Large thin cobweb threads linked themselves from tree to tree and floated deviously in the opens between the branches. Squirrels were leaping and playing in the hazels of the undergrowths, and a rich perfume of ripe fruit came over the orchard-walls. In the pastures the asters and scarlet geraniums still held a brilliant show, and a rank growth of mignonette, every stalk hung with seed-bells, scented the air.

It was ten, and the breakfast-room was just filled. Mrs. Rebutter, in a conspicuous morning-gown, her complexion heightened by cold water and Baden towel, with all the weight of the Sahaira

defection on her candid brow, sat and read her letters in sulky silence. Her lord and master stuffed his—which were too important to be read in public—into his pockets, to wait for the quiet of his room to peruse and answer them. Mrs. Cinquefoile was chattering with and ogling the major, and Mrs. Stryper, in Madame Carton's last *confection du matin*, sat talking sensibly to Rebutter, Q. C. and M. P., of the prospects of the forthcoming election, but at the same time rapidly skimming through the *Athenæum* to see if her last novel had been reviewed. Secome had not yet come down, and Captain Cinquefoile in vain tried all his "lady-killing" arts on Miss Budgecombe: her eyes were fixed on the door, and she skilfully manœuvred the seats so as to have a place vacant next that which she intended to occupy.

Secome at last came in, and glanced around as if for his seat.

"Good-morning," said the young lady effusively. "What a lovely day we shall have! I'm going out with you, you know."

"Eh, yes!" replied Secome absently. His eyes were rapidly running round the table as if in search of some one. Miss Budgecombe noticed this, and wondered whom he could be looking for. It was not Stella, for she, dressed in pale blue muslin and ribbons, was seated opposite, languidly contemplating her own distorted image in her egg-spoon. It could not possibly be Mrs. Cinquefoile, that little, made-up creature, who, now dressed exactly like a stage-chambermaid, was reading a pink monogrammed note with eyelids affectedly lowered and the paper held ever so far away, after the received stage mode of perusing a letter or document of importance. Nor was it the sulky Mrs. Rebutter or the abstracted Mrs. Stryper.

Mr. Digby Arnam sat on one side of Miss Stella. He had received a roll of proofs, which he had slipped down into his lap. They were part of the novel of an Irish authoress, whose grammar was so peculiar that he had volunteered to straighten it out for her—a task of greater magnitude than the good-natured gentleman had bargained for. Conyers, who

had been thoroughly drunk the night before, and had a frightful headache and most uneasy recollections of his conduct to boot, did his best to be polite and agreeable on the other side of the young lady.

It was none of these. There were empty places for the Pidgehams: they too were late, but even when they had taken their seats the young man seemed still dissatisfied, and as if in search of some one. "Deuce take them!" he muttered: "I thought governesses were always at breakfast. I want to have another look at those— By Jove! it's very absurd, I know, but it's awfully like." Then he turned and surveyed his companions deliberately.

Miss Budgecombe did not look to advantage in the morning light. She was twenty-seven, and looked it fully, and the pink and grays of her morning silk did not light up a dingy complexion. She had a muslin-and-lace Dolly Varden cap on her head—a coquettish little structure that somehow looked out of place on her, and gave her the air, as Dolly Vardens do a great many girls, of only wanting the dust-pan and broom to complete the character. For all her affectation of *chic* there was a commonness and want of style about Miss Budgecombe. Let her be as slang as she liked, she never "looked the part."

"Do you shoot?" asked Secome listlessly after he had completed his survey. He had made up his mind that he might as well give up the idea of meeting Miss Blake, and felt, he knew not why, depressed and desponding.

"No," answered the young lady, who was at a loss for a cue, and contenting herself with a simple negative, not conveying either approbation or reprobation of the accomplishment in question. "Lady Olive St. Ogyves shoots—has a gun of her own, I'm told." She looked hard at Secome as she said this.

"Yes, so I've heard. A friend of mine was there—Ogyves Abbey, you know. Awfully jolly woman that—going it pretty hard just now with Colonel Lovelace. Why, I believe—" Secome stopped for a second, for he was not yet as inured to

the ways of society as his master Chuffington, and was always obliged to wait for encouragement from a woman before he repeated smoking-room gossip to her. Seeing the eagerness on her face and the alacrity with which she turned her ear to him, he went on: "Little Jack Menden of the Looloo Club told me he saw Lovelace—h'm! you know, fact—get into a brougham—hired brougham—one evening from the door of the Rag and Thistle at Richmond—saw them drive off together. Saw him handing a design of a locket to Emanuel's man one day across the counter, and he declares Lady St. Ogyves has a watch set in a locket precisely similar. She wears it in a bracelet. And he saw it one day she was playing billiards—sleeve went up, you see, this way—most peculiar design: he recognized it at once."

It is an interesting subject of conjecture whether a gentleman ever presented a lady with a locket the "design" of which was not "his own."

Miss Budgecombe had no time for details: she hastened away to get ready for the shooting-party—the gentlemen were already equipped for the fray—and in a quarter of an hour made her appearance in a heather-mixture suit, a jacket with pockets all over it—in the collar, in the cuffs, belt—everywhere, in short, that perverted ingenuity with a view to utter inutility could devise.

"I should so like to shoot!" said she, placing herself with a dexterous gliding movement before Mrs. Cinquefoile, who with complexion-veil carefully adjusted was attacking Secome, and cutting her out.

"Why don't you?" said he. "Get a gun from Hammer & Click. They make ladies' guns now warranted not to kick—sound and free from vice, as the horse-dealers say—ha! ha!"

Miss Budgecombe had a recurrence of her hysterical seizures: "Oh, how very good! how capital! Really, you have not been in Ireland for nothing, Mr. Secome. Oh! ho! ho!—ha-a-a! how awfully droll!"

"Ireland—h'm!" said Secome, mentally inscribing this joke on the tablets of

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his memory for future service. "They've rather a different style of—er—joking in Ireland, I can tell you: not but I rather like it too."

"I should so like to go to Ireland! I assure you I take such an interest in it. Read all the books on Ireland I can get hold of. Did you see this new one, *The Fair Girl; or, Ireland in 1877?* It gives such an interesting account of the country. Sir Mungo Sahaira's book on Thibet was nothing in comparison. It's a pity travellers like the Sahairas don't go to Ireland, whose natives are so wild, so interesting and savage."

"Yes. I say, we are to divide here, it seems—hope I'm to get a warm corner. That field looks promising."

Secome was sent to a far corner at the skirt of a wood. Miss Budgecombe of course accompanied him. Secome, who was fond of sport, though sceptical as to the quantity and quality of old Budgecombe's birds, wished the young lady and her chatter and *willades* far enough. He was not a talkative man, and would have infinitely preferred to be allowed to smoke in peace in the shade of the russet beeches by which he was posted. It was not to be, however; so he resigned himself to the flirtation, and indeed entered into it so thoroughly that he ran a good chance of missing the birds when they rose.

The day wore on apace. Three o'clock was the hour for lunch, which was to be held at a point three miles off, and it wanted only an hour of it. Miss Budgecombe had sipped more than once from Secome's pocket-flask, and, inspired no doubt by the generous fluid it held, insisted on his allowing her a shot at a little white mark on the stem of a pine tree. They were now in a wood some distance from the original starting-point. The keeper who was carrying the bag—which indeed held the poor tale of a brace of partridges, one hare and a few rabbits, knocked over just to keep his hand in by Secome—grinned and loaded the second gun in a knowing way.

"Better take this one, miss," said he: "not so 'eavy as the breech-loader."

Miss took the weapon: Secome ad-

justed it, and directed her how to use the sights. Standing behind her, he squinted down along the barrel of the gun to see if it was rightly held. "Now! Cover the spot on the trunk—higher a little. Have you a head drawn on it, do you think?"

"Yes," replied the Amazon confidently. She did not know in the least what he meant.

Bang went the gun with a loud report. A scream nearly as loud rang from Miss Budgecombe, and she fell back into Secome's arms. The mischievous keeper had put in an extra dose of powder, and the foul barrel had given her shoulder a powerful kick.

"Laws, sir, it ain't nothink," said the keeper, picking up the weapon and running his eye over it to see if any mischief had resulted from his trick.

"My God!" roared a voice from the wood in front, "what is it, Secome?—My child!"

Old Budgecombe came up at a run, puffing for breath, and, really frightened, took the form of his daughter, who indeed seemed loath to shift her quarters from Secome's arms.

"Oh, papa—ah—oh! oh!" gasped the sufferer, rolling her eyes up at Secome, who, utterly dumfounded, stood staring at her and all round him for an explanation of the scene.

The keeper, who had placed himself behind his master, grinned significantly, and this grin supplied the young man with the key of the situation: "It won't be anything, Mr. Budgecombe. The gun was foul and kicked.—Miss Budgecombe, I hope you are not hurt." Secome spoke in a mixed tone: he felt angry with himself for being such a fool, and inclined to kick the keeper for the impertinence of pretending to an understanding with him. He thought he never saw an uglier girl in his life. Her little hard round hat had fallen off: her hair, which was neither black nor brown nor very plentiful, looked tossed and rough. He remembered the long locks of Miss Blake the previous night.

Perhaps Miss Budgecombe thought she had made sufficient sacrifices to her sen-

sibility, for she shook herself together, and, standing up, gasped a little, and looking at Secome murmured in a reproachful tone, "N—n—no, I'm not—it was—a little too much! Oh dear! I positively thought for a moment the charge had come out at the wrong end. Oh, de—ar!"

Here she seemed to want an arm to lean upon, and looked pensively at the sleeve of Secome's blouse. He refused to notice the application, and her papa took charge of her once more.

"Tell you what I'll do," burst out Secome at last: he was dying to get away. "My flask is empty. Suppose I start off to Fernington Dell, meet the lunch-party, and get something for you? I will." And, suiting the action to the word, he set off at a rapid rate through the wood in the direction of the rendezvous.

He soon reached the party. They were all assembled discussing a thoroughly comfortable luncheon *al fresco*. Every one was in good-humor. Mr. Rebutter had made a good bag, the best of the party. The lovely day, as fine and soft as if the autumn had borrowed a day from the past summer, had healed Mrs. Rebutter's wounded spirit, and she was dispensing a game-pie in an almost amiable manner.

"Lord be praised!" ejaculated Secome to himself on catching sight of a number of bottles of Bass. Then he addressed the company at large: "I say—er—could you send any refreshments to a party in the woods? Miss Budgecombe is quite done up, and says she can't get along unless she gets a—a peg of some sort. Fact. She's sitting down near the pond with her father."

This was heartless, but Secome was desperate: if he had been a Don Quixote, of course he would have seized a bottle of Bass or anything that came handy, and have rushed to the relief of the distressed Dulcinea at once. But he was not a Don Quixote: he was only a young man of no remarkable qualities whatever, but whom Nature had endowed with a fair share of common sense. He knew the girl was tricky, and he had no idea of being tricked. That was all.

Miss Stella half rose, with quite a pretty flutter: "What do you say, Mr. Secome? Am I to send some refreshments to my sister? What's the matter, eh?"

Secome had flung himself on the ground with a sulky expression: "Yes, if you please. I promised to go back with it to them, but I'm so tired that you—"

Six thousand a year covers a multitude of sins.

"Dear! yes, any of the men can take it to them, of course. What can be the matter? Won't you take something?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Secome, laying down his tumbler of Bass. "She tried to shoot with my gun, and it kicked her pretty thoroughly—hurt her, in fact, I'm afraid—and she felt a little shaky, that's all."

A general burst of laughter greeted this account.

Then he began to eat some lunch, and after a few minutes—as soon as he guessed the messenger with the sherry had reached the loiterers in the wood—rose and announced his intention of going to look after them. The party begged him to remain, not to mind, but he set off.

As soon as a sufficient portion of the wood intervened to screen him from the guests he had quitted, Secome struck into a by-path which he knew led right away to the part of the wood that skirted Budgecombe Manor. It would be easy to account for his absence: nothing was more probable than that he should go astray in the wood. His failure to return with the restorative would give the young lady to understand pretty clearly his view of the accident and subsequent manœuvres, while his appearing to go back would sufficiently save the situation in the eyes of the others. He had observed a suspicious, questioning look in Mrs. Rebutter's face. Secome was not much of a diplomatist, but he certainly was not much of a fool either, and he strode along among the crisp fallen leaves with a determined expression of countenance. This nonsense had lasted long enough, he thought—no use going on with it. The girl was a deuced deal too old and sharp. "Chuffington was right, as usual."

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him into the demesne of Budgecombe. He could see the west wing of the white manor-house half veiled by a screen of trees. He would go and see if there were any letters, and then rejoin the shooting-party at his leisure. So he held on by the path that bordered the wood, walking at an easy pace, for the day was warm and mild. He took off his cap and let the gentle breeze play over his heated face and dry the damp blond curls—thick and close as yet—of his hair.

The chestnuts were dropping from out their sheaths, and the blackberries hung in rich red and black clusters to the very edge of the grass. The faintest tinge of ripeness bronzed the tall fronds of the bracken, as if the hot breath of Summer had scorched as she kissed them. The leaves rustled with the metallic sound of autumn, and the ripe strong smell of the fruit-time filled the whole air.

There was a little path leading direct across the park to the house. He stood a minute, uncertain whether to take it or not, then decided to keep to the wood-edge. He had no particular reason for this decision, and he would have saved fully ten minutes by choosing the short cut. However, so it was.

On such decisions men's lives hang sometimes.

Secome found himself presently abreast of a wire fence which enclosed a good-sized paddock, skirted on two sides by the wood, and on a third by a thick screen of evergreens. Some cows were grazing peaceably in a far corner of this field, and on the other an odd scene presented itself to his eyes—a scene that caused Secome's face to take a sudden flush and his blue eyes to kindle and sparkle with delight.

This was nothing less than a tall, slender, black-clad figure mounted on a pony of the Exmoor breed, a long-backed, big-headed thing, and trotting gravely along beside the fence. A small child, in whom Secome had no difficulty in recognizing his friend of the night-shirt, the son and heir of Budgecombe, ran excitedly after the pony, squealing and gesticulating at the top of his shrill voice: "Hold up his head, I say, or I'll make you get off. Do

you hear? And can't you make him go faster?"

"How can I make him go faster, Tott, if you won't let me have the whip?"

"Oh, I dare say now! I'd like to see you. Stop, I say!" roared the imp in a truculent tone. "You don't know how to make him go."

Secome had remained standing still, communing with himself as to what course he had best adopt. Recognize her or not? It was the same girl. By what fortuitous accident she came hither he could not imagine. And now how was he to do? He had never been introduced to her, though he had ascertained her name from the huntsman that day at Dunboyne; and he never had an opportunity afterward, for he was called home next day.

He had not long to deliberate, for the strange couple was fast approaching him, and he felt he must speak at once or go his way.

The Exmoor pony came up, and Secome stepped forward as he caught her sudden start and blush on seeing him, half screened by the tree-trunk.

She had not black eyes, as he had imagined in the dim light of the corridor: no, they were dark blue, with long thick eyelashes and fine straight brows. She was not twenty, and she was dressed in very shabby, rusty mourning.

She pulled up the pony with a jerk, and prepared to slide off the saddle.

"Allow me," said Secome, grasping the animal's head—"allow me to help you."

But she was down—it was hardly a descent at all—before the pony stopped, and thanked him with a smile and a pretty blush.

He was trying to say something when the boy burst out loudly, "That's Mr.—Oh, I know. He came with old Chuffy—old Snuffy, I call him.—It's me, Secome."

"Yes, that's my name," said the young man confusedly, almost thankful to the youngster.—"You are Miss Blake. I know from Tottenham yesterday: he was telling me he had been giving you a ride on his pony."

Secome was looking hard at her.

Where had he seen that face? Somewhere, surely.

"Yes, so I did. She says she knows how to ride—that she used to have a horse like Stella and Miss B.; and, I say, her father kept hunters like Sir John Pidgeham. Ma says it's lies," went on the candid infant; "but Tomkins said she'd got—I will say it: hold *your* tongue, please—a damn good seat on a horse."

"Oh, Tott!—Please don't mind him, Mr.—" She hesitated slowly over saying the name. "He's so spoiled!—Come into the house now, Tott."

"I'm going to have another ride, I say," replied the audacious Tott, proceeding to scramble upon his quadruped. "To-morrow I can't have him, you know."

"Why not?" asked Secome in his nervousness.

"Cause he's got to draw the garden-roller to-morrow. Three days I've got him—t'other three it's the gardener."

Then Tottenham set off, doing his best to make the pony show off, and his governor remained with Secome.

"Where are the little girls?" he asked, desperate for a topic of conversation.

"They have colds, and remain indoors," she replied without looking at him.

"Why were you not at breakfast this morning, Miss Blake? I was looking for you."

She laughed a little nervously, and did not reply. He was anxious to make her look at him again, but her long eyelashes were drooped obstinately over her cheek.

"I don't need to ask that question," he said to himself. "She'd cut out Miss B. and her sister too palpably. What a figure she has too!" He determined to make a dash at his object—"You like riding, Miss Blake?" he said, stopping and facing her.

"Oh yes!" she cried enthusiastically.

"I do so miss my horse!"

"I—I—did I see you in Meath? It was the last week of March last year. Do you remember, Miss Blake, I wanted to open a gate for you, and you laughed at me and flew over it?"

"I remember—yes, very well. I knew it was you. I saw you come with Major Chuffington."

"How did you know?" he asked in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Oh, I asked old Dan who you were that day," she said frankly: then she turned away and bent her head.

He leaned his back against the tree-stem and remained looking at her admiringly. Suddenly he saw her put her hand up to her face, and two big tears rolled down between her fingers. He started forward and seized one of her hands in his: "What is it? Miss Blake, have I said anything? have I hurt you? I never meant to, upon my soul!"

As he held her hand his eye fell on the rusty crape cuff, and he let it go suddenly.

Tottenham trotted up at that moment. The artless child found that neither of his friends seemed inclined to bestow the attention on his presence that he demanded and required, so he came to see what counter-attraction Secome had found in old Blake.

"Miss Blake," Secome was saying in a low hurried tone, "I hope you won't think me presumptuous: I—I should so much like to see you again."

She looked up at him suddenly with a startled expression in her eyes, but something in his earnest face and manner reassured her, and compelled her to answer, almost against her own inclination, "I'll see you again perhaps, Mr. Secome."

She said these words with a droll Irish accent, that caught the ear of her pupil. "Now," he said, "there you're talking Irish again, Miss Blake. Ma says she'll send you away on account of your brogue, and we'll have a German Hanoverian."

A red flush mounted to Miss Blake's face, and she sighed deeply and looked away from Secome.

"Yes," continued the imp, seeing that his shot had told, "she doesn't want us made into wild Irish too."

"Tott, I say," cried Secome, "that pony goes splendidly. Did you ever race him against time? See that fence:

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I bet you a half-crown you don't reach it and back in ten minutes."

Tott fell into this Jesuit's trap, and, brimful of excitement and importance, whipped and kicked his animal into a heavy trot that took him out of earshot directly.

"Look here, Miss Blake, will you see me again? Do. There is no chance of our meeting in this house—or out of it either, for that matter. You won't be at the ball to-night, of course?" A shake of the head confirmed his statement. "Now, suppose you take a stroll round the beech-walk in the garden—can you? Before or after dinner shall it be?"

Rose Blake started. The idea seemed to sting her consciousness as she realized its full meaning. It almost took her breath away. She tried to say no, and she took refuge in excuses: "The children cannot be left. And Tott doesn't go to bed till nine." Then she sighed heavily.

Secome was determined: "Well, let it be ten, Miss Blake, while they are dressing for the ball. Now say yes: I am really anxious to see you again. Well, then, ten be it, while they are all dressing for the ball—eh, Miss Blake? Do!"

She hesitated. Whether she could trust this strange man or not was not the question that agitated her. She was too unsophisticated to know or dream of evil: it was the unromantic suddenness of the request that startled her. Secome appeared to be so earnest, so really eager, and moreover he looked so good-natured and so honest, that she felt inclined to treat the thing as an amusing and innocent adventure, though a forbidden one, and a delightful break in the hideous dull monotony of her wretched life. Still, she faltered, and was silent.

Tottenham had reached the fence, and was rapidly nearing them.

"Speak! Will you?" whispered Secome, entreatingly.

Nearer and nearer came the thud of the pony's feet and the exulting cries of her rider.

"Eight minutes! You have won, Tott," cried Secome, feeling in his pocket for the half-crown.

Tottenham rode up and struck Miss Blake a smart blow on the shoulder with his whip. "Why were you not looking at me?" roared he indignantly. "I'll teach you to mind your place, miss."

The little bully was about to repeat the blow when Secome caught his hand: "I'll teach *you*, sir. What do you mean by attempting to strike a lady? Come," he added in a different tone, warned by a look from her, "a *man* never strikes anything but his horse or dog, Tott."

"Pooh!" said Tott. "Tomkins thrashes his old wife; and Blake ain't a lady, neither," he added in an offensive tone.

Rose Blake's eyes flashed fire for a second, and she turned aside to control herself. Secome took out his watch and looked at its dial, and then at her face. "Ten!" said he, meaningly.

She nodded.

III.

A GARDEN-SCENE, NOT FROM "FAUST."

SECOME was unusually excited during dinner. Miss Budgecombe, who of course had completely overlooked his neglect of her—for the cruel fellow had not found his way back until nearly five o'clock—was more gracious and *empressée* than ever. And Secome, who hardly knew what he was doing or saying, responded to all her advances in a way that almost turned her head with giddy triumph. They were almost the only ones who kept up anything of conversation. The long sojourn in the open air had made the elder women sleepy, and some of them cross. Mrs. Rebutter was worrying her grievances as a dog worries a bone, burying and digging it up again, making believe to swallow it entire, and then tossing it in the air. She had received, or pretended to have received, a letter from the "better house" she had given up, lured by the false light of the Sahairas, for this desert of Budgecombe, and moaned her mistake aloud.

"Lord FitzPeters and Lady Beverford there," she grumbled, speaking to Mrs. Stryper, and, as usual, at Mrs. Budge-

combe. "They're going to act a French play. I couldn't read the name of it." She couldn't trust herself to pronounce it. "Now *that's* a capital idea; but then the Waddington Smiths always had such good ideas of amusing people. *Theirs*, now, is what I call a really pleasant place to stay in."

"They entertain wonderfully, I am told," said Mrs. Stryper.

"Oh, wonderfully! But people of such good position, so used to society as they are—you can form no idea of the difference it makes."

She had to turn to Major Chuffington now, for Mrs. Stryper had discovered somehow—possibly through Conyers, who knew everybody's business except his own—that Digby Arnam was on the staff of the first London weekly papers for reviews, and immediately turned round to try and secure him for her last book, which had appeared a week before.

"My dear lady, I assure you it depends altogether on—white soup, please—the editor. He hands the books to whomsoever he pleases. Now, let me see: there is Slitear—do you know Slitear?—and there is Roy Fleame—"

"Fleame! Oh, if it gets into that horrid man's hands I am lost. He has a niece who writes, and he is determined to keep down every one else. The winter her last book came out he nearly caused the death of poor Miss Badtone, the way he ruined her book. You remember it—that *Stockings and Garters* that made such a sensation?"

Mr. Arnam nodded, and went on eating his soup. The fact was, Mrs. Stryper's book had come down from London in his portmanteau, and a review, in which Mr. Arnam considered he had only done his duty to the rising youth of English-speaking countries, was actually in the mail-train to London at that moment.

"Fleame is awful, awful, and Lady Minsterborough is worse, because she's above petty selfish considerations, and ruins one's prospects for the mere pleasure of doing it."

"Why don't you take some fish, Mrs. Stryper?" asked Mr. Arnam, whose la-

bors in the cause of morality and the Queen's English had made him very hungry.

"Oh dear! I feel so unhappy! Tell me, Mr. Arnam, is it true that Swingem the publisher is shaky financially? Poor Clara Smijthje has never got her manuscript from him for seven months."

"Dear! dear! that is very unkind. Some women would not put up with that," said Mr. Arnam, thinking of his Irishwoman, who sent him threatening letters at least twice a week.

"Publishers are all bad, I know that," went on the literary lady. "The thing is to find one—er—a little less bad than the others."

"Eh?" supplied the gentleman, who began to ask himself what cruel dispensation of Fate had placed him beside the least congenial (to him) lady of the party.

"It has always been so. Byron now, he gave Murray a present of a Bible. Murray wondered at this, and one day, telling a friend about the gift, he showed it to him. This friend opened at the Gospel of St. John, and showed him the verse 'Barabbas was a robber' altered to 'Barabbas was a publisher.' Good, was it not?"

Mr. Arnam, who had an interest in a firm of eminent publishers, implored of her to take some fish. But Mrs. Stryper did not meet a reviewer every day, and was determined to make hay while the sun was shining.

"Streakem & Slash, I have been told, pay pretty well, but they don't advertise; and advertising is, after all, the thing now-a-days."

"It is, alas!" murmured Mr. Arnam, more unhappy than ever.

"I've known people actually pay for their own advertisements. Mrs. Duffer does that; and my friend Emily Shammington sent out twelve hundred post-cards to her friends and acquaintances, asking them to order her book."

"Why," said Miss Budgecombe to Secome, "Mrs. Stryper is actually *talking*! What can have happened? It's Mr. Arnam: he's literary too, so I suppose they hit it off together. It's so nice to meet

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She rolled her eyes at him as she said this with an affectation that made him laugh. She had blackened her eyebrows and eyelashes, and powdered herself so thickly to overcome the effects of the day's sun and wind that her face had the appearance almost of being behind a veil or screen of some sort. Secome thought of "old Blake" and the lovely blue eyes that he could hardly get from before his own, and cast longing looks at the huge clock set in a boulder of Aberdeen granite on the chimney-piece.

"An hour and a half yet!" he muttered to himself. "Lord! will it never be ten?"—Then aloud to her, with a tender look right into *le blanc de ses yeux*—the white of her eyes—as the French express it, he said, "It is awfully jolly, Miss Budgecombe. Mind you keep me the first dance."

"Quadrille, do you mean? Oh, I do so hate square dances!"

"No—er—I forgot: the waltz, of course. I hate squares also."

Then the conversation reverted to the divorce court and a younger brother of Colonel Lovelace who was figuring there at his wife's instance.

"It's extraordinary," said the lady, "how these things run in families. Her mother and two aunts on her father's side were divorced. I heard something about her grandmother too."

"Yes, it's like wooden legs," said Secome, who was thinking to himself that "old Blake" didn't know much of these "improper games."

The ladies went off at last. Digby Arnam opened the door for his friend Mrs. Stryper with a deep-drawn sigh of relief as genuine as that of Secome as he pulled his chair out of his "congenial" companion's way.

Then the gentlemen sat down to fortify themselves for the exertions of the night, and Secome to count the minutes until the appointed hour. Conyers sang his latest patter song. Mr. Rebutter, who was very good company always—in his wife's absence—told a few stories of the legal variety. Old Budgecombe passed

the wine, and told them the history of every bottle. As it was really good tipple, the guests forgave his eccentricity, and Mr. Arnam always listened to the very last word his host had to say. Besides being a clever man, Mr. Arnam was a gentleman—a peculiarity of constitution which, when genuine, resists the contagion of the modern tone of society.

Major Chuffington drank enormous quantities, and scowled at Secome, whose relapse during dinner had made him once more uneasy on his young friend's behalf.

"We don't go up stairs till half-past ten. The people will be here by that time. Shall we have coffee here or in the billiard-room?" said the host.

At ten minutes to ten it was that they adjourned to the billiard-room. Secome, who was in a fever of impatience, slipped aside and ran up stairs. To cross the large corridor and slip down with his zephyr coat over his arm by the back staircase was the work of a minute. He passed by the door of the billiard-room, and into a little room used as a steward's-room, school-room and general glory-hole, where the boxes of lawn-tennis, the fishing, cricket, Badminton and other gear were kept. There was a door opening out on the pleasure-grounds from this: he slipped through, and wrapping himself in the overcoat set out for the beech-walk at a rapid rate. He passed the ballroom windows, where the servants were busy giving the final touches to everything—lighting the wax candles of the great chandeliers and carrying in pots of flowers from the conservatories.

It was not dark out of doors, for a pale young moon had risen and cast a soft refulgence over everything. A few stars shone above the tall beeches and cypresses of the alley, and the faintest night-breeze swayed the dry leaves musically.

He reached the place at last, and looked with a beating heart up and down the long reach of sanded walk. She was not there yet. He leaned against a tree-stem at the end next the house, and watched

every outlet eagerly. At last the stable-clock clanged out ten noisily. Secome counted every stroke, and held his breath till the last vibration ceased to tremble on the still night-air. Once more the faint night-breeze had stirred and caressed, with a touch that was a death-stroke to many of them, the drooping beauties of the parterres, once more the dying leaves of the beeches had responded sadly to its voice, when a loud, fierce barking broke upon his ears.

It ceased almost instantly, and a door opened in the wall of a yard at the back of the house. He could see a figure pass through it hastily, closing it carefully: then the figure darted behind a luxuriant tree, and remained an instant in its shadow. Not a moment too soon, for the door opened again, and a man came out and glanced round. He went back directly, and Secome could hear the bolts drawn noisily. Then the dark figure emerged from its hiding-place and came with long gliding steps to meet him.

It was Rose Blake: Secome knew the tall, slender form of the girl. She looked taller than ever in the gray light as she passed quickly down the parterre, across the croquet-ground, stooping to see and avoid the hoops. He came forward to meet her, holding out his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Secome, the dog!"—she was breathless and trembling—"Tottenham's dog: he nearly did for me. Did you hear him? Tomkins ran out just as I had slipped through the door. Wasn't I near being caught?"

"What matter about them if you were?" said he. She was standing so that the light fell on her face: he could see her dilated eyes and the flush on her cheeks. She had thrown a black shawl over her head, and the folds formed an ebony framing for her white neck and brow.

"Matter!" she repeated, with a sudden laugh at his absurdity. "That is a joke indeed! Oh dear!"

"Take my arm," said he, "and come down to the bench under the trees: I want to say a lot of things to you."

She would not take his arm. She wanted to hold up her trailing skirt and keep her shawl fast round her head and shoulders, so they walked along together to the rustic seat which stood beneath a low-hanging chestnut tree.

"I want to ask you to treat me as a friend," began Secome, resting his elbow on the back of the bench and bending very close to her. "Tell me, ain't they good to you here? I don't believe Mrs. B. could be good to any one."

"Well, that doesn't make much matter, since I'm going away. Tott generally has the 'straight tip,' as he calls it, in most matters, and he tells me there is talk of a German governess."

"Hum! And you're going back home, then?"

"Home?" said she: "I've not got any home. I'll have to go back to the school and wait till I find another situation."

Rose Blake turned away her head, which had drooped despondingly.

"You haven't got any family, then?"

"No. I've two little brothers. I've got to pay eighteen pounds a year for them, and I owe a quarter now; and if I'm sent away, how are they— However, it doesn't make much matter. My cousin, Lady Barmscourt, will get them into the Yellow Boys' school—she's promised to in January—and I'll pay it off somehow."

"How old are they?" asked Secome, looking pitifully at the thin, pale girl who talked so confidently of paying off a debt that represented such labor and privation to her.

"Jackey's five and Hyacinth's nine. Jackey is such a little pickle, and so pretty! What do you think he did the other day?" And Miss Blake, forgetting her obligations and responsibility, threw back her head and laughed out. "He cut up a chair-cover with a pair of scissors; and Mrs. Sibthorpe—she's keeping them: she's a milliner, and very kind to them—told him she wouldn't whip him because it was Sunday. So next Sunday he cut up the curtains, and told her he did it because he knew he wouldn't be whipped on that day. Oh dear! I wish they could be anywhere near that I could see them. It's so lone-

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ly here, and Tott, though he is a good-natured child, is very aggravating."

"I should say so, indeed," said her listener, recollecting the scene of that afternoon. "What salary do they give you? Tell me."

"Thirty, but I've to pay my washing. Mrs. Budgecombe gives me so much because she knows the children are depending on me altogether. Mrs. Ferrier, where I was at school, told her so."

"Very kind of her, I'm sure," said Secome with a short, hoarse laugh.

"You know," went on the girl, "I'm not educated to get that salary; and she's always telling me so; and Miss Budgecombe sets Tott and the children to ask me questions I don't know, and she comes in and superintends the lessons. Oh dear! that's the worst of it all."

"Never mind her," said Secome from between his teeth. "She'll meet some one who knows more than she does one of these days. Gad, what a Tartar!—I say, Miss Blake, if you were at that ball you would take the shine out of them all, eh? Come now, don't you think so?"

"None of your blarney now," replied the Irish girl, and laughing, though the tears shone yet on the depths of her dark eyes. "I was only at one ball in my life—a hunt-ball. It was just before poor papa died," she said, her voice trembling and breaking again. "Oh dear! what a difference it made to us you c—c—can't think." Then she broke down and fairly sobbed.

Secome picked up the shawl, which had fallen down on her shoulders, and put it over her head again. As he pulled forward the fold so as to fasten it under her chin his face came very near hers, and he could not see the rivulets of tears running down each cheek without feeling a terribly strong impulse to kiss them away. She seemed so friendless, so lonely and so childlike that he wished he could snatch her up at once and transport her and himself off to some far-away, comfortable haven, far from Budgecombe and all the unpleasantness it contained. The remembrance of the angry child striking her with his whip, and the outlined sketch she had

given him of Miss B.'s overruling petty tyranny, seemed to sting his own consciousness with an unbearable sensation. He had not taken away his hand from the folds of the black shawl as he had gathered them under her chin, and he continued to bite his moustache and to look at the troubled face that looked so soft and babyish in its black framing. He was bursting to say all that he felt to her, but he could not find words. Secome was not much of a talker—or thinker, perhaps, for that matter. It was easier for him to do than to plan, and under the influence of emotion he generally rushed headlong into action. Very often he did wrong, as the best and clearest-headed men will, but in general his impulses, coming as they did from his heart, were good and generous. He had not been spoiled by his good-fortune, as many people are. Adversity tries our friends, but to prove ourselves there is nothing like sudden prosperity; and prosperity far greater than his wildest dreams had come to this clerk in the Paving Board Office, and left him as it found him.

He took his hand away from the shawl at last, and took hold of his own left ear with it instead, pulling and twisting it as if to extract counsel from the ill-used organ: "A regular bad job, I call it."

"Yes," she answered simply.

"I say," said he at last, "what's your name?"

"Rose Ellen Blake."

"One name's enough for anybody—wish I'd got a name. Secome Secome is a stupid sort of thing, ain't it? Ain't it, Rose, I say?" he repeated, on getting no answer to his first question.

"Who gave you leave to call me Rose, I want to know?" she said, lapsing, Irish fashion, into laughter and brogue simultaneously.

The young man looked at the pretty inviting face so close to him, the soft merry eyes shining through tears like stars through the soft mists of a summer's night, the innocent soft face dimpling with laughter, and again a horrible temptation to kiss her, were it only in brotherly fashion, took possession of him.

"I won't," said he to himself: "I'll get things in proper trim first."—Then aloud: "Why shouldn't I if I like? I intend to look after you. Yes, Miss Blake, I ain't going to have you knocked about and put upon. They're a bad—" Then he remembered he was speaking of the people in whose house he was, and he stopped suddenly.

"It's time you went in," said he in an elder-brother sort of voice: "I'm sure it must be near eleven. First of all, I want to see you again, you know, to-morrow, before I go away."

"Well," said Rose Blake, who seemed to be taking the whole proceeding in a matter-of-course way that puzzled herself wonderfully when she thought it over afterward, "yes, but how are we to manage it? I'd like to see myself walk into one of their sitting-rooms to talk to you!"

"Humph!" He stood up suddenly, and taking her hand led her down the walk. "To-morrow I'll go away too: I have had enough of this. Tell me, don't you wish you were going away from them too—going to a home of your own—eh, Rose?" said he, suddenly stopping and placing himself right opposite her. "Tell me, wouldn't you like to own a place as big as this and twice as handsome?"

"Wouldn't I, just? Where's the good of your talking to me like that?" She was half angry with him.

"Maybe you would, then," said Secome, pursing up his mouth with a sententious air, and taking hold of her round dimpled chin between his thumb and fore finger—"maybe you would, I say, Rose, if you like, you know."

"Who on earth would be that good to the like of me?" said she with a pout of her lips that with her stood for despair, and expressed only the most pathetic, bewildering fascination. Secome looked at her with intense admiration. She was fascinating enough at that moment to make him forget his Spartan resolutions, but the sense of his own magnanimity to this little waif was also present in almost equal proportion.

He had determined when Tott struck at her that afternoon that he would marry the defenceless, ill-treated pretty gov-

erness, and with a keen sense of the favor he was conferring on her was a resolve that she should esteem herself as he esteemed her. Ingenuous and unsophisticated as she was, there was something of cold dignity all the time about her. She reminded him some way of his mother, the clergyman's wife: she had the same reserve of bearing that good breeding and innocence together erect as a buckler against impertinent familiarity. Secome felt that it would be utterly impossible for him to speak and act to her as he could to Miss Budgecombe, Mrs. Cinquefoile or almost any of the girls of his acquaintance.

He was holding both her hands in his now, and wondering to himself had he ever seen so pretty a creature. Rose Blake's brain was in a whirl, and her heart beat so that she fancied she could hear it. The moonlight fell on his face, and his blue eyes seemed full of an infinite tenderness. She felt as if she had known him for years, so little was there of strangeness in it all, though only that morning she had felt herself so desolate, so lonely and helpless, that nothing but the thought of the little brothers who were depending on her made her think the struggle worth continuing at all.

"Good - night, Rose," said Secome slowly and softly: then he dropped her hands, and laying one of his lightly on her shoulder motioned her to go in with a gentle push.

When the glass door through which he had come out had closed behind her, he turned to take a few steps in the parterre before going into the ballroom. As he sauntered leisurely past a little thicket of shrubs, in the midst of which a white Apollo was gleaming in the clear, ghostly light, a sudden stir roused him from his reverie. A woman, evidently one of the servants of the manor-house, rose from a crouching posture among the shrubs, and presented herself with a smile that was at once cringing and threatening right in front of him.

Secome, startled, stared at her in silence.

"Beg your pard'n. I'm sure, sir, it's not likely you'd wish Mrs. Budgecombe

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to hear of Miss Blake and you bein' 'ere this 'our hof the night, sir?"

Secome was really unsophisticated. It never occurred to him that this wretch wanted a bribe: he stared at her in silence, astonished and confused as to her meaning.

Mistaking his silence, the spy turned, and with a voice full of venom and disappointment said, "Ho, I see, sir! Very well, sir! Missis will hact different, sir, and it isn't every gentleman 'ud see a pore young girl lose her charicter, sir, through just closeness, sir. Very well, sir!"

She waited, but Secome, who now saw the affair in all its lights, marched off with an angry "Get out of that, woman!" and left her to sneak off discomfited and venomous.

"This only hastens matters," said he to himself, throwing himself on the bench Rose and he had occupied. "What the deuce am I to do? I can't marry her to-morrow—no. Mother Budgecombe will sack her in the morning beyond a doubt."

He scratched his chin and tugged at his moustache in vain for a good quarter of an hour. At last a light broke upon him: "I've got it! the dowager. She's a good woman: she'll help me."

The Gordian knot was cut, and in five minutes Secome was whirling with Miss Budgecombe to the strains of "Le Premier Baiser" waltzes.

The dowager, Mrs. Secome of Secome Grange, an elderly widow, inhabited a house in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath. She had a jointure of eight hundred a year by her marriage settlement, and by her husband's will an additional charge of one thousand five hundred a year on the estate. Her nephew and heir was very fond of her, and the poor broken-hearted woman gave him in return as much affection and esteem as the terrible griefs she had undergone left her to bestow upon any human being. When, on the morning of the 13th of October, the morning after Secome's nocturnal interview with Rose Blake, she received from him a telegram thus worded: "I ask you

to give shelter to a young lady in whom I am interested: she comes to you to-day," she immediately sent her butler to the telegraph-office with the following reply: "Of course I shall be glad to see her. At what time shall I meet her? Come or write."

Before breakfast next morning Secome received his good old aunt's reply, and it was with a merry laugh of defiance that he noted the angry brow his hostess bent on him when he entered the room.

Miss Budgecombe, as usual, sat beside him, and, though she too knew of his treachery, flirted as desperately as ever. She hoped and believed in the depths of her base, calculating soul that the adventure with the governess was but a mere adventure, "a slip in the dark," a pardonable lapse into the turpitude which, according to her bringing up, characterizes all men. The details with which the spy had decorated her tale certainly were an excuse in some part for this attitude. Secome and she chatted and laughed so noisily that even Mrs. Budgecombe began to come round to her daughter's opinion. She was the better woman of the two, decidedly. She had not been educated in the legends of the divorce court, lady's-maids' and St. John's Wood gossip and crapulous French novels: she had still a lingering belief in the purity of women and the honesty of gentlemen, and it had actually occurred to her that a lecture to the young man might do him good. That Blake creature must go by the twelve train: not an hour longer could she be suffered to pollute the manor-house by her presence. So she relaxed her frown, though a feeling of disgust at Secome's conduct still possessed her, and talked to her guests much as usual.

Secome, meantime, was sorely exercised as to how he was to get his telegram conveyed to Rose. The servants did not seem trustworthy: he determined at last to remain in the library, which opened on the hall, and watch matters. Rose was safe to get her walking-ticket from the "old hen," as he irreverently termed his hostess. There were only the twelve and the three trains: he meant

to take one or other of them himself. His portmanteau was packed and ready, or his man would answer for it, and his only trouble was how to get his future wife safely and respectably away from the premises.

Mrs. Budgecombe slipped out of the breakfast-room at a quarter to eleven, and took her way, outraged virtue and indignation shining in every feature and her dress rustling like the plumage of a furious turkey-gobbler, to the schoolroom at the end of the long corridor where Secome had his first glimpse of Rose.

She opened the door with a bang, a declaration of war that told Rose what was coming.

"Cecily and Blanche," she screamed to the two pasty-faced little girls who were learning their alphabet at Miss Blake's knee, "leave the room at once: go to Catherine." She pulled the bell violently as she spoke. Rose stood up with drooping head to face the storm. What was she to say? what was she to do? One line of action alone presented itself to her. She would leave at once. But she would listen to no insults from this woman, though she was her mistress. No, she would not. She owed it to herself, to the daughter of Hyacinth Blake, and to Secome, her future husband—as Rose told herself with a thrill of pride and love—to exact her meed of respect, and she would listen to no coarse abuse.

Catherine, with a countenance aflame with curiosity and enjoyment, carried off the three children, and, having shut them into the night-nursery, hastened back to place herself at the keyhole. No sooner was the door interposed between these innocent cherubs and the guilty Rose than the woman burst forth into all the malignity and spite her petty nature held: "You audacious, you scandalous 'uzzy! You were in the garden last night—" Mrs. Budgecombe was a cotton-man's daughter, and her early education had been neglected: in moments of excitement her native Liverpool asserted itself.

"Stop!" cried Rose Blake, drawing up her slight figure till it seemed to her apparent that she was rising bodily into the air—"stop! I will leave your house, but

I will not listen to you. Not another word!" she said, holding out her long white hand with a gesture of authority that struck the elder woman dumb. "I leave your house, but beware what you say!"

She passed into an inner room to make her preparations. Mrs. Budgecombe fell on the schoolroom floor in a fit of violent hysterics.

Half an hour later, Secome, from his post of observation, saw Miss Blake's trunk carried into the hall. A tax-cart was before the door, and a groom to drive her over to the railway station. Out he came—out of the library, leaving the door open, and glaring round him defiantly. He held in his hand two labels freshly written. "Where is Miss Blake?" he demanded of the footman who in undress livery was fidgeting about in the hall.

"Here I am," said a voice. There was Rose, looking pale and frightened, and, though her mouth was set, with tears trembling in her sweet eyes.

"All right!" said the young man. "Look here: you are to go to that address—to my aunt's, Mrs. Secome, of 1002 Lansdowne Crescent, Bath—and I'll be there after you. She expects you," almost roared Secome, for the benefit of Mrs. Rebutter and Lady Pidgenham, whom he had left in the library.

Miss Budgecombe, with a face like ashes, was standing behind him. She curled her lip with scorn at Rose Blake, who with excitement and nervousness felt ready to faint.

"What's this, eh? what's this?" demanded Mr. Budgecombe, running out into the hall.

"It's this," replied his guest: "Miss Blake is engaged to me to be my wife, Mr. Budgecombe, and she leaves your house for the shelter and protection of my aunt's, Mrs. Secome, in Bath. Now, sir!"

Secome glared round the crowd (for they had all assembled) like a lion ready to spring. Rose had sunk on a chair, and was sobbing aloud.

Mrs. Rebutter, who had a good heart beneath her outward coating of world-

liness and ambition, ran forward suddenly and put her arm round the girl. "Stand up, my dear," she said: "you have done nothing to be ashamed of. You ought to be proud of him."

Mrs. Stryper looked on critically through her gold eye-glass. "Curious, isn't it?" said she to Mr. Arnam, who still held his cue in his hand: "a good chapter that would make."

He gave her a look of disgust and reprobation, and walked over to Secome's side. "Can I do anything for you?" said he.

"Secome, my dear fellow! my dear fellow!" said old Budgecombe, "I congratulate you—upon my soul I do: it's a qu— She's a very lucky girl, a very fortunate girl indeed. But why go away? Now, don't. My house is open to you. Why not stay? Mrs. Budgecombe will be a mother to you both—both." He was speaking in earnest, in real earnest, and advanced with outstretched hands to Secome and his betrothed.

"Papa!" shrieked his eldest daughter, "papa!" Secome started, and a bitter smile curled his lips when he heard Miss Budgecombe's accents of rage and scorn.

"Thanks!" said he, wringing Arnam's hand. "I won't forget you indeed.—No, Mr. Budgecombe, I am obliged to you, but my intended wife will be more at home at my aunt's house.—Now, Rose, come.—Good-bye, Mrs. Rebutter, good-bye.—Thank her, Rose."

Then, in sight of all, he kissed Rose Blake's lips and lifted her into the tax-cart: "Your trunk is addressed: here is another label for your bag. I'll be after you by the next train: tell my aunt so."

The tax-cart whirled off, and Rose Blake left the manor for ever.

Secome turned back into the house to face a storm of congratulations from at least half the guests. Lady Pidgenham was delighted Miss Budgecombe had missed him: she would have preferred, however, that he had chosen her own daughter. Mrs. Rebutter considered it a judgment on the family for their deceit in the matter of the Sahairas, and

felt really glad of it for the sake of the pretty orphan girl. Mrs. Stryper made an abstract of the whole business for her next novel. Conyers set off in search of the servant who had informed the mistress and precipitated the dénouement, in order to obtain piquant details for a smoking-room story. He was imprudent enough to relate the first draught of his composition to Major Chuffington in Digby Arnam's presence in the billiard-room, and Arnam, boiling with rage, gave him the lie direct in presence of the major, and extracted a written undertaking from the cur that he would suppress all his flights of fancy. Chuffington nearly took an apoplectic fit: then, thinking better of it, congratulated his friend warmly.

Old Budgecombe ordered up his best champagne for lunch—told every one he was proud of Secome and proud of Miss Blake. "This house has been her home," said he with tears in his eyes. "Mrs. Budgecombe has been a mother to her: Arabella and Stella have been her sisters, sir—her sisters. Any one might be proud of her. Father killed by fever caught hunting—first cousin of Sir William Barmscourt—granddaughter of Pelham Blake, Lord Hyacinth's son—excellent girl and lovely creature."

Secome tossed off his champagne, feeling as proud of Rose as of himself, and when Miss B. appeared, rather pink about the nose and eyes, and smelling of *sal volatile*, to offer her congratulations—she, in her worldly wisdom, thought it better to do so—he shook hands with her quite patronizingly, and expressed a hope that he and Rose might some future day renew their pleasant acquaintance with her at Secome Grange.

Secome left immediately, and one month afterward a *Bath Chronicle*, addressed in the handwriting of Mr. Digby Arnam, the best man, reached Budgecombe Manor, announcing the marriage at the abbey church of Secome Secome of Secome Grange, Herts, to Rose Ellen, only daughter of Hyacinth Blake of Castle Blake, and granddaughter of Lord Hyacinth of the Reeks, county Kerry.

THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.

AMONG the many evils of the overcrowding system is one startlingly on the increase, and, under present conditions, inevitably to continue so. It is an evil whose proportions we seldom suspect, the results being hidden from our sight, and even when within range carefully avoided as one of the hopeless, perplexing, heart-breaking things from which one shrinks instinctively and properly, personal knowledge or contact being useless, dangerous, offensive to every feeling. Now and again, as it comes home to one in the individual experience of a near friend or relative, we are forced toward a knowledge we should never seek, and glance into those retreats, private or public, which popular fancy pictures as given over to outrages, while yet, with true American indifference, it declines any inspection of what closer examination would show to be only partial evils. With the feeling that not many months since brought together in Boston an assembly of her best-known and wisest citizens eager for the discussion of certain abuses acknowledged to exist, and urging the alteration of the present laws regarding the admission of insane patients to asylums, public or private, we have to-day nothing to do save incidentally. That laws on this point require revision and amendment is unquestionable, cases constantly arising which prove their inadequacy, and which seem to indicate that no man is secure if sufficient motive exists for getting him out of the way.

Yet, as a fact, these abuses are far less than supposed, and many of them are only the inevitable result of the huge and overcrowded establishments in which the individual is necessarily overshadowed by the system, the very numbers making distinct personality as difficult as in a regiment of soldiers. Usually with an inadequate staff of officers, and, in the poorer asylums, underpaid and often brutal attendants, chosen for strength

and endurance rather than for any mental qualification, the wonder is not that there are abuses, but that they do not exist in a thousand-fold greater degree. From remote country poorhouses, where poverty and ignorance, and the brutality born of both, do their will with the helpless victims of mental disease, come now and then revelations of barbarity and outrage; and nearer home there are equal wrongs on a larger scale. But, as a whole, these mammoth asylums do not only well, but better than they could be expected to do, professional skill and enthusiasm seeking every alleviation for the sad souls in bondage, and fretting against the restrictions and shuffling legislation which make thorough work difficult and often impossible.

To-day no asylum or set of asylums has room for the throng of applicants for admission. New York alone has over twenty thousand insane poor, and the ratio is constantly increasing. The time has surely come for some question as to causes, and some slight outlook toward a future which would seem to hold only menace and warning. The general population of the United States is increasing at the rate of one and a half per cent. per annum, while the percentage of insanity and imbecility is already three per cent. Were this a fixed law of progression, the end must come to be universal Bedlam; but much of it is dependent upon causes which knowledge can to a great extent remove, though more than one generation will have suffered before the lesson is learned and certain evils have ceased to exist. True civilization, genuine progress, would have made them impossible. Imperfect civilization, false or injudicious education, overcrowding,—these and other underlying forces have given to the nineteenth century a proportion of imbecile and insane at which the philanthropist stands aghast and the most callous is momentarily startled.

"Tell me," I said not long ago to the superintendent of one of our best-known asylums, where every expedient for cure is tried and interest and effort are unflagging. "You say the number of cases admitted annually has more than doubled in ten years, and that it is impossible to receive all for whom their friends apply. How is this?"

"Herding together is the foremost cause," he answered. "You can have no conception, unless you stop to examine the matter, how this tendency has spread. The country in some districts is nearly forsaken: the cities are growing beyond belief. In a laborious life in the country there are sometimes cases of brain disease from sheer mental torpor and want of stimulant, but they are far less numerous than is supposed. In this rushing into town or city a certain simplicity and continence are lost. There comes a new facility for gratifying every physical passion, and the majority, who revel in excesses of every sort, have not learned that the wages of sin is literally death—not only physical death, but, what is even worse, life poisoned at its source and diseased beyond cure, with a frightful inheritance in store for the generation to which they give birth. These are the idiots, the cripples, the insane—the latter escaping in childhood, but finding their fate at their first carrying out of inherited tendencies. If any sound fibre is left of which one can get hold, cure is possible, but with flabby will, undisciplined mind and useless muscles it is too often a question of merely lengthening a life, the ending of which can be its only good-fortune. These form the larger proportion of our inmates, men and women being pretty equally divided as to numbers, and coming generally under the head of 'pauper patients.' But the country sends us many of the next grade above; and I will tell you from what class. They are the people who have strained every nerve for money. Increased facilities for travel show them the results of wealth. Quiet living in a small way becomes distasteful. The sons must seek professions: the daughters must dress and have accomplish-

ments. So all work on in a rut, every hour of the day given to some form of productive labor, till the mind loses first spring, then, gradually, power to act at all save abnormally; and the mistaken creatures come to us for a help which common sense would have made needless. Too little sleep, overwork, improper and insufficient food, wrong mental life or want of any real mental life at all,—there you have in a nutshell the causes that have sent twelve hundred people here and fourteen hundred to Ovid, and crowded every asylum in the State to overflowing."

"The summing up seems to be an arraignment of civilization," I said; "for I remember your saying insanity was almost wholly modern, no primitive people knowing it save to the most limited extent."

"That is true, on the whole. But don't blame civilization: blame the want of it; blame the ignorance of the simplest laws of life; blame men and women who, knowing better, stand quietly by while the foulest wrongs are going on under their very eyes; blame drunkenness and licentiousness; beyond and above all, blame the tenement-house system, which means all this and more, and which has laid out work enough already to keep philanthropists at work for a hundred years to come. And one piece of work waiting for them is, I believe, the abolition of just such enormous institutions as this. To mass the victims of these various causes in these great prisons is, I am more and more convinced, a mistake. If I had money enough there should be another colony Gheel, but the present appropriations are not enough to allow experiment ever so slightly in that direction, even were its reasonableness recognized. Legislators know nothing about it, and indeed few physicians; and as our State funds are imperatively demanded for various purposes of bribery and general rascality, one cannot very confidently expect an appropriation for advancing scientific methods, relieving human misery, or any minor matters of that sort. But Gheel is the only true system."

"What is Gheel? Or, I should say, Who is Gheel? I know nothing about it or him."

There was the slightest involuntary lifting of the eyebrows as my friend looked at me critically. "Gheel," he said, "is the little leaven which has leavened the whole lump. It is seldom I find any one who recognizes what it has done, or who knows even what the word means, for the whole work is unobtrusive and silent, and only those directly interested in the study of systems spend time in making a personal examination. You shall have the whole story this evening, but now I must make my tour through the wards of the women's building. If you want another hour in the convalescent ward, now is your time."

I pass over present mention of the workings of this representative retreat, preferring to give here only the story of that strange "City of the Simple" heard for the first time in the evening that followed our morning's talk, and full of so deep an interest that the unfamiliar details well deserve some record which shall give them permanent place in our thought upon a subject daily attracting more attention as the hygiene and general care of that most wondrous and most abused instrument, the brain, comes up for consideration.

"I had spent a year in London, and followed it up by nearly two in Paris, after my graduation here," the doctor began as we settled ourselves on the broad piazza that evening, "and, having accomplished certain objects which had taken me there, determined to devote at least six months to the examination of the various systems of treatment of the insane, which abroad has reached a far more reasonable basis than with us. I knew the great English asylums well, and as I followed up this knowledge by an acquaintance with those about Paris, I became more and more impressed with the fact you have already noticed—the longing for personal liberty, the sense of outrage at its deprivation, and the depressing and retarding effect upon recovery in those great barracks, where every-

thing must be almost military in discipline. Knowing my appointment was waiting for me, and that my life was to lie with these unfortunates, I studied every phase of treatment with an enthusiasm and intensity which years have modified, but never lessened.

"My frequent companion at this time was a young Fleming from the little town of Herenthals—a most intense student, as absorbed as myself in the history and pathology of nervous diseases—and one evening, as we returned from a long day in one of the asylums, in which I had more than ever been impressed with the harmful effect this constant longing for liberty produced, he said, 'It must be that you see Gheel, and know how it is there.' Then you will find that freedom and madness can be together."

"Now, I had heard of Gheel vaguely as a spot which time out of mind had been the home of lunatics, and which, while retaining its ancient forms, had added gradually every modern appliance and alleviation; but I knew nothing more.

"See! this tells somewhat," Mayer said, pulling from his pocket a little pamphlet, the opening line of which was a challenge: 'Gheel! Wie heest er niet over Gheel hooren spreken?' ('Gheel! Who is there who has never heard speak of Gheel?')

"With Mayer's help I worried through the sentences, exasperatingly like, yet unlike, German. It was simply a species of advertisement, setting forth the advantages of this *pays des fous* over any other location or system; but with the memory of certain dangerous cases, suicidal tendencies, etc., for which closest confinement seemed the only security, I was not prepared to admit at once the wisdom, or indeed the possibility, of freedom, and looked upon at least a portion of it as humbug.

"You shall see," my friend said after consent had been gained to the visit at Herenthals; and a week later found us at the once-important but now almost forsaken town, in the midst of those desolate plains known as the Campine (or Kempen) of Belgium.

"I am inclined to dally here and tell you of my first glimpse of a genuine Flemish interior—that cheery kitchen, all the cheerier from the deariness of the rest, where, after the long day's ride, we ate roast goose, looking round the mean while at the tiled fireplace, the platters and flagons on the shelves, the bright pans and kettles, and the wonderful carving of the oaken furniture, dark with time, on which the firelight flickered, while at intervals came the carillon from the tower of the grand old cathedral.

"The diligence did not leave till one the next day, and there was thus ample time for exploration before we took places for Gheel. At Oolen, finding we must wait full an hour, and weary of the rattling of the crazy diligence and the slow trot of the wretched horses, we decided to strike across the Campine, studying the agricultural operations of the natives, calling at a farm-house or two, and gaining an idea of the daily life on these moors, equally barren with, but a colorless reflection of, the Scotch moors, seeming to lack all their breeziness and picturesqueness. So it was not till early evening that we entered Gheel itself and walked down the long, straggling street toward the ancient *Gast-huis*, the *Armes de Tournhout*, with the feeling that the Dutch toy-village of my childhood had suddenly enlarged itself and taken position before me. The most imposing houses owned but two stories—the majority but one, low and many-gabled, and half hidden in foliage: narrow lanes opened from the main street, and the village green lay before one of the old churches. Informed before reaching the hotel that half the people I should see were lunatics, I looked about the company assembled in the sanded parlor—opening on one side into the bright kitchen, on the other into a long dining-room—with a curiosity which found it impossible to determine who among the chatting or reading groups came properly under this head.

"The host himself served us, a gay, handsome young fellow, who, with his pretty young wife, seemed out of place in the gray old inn; and after appetite

was satisfied, and he had consented to join us in finishing the bottle of wine, this is the story he told:

"Monsieur wishes to know all the history of Gheel, but he will hardly believe it is to the seventh century we can go back easily. Indeed, before that we know the Romans were here, for tomorrow monsieur will see their remains. All the same, it is from an Irish king that we have our St. Dymphna. It is the largest church that is here, and her bells have hung in the tower these hundreds of years, though they never ring as elsewhere, lest the sleepers be disturbed. The king was a pagan, but his queen Odilla had learned Christianity from an old priest, and she was a beautiful soul. One daughter came, but so furious was the king that no son was given, that he ordered the poor child never to be allowed in his sight; and so the little Dymphna was taken by Gerberen, the old priest, to a convent of holy nuns just beyond the king's territory, who brought her up as befitted her rank.

"Always sad that she must live without her, Odilla died still young—only thirty—and the king was first aghast, then furious, for he loved her well in his fierce way, and was dreary without her. So at last, when all diversions failed and he grew moody and savage till none dared come before him, he rose up one day, called all his lords together, and ordered that within three days they should bring to him a maiden the very likeness of the dead queen, or, failing, be loaded with chains and cast into dungeons. Then he stalked away, and they looked at one another in terror, for where could such a maiden be found? At last a wise head among them said, "Who but the daughter can be so like the mother? I know her retreat, and the king's signet will force the nuns to give her up. Let us bring her and see what will come."

"So, when many words had passed, this was done, and Dymphna was led before her father, who knew her not as his daughter, but stood pale and trembling as, unveiling her, he saw the very face and form of the dead queen seeming alive before him. But Dymphna

knew, and as he gained courage and would have welcomed her, said, "Father, is it to be reconciled with me that you have sent for me?" Then the king, enraged at these words, for they showed what obstacle lay in the way, turned in fury on the court. "You would have balked me!" he cried, "but it shall not be. Whoever she may be, it shall not stand in my way. I claim her for my wife."

"Dymphna was wise as well as beautiful, and while all stood in fear and amazement she spoke: "Father, my religion has taught me filial submission. Let me leave you a little with my women, and to-morrow call me again before you if your tenderness grants this delay."

"Awed by her voice and look, he let her go for that day, and at night, having taken counsel with Gerberen, she disguised herself, reached the coast and fled across the sea to Flanders, where, at Antwerp, holy nuns received them with open arms. From there they soon passed by way of Oolen to Gheel, meaning to found there, in gratitude for their escape, a house to be dedicated to God. But behind them came the king and an armed force, and hardly had the first stone been laid when their hiding-place was discovered, and the king, appearing before her, commanded her to make ready for that pagan and accursed marriage. But as Dymphna, finding subterfuge useless, told him firmly it should never be, his fury rose, and he ordered his soldiers to fall upon her and destroy her. Not one moved, for her youth and beauty touched their hearts, and the king, unable to control himself, sprang forward, mortally wounded Gerberen, who sought to shield her, and seizing her long hair, with one stroke severed her head from her body.

"So that was the beginning, for this holy and innocent blood had such power that whoever prayed kneeling on the spot it had baptized, whether he were cripple or paralytic or loathsome with disease, rose up cured. And after many years, when search was made for their bones, deep in the ground were two

tombs of whitest marble, gilded and wrought with wonderful sculpture, and they knew the angels had come down to enshrine these chosen souls in a fitting burial-place. The fifteenth of May it was, twelve hundred years ago—a day we keep ever since; and on that day all the people, led by priests and acolytes, and all in white, with lighted tapers in their hands, marched to the church you may see across the square, dedicated that day to St. Dymphna, and hid the two shrines deep in the vaults.

"All through Flanders the news of the efficacy of their tombs spread, and though in those troubled times but few came at first, it was from the beginning chiefly lunatics or imbeciles. So there were cells for lodging added to the convent by the church, and soon the inhabitants received them; the better class taking those who could pay most, the poorer getting what they could. This is how it all began; and though it is not now St. Dymphna who cures, there is no spot in all Europe where innocents find a home and care so wise that soon they are cured. Now they have even more reason, for ten years ago came Dr. Bulckens, who watches all, and is wiser than any in the twelve hundred years have been; and now we are famous more than ever. There was a time, far back, when they brought lunatics here in chains, and kept them even in vaults, but that ended long ago, when people came to understand. Monsieur will see for himself to-morrow."

"My eyes had wandered involuntarily before my host ended his story to the group about the table, some of whom had been playing at dominoes and others reading. A dignified and quiet-looking man, whom I had taken for burgo-master at least, rose suddenly and came toward me.

"I regret," he said, "not being able to make monsieur's further acquaintance to-night, but it is imperative that I leave. I am the presiding genius of the country, and without me Belgium could not exist a day. I read the papers, as you see, compare events, and at night send my orders to the king, who follows them im-

PLICITLY. The hour has come. Au revoir, monsieur.

"Do not be disturbed," another said as I looked after the first speaker. "He is harmless, but com—pletely mad on that point—yes, com—pletely mad. Yet a good soul, and the only man who believes my coat to be lined with gold-pieces. Feel them! Hear them! Do you not hear the chink?"

"Not distinctly," I said.

"Then you are mad," he cried, "and all the people in Gheel are fools. Truly, I believe that with the exception of myself and Messire Jehan every one here is impaired in intellect."

"Poor fellow!" said another, looking up from his game. "A little travel is all he needs to settle him. He should join my step-mother in Egypt. She finds travel most bracing. Indeed, she has journeyed to Rome so often that she is disgusted, and now tries Egypt instead."

"Why did she go so often?" I asked.

"Well, the fact is, she went to buy butter," he returned, with a gravity so profound that mine was nearly overthrown.

"And what could she do with Roman butter, my friend?"

"What should she do but send it to Holland to be salted, and from there to her summer-house in Kamschatka?"

"To bed," Mayer said, "or your own wits will wander;" and I went to bed, feeling a little as if insanity were in the air and contagious.

"One peculiarity of Gheel is the absence of church-bells, the repose of the patients being religiously respected, and so there was not the usual clash to rouse one for matins. But I awoke early, and, anxious to see the lunatics at their devotions, left Mayer sleeping, and went over to the gray old church, finding it nearly filled and ready for high mass at six A. M. The vaulted interior lacked richness, but gained impressiveness from its venerableness, and the carved pulpit and confessionals were wonderfully fine. In spite of the fact that more than half the worshippers were lunatics, I have seldom witnessed a quieter or more devout service. They separated as quietly when

it ended, and I returned to the inn to breakfast, passing a party mending the road, three of whom they told me were epileptics. I had ceased to question who were and who were not sound in mind: save for an occasional unexpected-glance or shout, all seemed equally reasonable.

"Dutch cleanliness, I decided, however, had not extended fully to Gheel, for, picking my way through some side-streets, every house had its heap of offal and rubbish, and bad drainage made itself unmistakably evident. This has been improved of late years, but is a difficult question to handle anywhere.

"Breakfast over, we strolled toward Dr. Bulckens's, whose *asile*, erected in 1858, has become the nucleus and governing centre of the colony. Up to that time patients had been received indiscriminately, and there had been little or no attempt at classification, distribution or supervision. Generation after generation had cared for special phases, till one set of families were famous for dealing with epilepsy, another with acute mania or melancholia, and so on. Grave abuses existed, though, as a whole, the freedom of family-life, the strong point of the system, had been sufficient to neutralize many evils. But with the coming of this energetic administrator all took clear and definite form, and Dr. Bulckens explained his system at length and with pardonable pride.

"First understand that Gheel is to be considered the central point, the nucleus, of the whole system, and is surrounded by belts, made up of several villages each, to each of which is assigned a certain class of disease. The patients on their arrival are divided into two categories, the second of which includes four classes. First come *pensionnaires internes*, these being placed with the heads of houses, here called *nourriciers*, and, whether curable or incurable, recognized as harmless. There are of course many grades—imbeciles, demented, melancholiacs, infirm—but all docile and amenable to discipline. Under the second head, that of *pensionnaires externes*, come those patients who having, after a probation at the institution, been found

to be dangerous at times, are quartered not in Gheel itself, but in the hamlets surrounding it. And here come the four divisions. First, that of the hamlets nearest—Holven, Elsern, etc.—where those are sent whose moral and physical condition demands constant vigilance. Second, a belt of villages where the imbecile, idiotic and paralytic are cared for. Third, another circle given over wholly to epileptics who require special treatment, and chosen because there is no open or running water into which they could fall. Last, Winkelomsheide, scattered over a wide and barren heath, and a sort of pandemonium, given up to the furious, the dangerous and all requiring special discipline and restraint. Formerly, this latter class mingled haphazard with the others, adding to their excitement; and this sorting out and separating the various grades has been a great gain, the nourriciers themselves, so far from objecting, hailing the classification and the resultant sense of a responsible and directing power.

"From long experience as well as natural tact Dr. Bulckens has wonderful skill in deciding as to qualities both of patients and nourriciers, and in placing the former with those who will best understand and meet their wants. The nourriciers numbered then six hundred and twenty, and, as a rule, no one is allowed to receive more than two boarders. The village and its dependencies contain nineteen hundred and thirteen houses, six hundred and eighteen being in Gheel proper, which has a population of thirty-three hundred and twelve out of a total of eleven thousand. It is a spectacle without parallel in the civilized world. From eight to twelve hundred insane persons of different ranks, antecedents, associations and sexes, speaking different languages, and with every form of mental alienation, yet brought under the influence of social considerations and religious practices, and circulating freely and without perceptible restraint in the midst of a population of some ten thousand people, mostly Flemish peasants! The life is peaceful, almost pastoral in its simplicity and quiet;

and it is to this that cures are due as much as to the pure air or any medical treatment. Patients of the working class pursue their own occupations or are taught new ones, and where apathy and want of interest is the difficulty they are stimulated by prizes of various sorts. Amusements of every kind are devised. At the neighboring fairs or on fête-days they share not only in the religious ceremonies, but in the frolic also. They frequent the cafés, the keepers of which are under bonds to allow no over-drinking; and as Gheel is divided into six districts, with a *garde de section* for each whose business is to report the daily condition of every patient, you see there is small room for infraction of rules.

"There is a *société d'harmonie*, of which many are members, and which supports a capital orchestra, and most of the better class of houses have one or more musical instruments. Lace-making and embroidery occupy many of the women. In fact, the daily life seemed to hold all the resources of any daily life, and it is rarely that any mischievous tendency toward destruction crops out. In the four years preceding my visit but three casualties had taken place, and out of the whole number then there, but sixty-eight were under the least coercion. Most of these had made attempts to escape, and this was hindered by means of anklets, softly padded, covered with wash-leather and fastened by a light but strong steel chain a foot and a half long. There is no such thing as a strait-waistcoat in Gheel, the substitute being far less irritating; and even this is used only in extreme cases. It is a *ceinture à bracelets mobiles*—a belt to which the arms are attached by means of softly-padded bracelets chained to it at a sufficient length to admit the use, but not abuse, of the hands. The belt is hidden under the clothes, and is hardly perceptible; and in most cases a brief wearing of it suffices to quiet the patient and make him promise amendment if it is removed.

"The institution itself should be called a distributing centre rather than an asylum, since patients are retained there only long enough to decide where they

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may most properly be placed. But, as must always be the case in any properly-managed asylum of whatever sort, military discipline prevails, and is often efficacious where irregularity of every sort has ruled a life. Often, however, cases regarded as hopeless are sent here from other asylums, and in the freedom of the new life come to themselves, or from raging maniacs, shrieking and raving in strait-jackets or strapped down in chairs screwed to the floor, end as perfectly peaceable and inoffensive, even if incurable. I went from top to bottom of the asylum, finding its plan and arrangement excellent, but no better than—indeed in some points excelled by—our own.

"One question I asked, and you must be doing the same: What effect has the combined presence of such a body of lunatics upon the characteristics of the people of Gheel? Dr. Bulckens had made a profound study of the statistics of insanity, finding the average here no higher than elsewhere in Belgium—one in seven hundred, Gheel thus furnishing some dozen lunatics from its own population of eleven thousand. They are simple people, and it is this very simplicity, the want of mental cultivation, which diminishes greatly the shock with which, under ordinary circumstances, the sane and the insane meet, while there is the inherited aptitude of twelve centuries, a space of time you and I can hardly comprehend as given unchangingly to one mode of life and work.

"For a week I went among them, talking freely by Mayer's aid, and seeing every phase of the practical workings of this amazing system. In one house I found a young Englishman who had been sent from Hanwell, where he broke and destroyed everything within his reach, and who had been constantly punished by confinement in the strait-jacket or crib. The second day after his coming he broke twenty-eight squares of glass, dancing and shouting with vindictive glee. No notice was taken of it, at which he seemed disturbed and mortified. The next day he contented himself with half the number, and, the same course being

pursued, from that moment on, for four years, he had lost all destructive tendencies, though incurably insane. There is a digital restlessness, however—a feature of insanity, though often found also in persons of thoroughly balanced minds—and this and the resultant destructiveness are often increased and intensified under opposition. As a rule here, the patient destroys what he pleases, the objects in his way being comparatively valueless; and where this is not so, the trouble and annoyance of the owners of the articles seem often to produce far more effect on the patient than any punishment. A young German girl who had been repeatedly punished for this inclination, and who seemed disposed on her arrival at Gheel to destroy everything in her way, became a different being under this treatment, and, though the tendency remained, she selected, as she felt it coming upon her, some worthless object, as a rag or piece of paper, on which to expend the force.

"To rouse some moral vigor was the prime object; and this is far more practicable under a system where freedom is the rule, and neither feeling nor fact of restriction stands in the way. An asylum at best is only a prison. A noble one it may be, but its inmates, necessarily shut off from the outside world and feeling themselves under constant surveillance, have their malady brought steadily before their minds, the disease being thus stimulated instead of alleviated. Hanwell is probably the largest, best, most perfectly-managed institution in the world, yet in my many visits there the same cry came from ward after ward—an earnest, beseeching, pitiful entreaty for liberty. Some prayed like criminals under a death-sentence, some threatened and reviled, some sat in profound melancholy, but always the same demand was made. You have seen and heard it all here on a smaller scale; and, steeled as I am, there are days when I can hardly bear it, and my fingers itch to throw open the doors to the poor souls who seem my victims rather than my patients.

"So much for Gheel. I could tell you

endless stories of life there, but you can judge now what it is like. I left it convinced that there, and there only, has the true treatment of insanity been reached, and can only wonder profoundly that the attention and emulation of other nations have never been aroused. I hear it mentioned at times, and the popular interest in mental hygiene may have its weight in drawing attention to new modes—new to us, though centuries old in that strange colony."

"The strongest objection seems to me," I said as the doctor paused, "to lie in the fact that with us there is no class to assume and keep such guard year after year, much less generation after generation. Are we not too nervously-organized a people, and are we ever likely to keep at one thing long enough to have an inherited aptitude for it?"

"We shall end as fools if we do not begin somewhere," was the prompt answer. "I do not think a whole village likely, under present conditions, to form a practical part of such a plan, but I do think that with less grudging appropriations every asylum could have its set of cottages, where at least the better class of patients might be under the wisest treatment. The difficulty—or one of the thousand difficulties, I might better say—lies in the fact that only one out of a hundred of our legislators is much beyond an idiot himself. What use in standing up before a crowd of half-educated, shallow-brained, greedy politicians to plead for a class against whom rise all the prejudice and fear of ignorance, and who, to such minds, seem still to need the whips and chains and darkness of a hundred years ago? I tell you, my heart sickens in the attempt, and till decent men take hold of politics one may as well keep silence and wait for bequests or the stirring up of feeling in some wealthy visitor. That has happened once in my career, but the amount of red tape knotted about me before the sum could become of practical use would have throttled a less obstinate man. It is horrible to be always at the mercy of these legislators,

and to know that one's deepest and truest endeavors may be balked by some dunderhead with as little knowledge of the laws of insanity as that idiot rolling on the grass."

"But, doctor, each cottage would require one—perhaps more—skilled and responsible attendant."

"Exactly, and there comes another dilemma. The almost impossible thing would be to find attendants willing themselves to submit to asylum regulations, and of intelligence enough to acquire the necessary training. The wages are no higher than—often not as high as—those given to common servants, yet tact and delicacy and education are all required. I want—I will have some day, if any effort can avail—a corps of disciplined and educated nurses. My thought would be to give the charge of these cottages to some of that vast sisterhood of unmarried women who want a vocation, and who would find here the most absorbing of occupations—a work missionary in its character, and as full of renunciation as the most exacting could desire. You have seen of what stuff the attendants here are made. One stays from sheer love of her work, but her pay is an insult. It is my constant fortune to train nurses only to lose them as opportunity for higher pay or more freedom comes to them. The life is hard—there is no doubt of that—but it is full of compensations also, and it demands the steady exercise of all the highest qualities—gentleness, patience, tact and wisdom. My own corps of nurses is recruited largely from the better class of Irish, but while their warm, sympathetic nature makes them from one point of view excellent, their want of education and of judgment unfits them to receive the training they require. It is a work for American women, and you will do well if you can induce any of the army seeking employment to turn their eyes in this direction, and to recognize a wonderful opportunity unimproved and waiting."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

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III.

"THAT man is much too young and good-looking for her to be out alone with him continually. It is astonishing how her friends can allow it," people said who were in the same hotel with the Hydes in Rome. They were speaking of Amy and the courier, but they exaggerated the matter. It was not "continually" that she went out with him. Now and then Mr. Hyde took a holiday, and his wife had visits to return: then Amy, who would hear nothing of social duties, was obliged to go sightseeing without them. That Charlier accompanied her was too much a matter of course for them to give it a moment's consideration. It would have been their turn to be astonished and scandalized at the idea of his youth and good looks being a subject of precaution on Amy's account. It would have been an insult to her and an injustice to him. For what right was there to assume that he would forget himself, when he had never once departed from the attitude of a man who "knew his place"? Not once, either with them or with Amy "alone." The whole world might have heard what they said to each other during those tête-a-têtes that were considered so unseemly. But, for all that, there was something in it, and Amy was perfectly aware of it.

It was a fancy of hers always to have a little bunch of violets, and every morning, as they went out, Charlier bought it for her at a stand in the square. There was nothing in that as a simple fact. He frequently bought things for all of them, and it was understood that he kept a reckoning of such expenditure and brought it in from time to time. "Four soldi: that makes one lira forty centesimi a week," Amy reflected. "'Violets for Miss Hyde, 1.40.'" Sometimes there were no flowers in the square, but Charlier did not forget them: a little later he would come up to her and say before her brother and

Nelly, in the simplest way in the world, "Here are your violets, Miss Hyde." And she would take them and put them in her buttonhole. What could be more natural than that? Nothing—if only the "1.40" had been down in the account. But Amy was as sure it was not there as if she had looked over her brother's shoulder while he was "settling up." He himself rarely took the trouble to examine the different items: no mistakes were to be expected in Charlier's neat papers, and as Amy could think of nothing better under the circumstances than to keep her surmises to herself, the violets continued to nestle at her throat and send up their sweet, faint fragrance all day long.

They went one moonlight night to the Colosseum. What is called in certain circles the "Sardinian occupation" had not then taken place, and the great amphitheatre was still undisturbed in its ruined beauty. Ivy clustered where it listed; bold shrubs, catching a footing on some jutting ledge, shook their blossoms in mid-air; tiny flowers sprang in the crevices, and everywhere bits of verdure met the sight, while admirers of all this picturesque neglect risked their necks climbing by crumbling steps to the upper portions of the structure. The Italians were hardly established in Rome before, seized with a fury of "spring cleaning," they had torn away all the green, picked out every little bit of moss, scraped the old stones to the last degree of polish they were capable of assuming, and mended the yawning gaps in the stairways. No doubt it was undertaken from the best of motives, as spring cleanings generally are: no doubt they had reason to say, as people do who take possession of a house from which a neighbor has just departed, "*Such* a state of things!" But for all that, and though the vines were fretting away the stones they clothed with loveliness, the eye regrets them still. Amy saw the place in its beauty,

and she went up and down the uneven, broken steps, where her little foot sought cautiously for a safe spot to tread. The floods of silver light that streamed around made the shadows only the deeper, and she hesitated and stopped at last on an interminable descent: the others were going down ahead, their voices receding continually, but she could not pass a great chasm that imagination opened before her.

"If you give me your hand, Miss Hyde, you will find it easier."

Charlier was close by. She held her hand toward him, and his firm clasp, and the feeling that his arm was like a bar of iron to support her if need were, restored her confidence: she followed him as if they had been descending a lighted staircase. The moment they were on level ground he loosed his hold: if he had not done so he would have been no longer Charlier; if he had pressed her fingers ever so slightly he would have been a common, vulgar man. And yet what would he not have given to prolong the need for his assistance only a little! It was again a mysterious intuition that told her that.

Ever since they had been in Rome her passion for seeing and understanding and fathoming had been on the increase. It was as if her soul were in it, and fatigue a thing unknown to body or brain. Church after church and gallery after gallery,—she was ready for everything, to the great despair of some who went with her and did not like to give in that they were beaten. But, though she was anxious to inform herself, and to learn wherever an opportunity offered, it was really that strange, sweet intuitive perception more than all the history of Republic or Empire that gilded the broken walls of Rome with splendor. When the others, half benumbed mentally and physically by a long course of statues in a chilling gallery, threw themselves into the first cab that passed and gave orders, in melancholy resignation, to be driven to their next task, she leaned in her corner of the little rickety, uncomfortable vehicle, feeling no more than a blissful lassitude, and lost herself in

dreamy contemplation of the blossoming almond trees against the azure of a Roman sky. And when the day had been so spent, instead of getting to bed early—which was the ostensible purpose of going to her room—she sat up late, engaged in nothing more profitable than asking herself questions. "Am I a fool?" was one of them. Had there crept into her composition, from the same source whence her unlucky uncle had drawn his, some mysterious leaven of folly that prevented her seeing things as others saw them? Was she inevitably destined to meet the world against the current, and to encounter a series of disappointments that everybody but herself could foretell? "Poor girl!" she heard them saying: "she will be wretched." And why? Would she be wretched because he was peasant-born, a courier and a foreigner? Or would she be happy because, rising above the disadvantage of his birth, he knew more than those who might mention it slightly? Because, in an inferior position, he respected himself and made others respect him? Because, though of another race than hers, he was upright and courageous and gentle? And then, finally, if he were all that, would it suffice for happiness? That was the only question, after all. "They" might say he was an adventurer who wanted her fortune, and who would scatter it to the winds. Let them say their worst: she knew better than that. But there was wretchedness possible even if he did not waste her money. What if her own fancy—not he—were deceiving her? What if it proved that they were more dissimilar in habits and tastes and feelings than she had any present means of knowing? Her nightly reflections used to close with resolves to be on her guard against herself, to listen like a grand inquisitor and watch for the slightest indication that he was not what she had thought him.

Charlier gave her full opportunity to make such observations. He related with perfect frankness any circumstances of his life that incidental conversation might call up—perhaps with the secret purpose of making himself feel more

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fully the width and depth of the gulf there was between them, certainly with no idea that simple, honest words might build a bridge on which a brave girl would dare to cross. She had told him once that she would do what was for her own happiness, and never mind the world, but he had found nothing very encouraging to say on that occasion.

One day she asked what he had thought of all the people whom he travelled with. Were they agreeable or not? Most of them were, he said.

"I sometimes think the world, according to my experience, has been malignant. The Fates have been unkind to me in certain ways, but I cannot, in reason, complain of my fellow-men. I have met with charming characters among them, and they are few of whom I can remember absolutely nothing pleasant."

"But some there are, then?"

"Some there are."

"And disagreeable people on their travels are always doubly disagreeable. I wonder you had the patience to get on with them."

"I didn't get on," he said calmly. "When I found that we could not understand each other, if—if they— In short, when it was evident that we should be better apart, we parted company at once."

She guessed what he could not bring himself to utter: if they were little-minded and suspicious, if they insinuated dishonesty. She could fancy how they saw the quiet face change. No half-excuses, no little soothing speeches, would mend matters then. They parted company *at once*, and she was glad of it.

"But I have known very charming characters too," he repeated. "The kindness of the old couple, the first people I ever travelled with, I shall never forget. And I put them to the proof. There was one dreadful mistake I made."

"What was it?" asked Amy quickly. Perhaps it was a mistake from which she might learn wisdom.

"We had been up the Rhine as far as Mainz, and from there we were to go to Speyer. Some friends of the major's—he was a retired Indian officer—had

advised him by all means to visit the Speyer cathedral. So I bought the tickets, and we took the train. But, unluckily, in the compartment where I was sat a lot of people who meant to get out at Worms, and who were talking of the cathedral there. I listened to them until, with the aid of considerable absent-mindedness, it became firmly fixed in my head that that was the cathedral *we* were going to see. So we no sooner reached Worms than I jumped out and went to the major's carriage with the welcome intelligence that we had arrived. They got out too, surprised at the shortness of the journey, but unfortunately not remarking on it at the time, and we made our way out of the station. And just as we did so, and I heard the train start again, it flashed upon me what I had done. 'There's the omnibus of the Hôtel d'Angleterre,' said the major. It was the hotel he had been recommended to, and of course there is one of that name in every place. In we got and drove off. I wondered they did not *feel* there was something wrong: it seemed as if they might see 'WORMS' in letters a yard long on all the buildings as they looked out of the omnibus-windows. But they had not the slightest suspicion. They both observed what a comfortable-looking house it was as we stopped, but it was more like a tomb to me than anything else. Then they dined, which I can't say I did, and directly after we were to go to the cathedral. I found the major in the hall, with the head-waiter explaining to him, in his best English, how he must go down the street and turn to the right. The only excuse I can make for allowing the thing to go on so long is that there was really nothing to be gained by telling: we could not get on again until night, at any rate. And then when the revelation was made I was ruined, and people always stave off ruin as long as they can. I felt that I had proved myself utterly incapable of what I had undertaken, and that there was an end of my earning my living. However, once we reached the cathedral I knew it must come out, and I can remember now with pity for a miserable

boy — I was only seventeen then — the feeling with which I stood first a little aside by myself. I learned from that experience how a condemned man says his prayers, Miss Hyde. When I went back to the major he had his book open and was reading, 'On the right of the main entrance is a remarkable monument,' and then gazing about vainly in all directions. I took my courage with both hands, as we say, and burst out: 'Major, you are not in Speyer.' He thought I was out of my mind at first, and his wife's little old face, with its pretty, white curls, looked quite frightened. It was only after explanation that they began to believe it, and then, as the ridiculous side of the affair occurred to the major, though struggling with himself out of respect for the sanctity of the place, he laughed as I had never seen him laugh before. The end of it was that they liked the cathedral so much and found the town so interesting that we stayed until the next night. All they lost was the price of the tickets on to Speyer, and they gained a sight of Worms, and—if that counts for anything—a boy's admiring respect for their conduct under trying circumstances. They saw how I felt, and never reproached me with my stupidity nor alluded to it afterward. The dear old lady would look a little anxious sometimes, wondering naturally enough whether I was attending to my business or dreaming, and then I always took occasion to set her mind at rest by saying that I had the tickets or had seen the luggage off or done whatever was the affair in hand. It taught me something. I am absent-minded still, I fear, but I have never undertaken anything of consequence since without warning myself to keep my senses about me."

It taught Amy something too. It told her that his was no mere varnish of fine feeling. He had been the same from the first. When half a child he could divine an old lady's thoughts and anticipate her wishes, just as he did hers now.

At another time he spoke of his mother, and something that Amy said betrayed an idea which he felt obliged to set right.

"My mother is a peasant, Miss Hyde, and has never thought of being more than that. She knows nothing from books and nothing of the world. A little house and a bit of land are world enough for her. And work enough too: she does everything with her own hands."

There was a pause, but he was still thinking, for Amy noticed how he looked at *his* hands, smooth and well kept, as they lay together loosely on his knee.

"Old people are often like that," she said. "They have too much pride and energy to spare themselves."

"Yes: my mother will never give up anything while she has strength for it; and, thank Heaven! she has strength yet."

"You seldom get a chance to go home, I dare say?"

"Between one engagement and the next I make a chance. And I assure you, Miss Hyde, that little village is not the least remarkable thing I see on my journeys. Its changelessness has something impressive, and after hurrying about the world I feel half inclined to step softly and speak low when I find myself there."

"Is it pretty, your village?"

"You would call it an 'awful' place."

"How do you know?" rather sharply.

"Well, perhaps you wouldn't. I was only thinking of the miry lane that leads to my mother's house, and of some neighborly pigs that thrust their snouts under the fence and grunt as I go by. I should be surprised to find the lane anything but dirty, and should miss the salutation of the pigs if they failed to greet me; but I fancied you might consider their civilities unnecessary and feel compassion for your boots."

"And what should I think of your house?"

"You would say '*Here?*' when I told you that was where my mother lived."

"I am not at all sure of that. I rather like a little, old, picturesque house."

"And a little old house that is not picturesque?"

She laughed and turned her head away: "At least I might like it inside better than out."

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"Oh no. You would say, 'Open the windows: I shall stifle!' And there are few of them, and they are very small: I am afraid you *might* stifle, Miss Hyde."

Her lips smiled still, but her eyes looked thoughtfully under their silken lashes.

"And your mother? You won't tell me that I should say anything about her?"

"No," he answered gently, "for if you had any impression that was not pleasing, you would not speak it, I am sure."

"And I am sure I should have no such impression."

"At all events, my imagination of what you might think goes no further. The straggling houses, the village inn, the little church with its noisy bell,—I know how these might strike a stranger, but within my own doors I am at a loss. It is difficult for me to suppose that any one could be in contact with my mother and not feel something of what I feel for her, and yet there are distances that even sympathy cannot traverse. People may have much in common, and be too far apart to find it out. I have told you my mother is a peasant, Miss Hyde. You don't know what that is, to be sure."

There was a break in the conversation, though Amy's thoughts still lingered in the same place, as was evident when she spoke again: "Can one see your house from the train?"

"You don't suppose we are on the railway, Miss Hyde?"

"Aren't you? I thought perhaps. How do you get there, then?"

"By walking two hours from the station. That is the only way I know of. Possibly something on wheels might be found to take one, but I doubt if anybody ever wanted to go to the village who could not walk—except people for the château, and of course carriages are sent for them."

"At least the château is fine?"

"I regret to say that it is in the same category with the houses—old, and yet not very picturesque. The forest, however, is really beautiful. Nature has, as usual, done better than man, and except for a few wood-roads and paths to other villages she is left in undisturbed posses-

sion: she and I, that is, have it to ourselves, for I may call it *my* forest, since I am the only person who goes there simply to enjoy it. There is no hunting now: the present owner does not care for it, and never comes to the château."

"So that from the outer world you are the only visitor. You must create a great sensation. Don't the people run to their doors to look at you?"

"And ring the church-bell to announce my arrival?" he asked, laughing. "There certainly is one house where I create a sensation, especially if I give no notice beforehand. And any novelty I bring is fully appreciated there. It is sad to think, Miss Hyde, how even with a mother 'dress makes the man': mine looks me all over for anything that she has not seen before, and then says, 'So that is what they wear now?' I used to try, at first, to explain that 'they' and I were not always dressed alike, but seeing that she wished to regard her son as a model of fashion, I gave it up, and am always glad now when I have to buy a new hat before I go home." He said it with a little tender smile that not every son knows how to keep for his mother's loving weaknesses.

It was nothing more extraordinary than this that they found to talk about when they were alone together: still, the fact that they talked at all, or that, instead of pictures and statues, they discussed an ugly little house in the Ardennes, might have given Amy's family the alarm could they have known it. It would have been too late. What were churches, galleries or palaces to Amy now? She was dreaming of a cottage far away, and of a woman who lived there as proud as any queen. She saw the dark, small room with its homely furnishings, the tiny casement-windows that barely let in light and air, and then the mother in her peasant's cap and kerchief looking up at her tall son and glorying in his stateliness. Amy was never weary of conjuring up the scenes of such a visit home. What joy for his mother to go to church with him beside her! She might be pious and devout, but her son was her saint that day. She might

be a peasant among peasants: she still was conscious of the courtesy which never betrayed by word or look that anything seemed small or had grown strange; and she felt, no doubt, though finding no expression for it, the tact with which he wore his finer cloth beside their homespun. His mother was sure to be jealous of his dignity, and yet she would be glad his honors sat so lightly that when the men who had known him as a little boy said *monsieur*, he would not take it as his due. Not that his kindly remonstrances would be of any use: it would be *Monsieur Charlier* again the next time, but nobody would bear him any grudge for being no longer one of them. Amy saw and heard and felt it all as if she had been there. And who can say she was not? Among those shifting scenes there was one where her fancy lingered longest. Three persons were in the little room: the third was a lady tall and fair in shimmering silk. It was not vanity, for she could picture the lady only as she knew her; nor was it all romance: there were real tears in her eyes when she thought of her holding the worn hands in hers, bending to kiss the wrinkled face and saying *Mother!*

For it had come to that. There were no more questions now at night: they had all been answered since she heard Charlier talk of home. He might describe it as a wretched hovel if he chose, but only the more did Nature's nobleman look out of his brown eyes. It was her character that, once her mind was made up, she never hesitated; and now, in as blissful security as if she held her future in one little hand, she framed and fashioned it as she would, as he and she would like it best. She built a house that consisted of a library and a laboratory, and there "they lived happily ever after." Of course there was the shady side to those bright visions. She knew what must come first—her brother's wrath and Nelly's indignation, the threats and warnings and contempt, the nine days' wonder. For not only her own people would have their say, but there would be those who had never even spoken to her, and who would greet each other in

the street with gleeful malice: "Have you heard about Amy Hyde? Had a love-affair with the courier! ran away with the courier!"

That last would not be true. There was to be nothing underhand about it: she had not the faintest intention of running away. When it was known, she meant to talk about her marriage as openly as if it were the one thing desired by all her friends, and to make her preparations without the slightest concealment. How soon it would be known her maiden meditations never revealed to her. She was happy so: it was happiness to see and hear him, to have him near her, but she knew a day must come when a word would change everything, and then she would be ready. She had decided what she had to say: she had measured the ground she stood on. When her brother armed himself with his guardianship and refused consent, she had only to remind him that her native State permitted her to marry whom she chose at eighteen: that was a bit of information she had picked up when it was of no particular use to her, but which she turned now to good account. While the law pronounced her to have reached all the discretion she was likely to attain to, nothing material was to be gained by calling her a fool. Money entered but slightly into her calculations: she did not know whether or not they could keep her out of her property until she was twenty-one; nor did she greatly care. What she had always had for herself would be left her, no doubt, and a sum that furnished superfluities for one would cover necessities for two.

It was all perfectly plain and simple. She had nothing to do but be steadfast, and she could be that. And in thinking over what was coming upon her there even sprang up a soft of pleasure in the combat. She carried confusion into the hostile camp, and made her enemies grind their teeth in impotency when she answered their railings with barbed arrows of her own disdain. Her brother's family pride would be deeply wounded: she knew it, and could even understand it—she had had family pride herself un-

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til she discovered it was nonsense—only, if his pride led him to say outrageous things to her, he would have something to hear in return. She meant to tell him that the man he scorned did not think a great deal of him. She had it on his own authority, for Charlier had made a remark one day which implied as a matter of course that there were no "families" in America. He was only a courier, but when he said "family" he meant something that went back to the Crusades—he meant counts and viscounts. And who were the Hydes, after all? And where were the United States when Jerusalem was taken?

In her own heart she understood Charlier better. If there were no "families" in America for him, he thought her as great a lady as if she had borne the proudest name in France. The man who "knew his place" believed, like any man of education, as little in absolute differences of rank as he believed in the actual existence of a black line called the equator. But, nevertheless, it was too good a shaft to be thrown away, and there was no doubt that her brother would feel it. She meant to defend herself, in short, but magnanimously resolved that a way should always be open toward conciliation. They should have due notice of everything, though she were forced at the last moment to a point-blank reminder: "Henry, I am going to be married this morning." If he then chose to turn his back on her and answer, "Nothing to me," let him: he might live to be sorry for it. At least her sisterly duties would be brought to a fitting end with that notification.

IV.

"Will you go to San Pietro in Montorio, Nelly?"

"Why, we were there yesterday!"

"No, that was San Pietro in Carcere."

"Well, then, the day before."

"That was San Pietro in Vincoli."

"Mercy!" But Mrs. Hyde would go to no more San Pietros, not if there were a dozen. She did not intend to kill herself rushing around to see churches that were as like one another as peas.

Such an answer had been anticipated, and Amy merely said, "Then I shall have to go by myself."

The Hydes had found it more convenient not to hire a carriage monthly, but to take one when they wanted it, which was a dozen times a day, and where they found it, which was everywhere, Rome being the city of all others amply supplied with means of locomotion. The disadvantage of this plan was that Mr. Hyde had sometimes to crouch on a very small third seat if a two-horse carriage were not immediately at hand. But when Amy went "by herself" the tiniest of victorias was as good as the largest landau—better, indeed, for Charlier was near enough to speak to her easily if there was anything to notice on the way. The driver seemed always a little surprised and touched his hat, uncertain whom he had there, when Charlier sprang up beside him. He cast curious glances at the invader, who sat silent and absorbed, with the far-off look in his eyes that he had in common with many a wanderer who has never gone from home. Sometimes, however, Charlier addressed a remark to his companion, and that was quite enough to win his confidence for the rest of the drive. If the man stopped talking occasionally, filling up the interval by snapping his whip, he soon began again, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction to his quiet neighbor; while a look of kindly interest, a smile, a word or two, perfectly sufficed to keep up the conversation on the other side. Amy used to wonder what it was all about, with a little uneasiness, a secret dislike that any one but herself should claim his attention. If the others were there she was aware of what passed on the driver's seat without appearing to perceive it, but when alone she never hesitated to stem the flood of Italian with judiciously-interposed English. And in truth Charlier could then hardly be called neglectful of his office: every broken pillar or piece of cornice or bit of bas-relief incorporated into modern Roman walls he saw and pointed out, for which cause he had continually to turn so that he could see and speak to her.

As they went up to the church by the winding path, marked from space to space by detestable pictures of the Via Crucis, Amy tried to make Charlier say whether or no he believed St. Peter to have suffered on the actual spot they were going to visit. But he took pleasure in returning baffling answers. Her manner toward him had changed from the moment that inward doubts were at an end. Up to that time, whatever happened, there had been the conventional distance between Miss Hyde and the courier: now, on her part at least, there was an assumption of perfect equality as often as they were by themselves. She had with him the tone she would have used to any gentleman of her acquaintance. From him to her there was still a certain restraint, which indeed was broken sometimes—if not in words, at all events in other ways that could not escape her observation. The happiness that will no more be concealed than grief spoke in his glance or betrayed itself in his very steps—in the slight, unconscious spring he gave from stone to stone, as a child does with a joyous thought in its heart.

"You can talk as much as you please about possibilities and probabilities of oral tradition: I know no better whether *you* believe St. Peter to have been crucified here than I did before."

"I am sorry to be so unsatisfactory," said Charlier humbly.

"No, you're not: you mean to be just that. You won't say you don't believe it, and you can't say you do."

"In that case my answer is all you could expect."

"But you are not frank."

"And you are, Miss Hyde."

"Am I?"

"Very. You accuse me of insincerity without circumlocution."

"No: I won't say you are exactly insincere, but a little jesuitical. You have the art of putting things without committing yourself. And yet you are no Jesuit, or you would improve your opportunities for converting a person so ready to be instructed as I am. You still owe me your opinion on modern miracles. I have told you what I think of them, and

now I am waiting to be brought over to more Catholic views. If I were convinced, I might try whether the waters of Lourdes would cure me of asking questions."

"I will be quite honest now, Miss Hyde, and confess that I have heard of no notable diminution of curiosity since the fountain was opened."

"Oh, if you think it useless I won't try. But to return to St. Peter. You know most Protestants make a point of believing that he was never in Rome."

"Yes, I know."

"Well?"

"And I don't care."

"Oh! oh!"

"If Protestants have the charity that St. Peter recommends, I dare say it will cover, among the multitude of their sins, that of believing he never was here."

"You know your Bible!" said Amy, rather surprised.

He laughed: "If you can believe it, Miss Hyde, I will tell you that all Catholics are not wholly ignorant of it."

So she gave him up on that point, and they went into the little round chapel that stands by itself behind the church, and together looked down through the grating that covers the hole in the ground where St. Peter's cross was, or was not, or might have been, planted. To the man who accompanied them Charlier perhaps appeared as good a Catholic as need be, but Amy was pleased to think she had found out some shortcomings. There was nothing in his personal faith that need divide them: St. Peter's charity was wide enough to cover all their differences.

The church possessed little to detain them, and Amy was in haste to be out again, enjoying the prospect that no one who has seen it can ever forget—the far-stretching Campagna, the blue Alban Hills, the Apennines just touched with snow, and then Rome at her feet. She looked long and silently, then said, with a sigh, "It is almost the last time."

Rome had been so beautiful! If it had depended on her they would never have seen Naples.

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"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed suddenly.

The ground around the church on the hilltop is planted with flowers and intersected by paths, with here and there a seat formed of a slab of gray stone supported at either end on a little pile of rocks. In the midst of the flowers and shrubs this singular style of rustic bench has something tomb-like: some one had thought so, for on the one by which they stood an inscription, traced with pebbles from the gravel-walk, caught Amy's attention:

JEANNE

†

PAX.

"Isn't it singular?" she said. "But, after all, a distant prospect has often something that inclines to melancholy. On the whole, I don't wonder that Jeanne was remembered here."

"I might have thought of, her—my little sister Jeanne," said Charlier.

"You had a sister?"

"She died at eight years old, when I was fifteen. I may almost say I have her yet, for when I think of going home from school I always see the child. She was a great pet, and, being so much younger than I, I had a sort of fatherly tenderness for her and felt some of the responsibility of her bringing-up. It was not a difficult task: she had one of those happy natures that find their own even way.

"Hers was the loudest rejoicing when I arrived," he continued, "and from the time that she ceased to be a baby and could share my rambles she never left me. She was a sturdy, high-spirited child, and would have trotted beside me for hours, talking all the while in her little flute voice, if I had not taken her on my back when I thought she ought to be tired."

"What a sad loss it must have been!"

"It was indeed—a great grief to my parents, and my first real sorrow. Her illness was sudden and short, just before one of my vacations, so that I knew nothing of it and went home expecting to find her. She used to come to meet me on the road as far as a certain great

rock: there she waited till I came in sight, and then ran to me with shouts. That time, instead of Jeanne, I found my mother there."

"Oh how sad!" said Amy again.

"And yet if she had lived—who can tell?—we might have been farther apart than we are now. Nobody is able to think it at the time, but to make a little cross and write *Pax* may often be, as the world goes, the only way to keep our sweetest recollections. It is a safe seal. I would rather have it so when I think of her living to grow up and—"

Amy finished his thought in her own mind. To her too little Jeanne seemed better off than if she had been married to a boor. He could say, "My mother is a peasant" and speak of her toil-worn hands with reverence, but the other tie was looser: the brother and sister might have been swept asunder in the course of years.

"Do you know, I am wondering what your Christian name is," she said when they had kept silence for a while. She was seated on one end of the stone bench, and he leaned against the tree that shaded it.

"Michel—my father's name."

"I like that so much! I mean I like a name to have come as an inheritance. Any name, no matter what, so that some of one's kindred are called by it, seems to me better than one that is picked up just because it sounds well. That is the case with mine, unhappily. It was given me that I might be spared Hannah, but I would gladly have been called Hephzibah if there had been any reason for it. Anything but Amy. It sounds so foolish—Amy!"

"*Aimée!*"

It was spoken, the winged word that nothing could recall! And it cost a broken vow and bitter self-reproaches. She knew that, for though he turned away she saw the flush mount first and his fingers clench. "*Aimée*" had sprung to his lips involuntarily, like an echo startled by her mocking utterance of her own name. But how often he must have called her that in secret!

There was silence. She did not look

to see where he had gone. In the first waking to find her dream real she hardly knew what she did nor why she did it. Trembling, half terrified and half entranced, she sprang up and fled down the slope, down into the lower world, but with no more consciousness of the earth beneath her than if she had been walking on sunset clouds. At the foot she paused, knowing that he had followed at a distance with lingering steps. Slowly he came nearer, nearer, and she would not get into the carriage until he was by her side: then she laid her arm on his, and for one moment—or was it an eternity?—they looked into each other's eyes.

At the hotel a surprise was awaiting Amy. Friends of theirs had arrived unexpectedly from Brindisi, returning from Palestine, and in the Hydcs' sitting-room the travellers were relating their adventures clamorously. Of course it was to be accounted a pleasant surprise, but Amy listened rather abstractedly to the haps and mishaps of the journey, the latter chiefly prevailing.

"Most fortunate you didn't go with us, my dear: we've had nothing but trouble from beginning to end. And fearful weather! Fancy your tent blowing inside out in the night and the rain *pouring* down! How we lived through it I don't know. We've all been ill, one after the other, and we've had to leave our courier now at Brindisi in a fever. Poor fellow! I don't suppose he will get over it. The hotel-people were dreadfully frightened, and said it was the *plague*. Such nonsense! It's nothing but a sort of typhoid fever. However, we got somebody to take care of him, and then, as we could do no good by staying, we came away to find a little rest and comfort somewhere. I hope you have all been well. I declare, you don't look so.—How pale she is! isn't she?"

"You wouldn't wonder if you knew how she has been going on," said Mrs. Hyde. "Out the whole day long ever since we have been in Rome. If *she* doesn't get fever I don't know who will. Henry and I have been more reasonable, but when we won't go with her she is off with Charlier somewhere. I

tell her she'll not remember a tenth part of what she sees. I shall know exactly as much about Rome as she does when we get through, which I am glad to say will be day after to-morrow. We are off for Naples."

While they still sat talking there came a knock at the door. Charlier was there and wished to speak to Mr. Hyde.

"What is it? Come in." But it appeared to be something very particular, for Charlier would not come in, and Mr. Hyde got up and went out.

If they had looked at Amy then they might well have said that she was pale. She knew what her brother was going to hear, though she had hardly expected Charlier to speak so soon. When their friends retired to their own apartments and she was left alone, she walked up and down the room, longing only to have the suspense over. Henry stayed so!

He came at last. She was standing then at one of the windows, and did not look round.

"Amy!"

There was a pause, in which she made sure that the leap her heart gave was not going to stifle her, then she turned.

"Just think of this! Here has Charlier gone off and left us as coolly as possible!" As she stood, with the light behind her, he could not see her face, and went on: "And all because of the Paytons' courier. He never had anything to do with him when we were in Paris—a common sort of fellow, he wasn't likely to—but he says now that he knows he has a wife and children, and considers it his duty, as a countryman, to look after him. I told him the Paytons had done everything that was necessary, and that he had only to write to the French consul, and if the man dies matters would be properly attended to. But he wouldn't hear a word of it. He was quite white with anger in fact, and for anger there is certainly no reason: they did all that could be required."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Hyde, who had come into the room.

"Yes, a pretty good one, isn't it? Goes off at a half hour's notice to take the train to Brindisi, and says I can find another

courier! However, we parted amiably, for I don't want another and won't have another, as I told him. My last words were that I shouldn't go to Germany without him, and I suppose he'll be back in the course of time. We must go to Naples in the mean while. But it's a most absurd notion for him to take."

Some of the Payton party returned at that moment, and while they were hearing the story Amy crept away to throw herself down in wretchedness there where she had passed some of her sweetest hours in happy visions.

His pride was stronger than his love. His courage had failed at the thought of the accusations that would be heaped upon him. He had not dared to face, even in the consciousness of rectitude, what she would have borne for him if she could. Or was it her courage that he did not trust? For not for a moment could she think, good and noble and self-sacrificing though he was, that he had gone simply because of the man who was lying ill. He had seized on the occasion as a pretext to wrench himself away and leave her free. It was for her that he had done it, but oh how mistaken he had been! When she had counted what she could give up for him, or when she had never counted, but was ready to throw everything away, to leave behind home and friends and all, and take what the future would bring her at his side, what need had he to reckon? She had no sense of anything at first but the sole, simple, overwhelming fact that he was gone. Then came the thought that he might be rushing into danger—that the fatal fever might fasten on him too; and that was losing him afresh.

The hours were long for her, as for the lonely traveller on his way to Brindisi, but if a girl's prayers could protect him he travelled safely.

Before Amy met her family again she had decided on a course to pursue. Even such a night as she had spent brings counsel: it had counselled her if ever she had been on her guard to be so now. By degrees things had grown clearer, and a little hope had dawned. "So I

suppose he will come back," her brother said; and it seemed to her too that he *must* come back again. But they had it now in their own hands to keep him away if their slightest suspicions were awakened. That idea was enough, and she collected all her strength for the part she had to play. Her being already charged with having overdone herself was a fortunate circumstance: she had only to give in that she was not quite well and any change in her looks would be explained. The flush of hope and happiness would not come at her bidding, but all the rest she could control.

"What did I tell you?" said Nelly in triumph. "I knew it. You've been getting paler and paler every day." And perhaps, dazzled by her own exceeding perspicacity, she really thought so. "It's good there's nobody to go about with you any longer."

Though she spoke as if there were cause for congratulation, they all missed Charlier, and in Naples, when they had heard nothing from him, Mr. Hyde composed an elaborate letter in Italian, which he addressed to the proprietor of the hotel where the Paytons had been, hoping that he might know something of him. This epistolary effort was made with frequent application to the dictionary, and Mr. Hyde, when he read it over, felt well satisfied. It was, however, in some respects a more remarkable production than he imagined, for he had been so absorbed in the beauties of Italian rhetoric as to forget that "my courier"—*il mio corriere*—had any name at all, while he signed his own as if he had been in lifelong correspondence with the hotel-keeper and a few suggestive scratches were sufficient. Meantime, they "did" Naples and its surroundings in somewhat perfunctory style. Amy nagged them to duty no longer. Her sister-in-law, though she was sorry for her, could not help thinking what a delightful effect a little sickness had on some people. When they asked her if she would make some excursion she said she was ready, but if Mrs. Hyde changed her mind, fancied it was going to rain and proposed merely taking a drive in-

stead, Amy assented again just as willingly. It was really almost alarming. Mr. Hyde too noticed the little drooping ways, and was quite touched to see her so altered. He put his head down to hers, calling her by one of those baby-names that sound to a stranger absurdly inappropriate, but which mean a vast deal of tenderness when they recur after long years: "What's the matter with my Totty?"

And she pressed her cheek against his whisker and answered in the same playful strain, though with how much indifference at heart he would not have been flattered had he known. There was something the matter with Totty that was past a brother's helping, unless, indeed, he could be induced to write to Brindisi again, for the famous Italian letter had had no result whatever. By cautious diplomacy she got him to do what she wanted. This time he used English, and added a distinct address, and while they were staying at Sorrento the answer came. It also was in English, of as singular a quality as Mr. Hyde's Italian, and to the effect that "of the peoples he ask about, they not longer there. The courier have get well, and the one go to France in a steamer and the other go to Rome." They could easily conjecture that Charlier was the "other," and the satisfaction was sincere—all but Amy's, that is, for if she had dissimulated in grief, she was deceitful beyond everything in her joy. She said, "Oh, that's nice!" precisely as if it were nothing more than that.

"He will hear at the bankers' that they are keeping our letters and that we shall be up on Tuesday," said Mr. Hyde. "Now, all we have to do is to get out of Italy before this girl treats us to a downright fever."

Just at that moment the girl had no idea of doing anything of the sort: she had hard work not to be too much like herself again.

They arrived in Rome in the morning, and were to leave by the night-train for Florence. Charlier was not at the station to meet them. They went to an hotel, and at the hour when the bank

would be open Mr. Hyde was ready to go for his letters.

"I'm going too, Henry," said Amy, standing at her door.

"You! Why, I thought you would be lying down. Nelly has regularly gone to bed, and that's what you had better do."

"Oh no, I shouldn't sleep: I want the air."

As there is no sending a young lady to bed if she does not choose to go, he had to accept her company.

"At least we'll see if they know anything about Charlier," he remarked.

And they knew nothing at all.

"But they mightn't think he was the courier," Amy whispered.

"No, to be sure." And the attempt was renewed with a description: "A tall young man—dark—spoke English probably: he speaks it perfectly." Oh yes: the clerk thought then that there had been some one like that inquiring for them, but several days ago, and he had told him they were at Sorrento.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Hyde, who was beginning to get a little out of patience with the uncertainty of Charlier's movements. "I think he might have waited for us here. He must have gone to Florence."

As the train glided into the Florence station Mrs. Hyde remarked on Amy's flushed cheeks. "Don't, Nelly!" she exclaimed, putting her hands up to her face with a slightly hysterical laugh: "it's nothing."

Again there was no one awaiting them. When they stepped out of the carriage at the hotel where they had stayed before, the place seemed all asleep. It was so early that even the street was deserted, only as they crossed the sidewalk there issued from the door a strange procession into the fresh morning air. It was the black-cowled Misericordia bearing on their shoulders that burden in its shape as unmistakable as a cradle.

"That's a bad sight," said Mr. Hyde to the hotel-porter, who stood just within and was apparently the only person up.

"Oh, sir, don't think anything about it," said the man zealously as the foot-

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steps echoed down the street in even cadence. "It's the only sickness we've had. It was somebody who lately came from Rome with the fever, but he was in quite another part of the house, and you needn't feel the least uneasiness." And then, taking in the whole party with sudden recognition, "Why, it was the young man that was with you when you were here before. It was your courier, sir."

Mrs. Hyde, in telling afterward about that morning and the dreadful shock such sudden tidings had been to them, always added that she was sure she should have fainted away herself if Amy, who was ill at the time, had not sunk right down on the hall-floor. "You know, we were really quite attached to him," she would say. "One felt he was good and nice, and a well-educated man too—not at all a common person. Henry wrote to his mother and told her how highly we had thought of him: he had the letter put in French, so that she could read it—it might be a comfort to her. And we sent some money too. It was her only son—just think!—all she had in the world. He—poor fellow!—I never believed got the fever at Brindisi: it was in Rome, I am certain; and Amy was just as near having it as any one could be. In fact, I think she did have it, in a lingering sort of way: she wasn't herself again for long and long afterward."

There was only Amy to guess that whatever name his fever bore, it had been besides one of hopes and doubts and fears, of rapture and despair. She knew how he had been drawn slowly back, resisting yet longing—drawn back to her. But she did not speak. It was too late then. They would have "thought highly" of him no longer, and no words of hers would have availed to protect his memory. It was only her silence that could do that. What had passed was to be thenceforth a sealed chapter in her life.

While they were still in Florence she got out unobserved one day, and went to the little chapel of the Misericordia. It was there they must have taken him for the ceremony of the absolution. In

the many churches she had visited they had often witnessed that together, he and she—not with the pomp of gorgeous vestments and thrilling music, but the poor man's funeral that takes place every day: the few flickering candles, the cheap black pall, the droning voices, and then a few drops of holy water to wash the dust of earth away. She was quite alone as she knelt there with her head on her folded arms: except for the sound of a stifled sob the place was still as death itself. She was alone until a black-masked figure glided toward her, stopped, listened, and then retreated noiselessly. He had heard her crying, and, unwilling to disturb her, took his stand at the door and waited to close the chapel until she should be ready to go. Amy did not start when she saw him. She had forgotten her horror of the mysterious veil: one of those men had stood at his bedside! A sudden thought flashed through her mind, and she stopped instead of passing out. It was a desperate hope, but there might be something beneath that black shroud that could understand her. She spoke in English, and asked where the young man was buried whom they had taken from the Hôtel de ——. There was no reply—possibly the rules of the order obliged him to silence—but still she repeated her question, and more appealingly. This time there came a muffled voice: "Aspetti, signora." She knew that meant "Wait," and stood there while he went away for a moment and came back again. He held a paper having on it the name of a cemetery, and the voice said, in quaint English, that she was to show the few lines that were written beneath to the man at the gate and he would lead her to the spot.

She followed the directions, and was heartbroken at what she saw. Those only who have been in such a place can picture the desolation that is often found there. The Hydys intended to leave in proper hands the charge of having the grave marked by a stone, but as yet it was nothing but a heap of gray earth in the line of tall, black-painted headboards leaning this way and that, and hung with jet wreaths or yellow ever-

lastings. A girl had stolen up curiously—the sexton's daughter—and Amy, as she turned to go, put something in her hand. She wanted to tell her to keep *that* grave fresh and green, to let nothing unsightly rest there, and though she had no language to express it, her eyes spoke as she glanced at the lowly mound and back again. *Fiori*—she could say that—flowers. All amazed at the golden dowry that she held, the girl looked in the sweet, white face and gave her promise. She kept it faithfully, and year by year, on All Saints' Day, she lighted a taper there and decked the stranger's grave with flowers.

And Amy too was faithful. Long after she was bound by other ties she was faith-

ful to her first love. Why not? There had been nothing of this earth about it—nothing more material than a perfume of violets and the syllables of her own name, made sweeter in foreign speech. It had belonged from the first to another world, where all things beautiful are possible, and there she possessed it still. When she sat once more looking at the Alban Hills, the Apennines and Rome, she thought of something as pure and fair and distant as the snow on the mountain-tops, and her hand, busy with some pebbles picked up from the path, arranged them after an unforgotten pattern. But she traced no name—only a little cross and the one word, *Pax*.

G. H. PEIRCE.

THE IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

AN exhibition of paintings which took place last spring in the Avenue de l'Opéra was noticeable as the work of a small number of artists who styled themselves *groupe d'artistes indépendants*. "Independent of what and whom?" some Americans not well up in French art-matters, and wont to consider artists in general a pretty independent set of beings, may have exclaimed at sight of this defiant adjective. If a dozen Philadelphia artists were minded to exhibit together in a room on Chestnut street, the proceeding would hardly be deemed a revolutionary one, nor would it be necessary for the exhibitors to sign a declaration of independence. But they order these things differently in France, where a disposition to discard the old artistic props and official mahl-sticks is looked upon as a sign of mental aberration, if not as a blow at the foundations of national art. Such independence implies a reckless defiance of official judgment: it is an insult to the Academy, the leading critics and the august powers who rule the *École des Beaux-Arts*. The

artist who takes this position must forego the sweets of government orders and button up a coat unornamented with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He must be able to do without the support of journalism or the rewards of the Salon. He is caricatured without mercy by petty newspapers and is exposed to the shafts of ridicule at the minor theatres. He finds out the isolation which belongs to independence. His studio is unvisited by the long-pursed collector, whose gold is poured out where the sunshine of favor and fortune can set off its brilliancy. Thus it will be seen that the epithet "Indépendant" has in French art-circles a definite meaning and certain practical results.

Yet there have always been French artists who rebelled against the despotism of official rule. Eugène Delacroix, who is now looked upon as the greatest glory of French art in this nineteenth century, had a long and hard struggle against authority. For years he was systematically decried, charged with ignorance of drawing, a wild abandonment

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to orgies of color and other crimes against art. Millet was for a long time refused admission to the Salon, on the ground that he painted only coarse and ignoble peasants or common landscapes—subjects beneath the dignity of high art. Corot lived to the age of eighty, and was thus enabled to see the dawn of his fame, the greater part of his long life having been passed in hearing that his pictures were mere daubs, his grass and trees not even green, but dirty gray. Courbet waited thirty years for his position to be officially recognized. Manet is waiting still. The *Indépendants* of today cite these great examples, and draw the conclusion that the tribunal of art-criticism is not infallible, and that those whom it condemns may appeal from its decision to that of the public. Unfortunately for this argument, the public is neither a very competent nor a very ardent champion. A ready acceptance of originality is not one of its characteristics. Even supposing—and the ground for the supposition is but slight—that there is hidden among the *Indépendants* some new and electrifying genius, some Delacroix, Millet or Corot, it would be vain to expect the public to discover his worth and force the Institut and the critics into attitudes of admiration. The public never makes a discovery of itself: it wants to have things discovered for it, and turns its gaze in obedience to the directions of its tried cicerones. If the latter are sometimes a little tenacious of the old, a little slow to detach themselves from the prepossessions of certain schools, their judgment rests at least on a firmer basis of knowledge and reason than the crowd can have to build upon. So well is this felt by the majority of artists that they will not allow their official judges, however unpopular in some respects, to abdicate their posts. When, in 1870, M. Maurice Richard, then Minister of the Fine Arts, attempted to fling wide the doors of the Salon and make the jury of awards a more democratic body, the exhibitors themselves moved a return to the old system. In 1874 a new offer of liberty made by M. de Chennevière was anew refused by the artists.

Those who cry out against the tyranny of authority have never lacked opportunities of making their complaint heard: under the Empire the rejected painters had the *Salon des Refusés*; in 1875, 1876 and 1877 there were the Impressionist exhibitions, and this year the exhibition of the same school under the new name of *Indépendants*. So far, the artists of the opposition have gained little by their Salons. Not one of them has acquired celebrity: the public is a cold jury, and has awarded no laurels. It has gone to the exhibitions only to mock and deride, or to shrug its shoulders at the array of "impressions" before it. It has not even had the good-nature to pretend admiration. Appealing from the critics to the public is at best like being told by a maestro that your musical performance is bad, and receiving consolation from the assurance of a person with no ear for music that it is excellent. In regard to painting the public has, so to speak, "no ear." Painting, which to be understood requires not only an insight into the artist's idea, but a knowledge of the medium through which it is expressed, has been pronounced by Schopenhauer the most difficult of comprehension of all objects of study, after philosophy. The most intelligent layman sees a picture with altogether different eyes from a professional artist, while to understand the art-blindness of the world in general one has only to watch the gropings of the crowd at the opening of the Salon. The awards not having been distributed, it knows not what to admire, and wanders aimlessly through the rooms, cautious of blaming and still more fearful of praising the wrong thing, and ending in an attitude of safe admiration before the last picture of Cabanel or Bonnat or some canvas with the signature of Gérôme or Laurens. Now and then a compact circle is formed round the production of a less-known artist, but in this case nine times out of ten the attraction lies in the subject of the picture, not in its artistic merit. A little later all this is changed. The arrival of the critics shatters these little improvised successes in a moment. The "anecdote"

falls back into its proper place, new talents are pointed out, and people, having obtained their cue, admire in all sincerity and good faith the pictures which they have twenty times passed by with scarcely a glance. The Indépendants will have to make it up with the authorities somehow, if only as a means of getting at the people. Meanwhile, we will try to represent them fairly before the American public by giving some account of the theories on which their school is founded.

In the first place, the Indépendants have declared through one of their advocates, M. Théodore Duret, that they are attached to no particular school, and would by no means demand that any other paintings should be taken down to make room for theirs. "Only let ours be hung too," is their plea. "We are neither iconoclasts nor exclusionists. Visit with us the museum of the Louvre, and we will prove it. We pause before the works of the early Italian masters to admire with others their simplicity, their severe drawing, their pure and healthy color. Coming to the greatest period of Italian art, we, like all the world, feel ourselves lifted into a region of superhuman beauty and power: nay more, we find that the specimens in the Louvre give but an imperfect idea of these epics of painting. We go back in thought to those larger and grander canvases, the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Last Supper* of Leonardo. We agree with other critics in passing quickly over the desert which is formed by the Bologna school, but with the Spanish masters we find freshness and vitality again. The great Velasquez is represented in the Louvre only by a few small canvases, and, as in the case of the Italian masters, we have to turn to his native country to measure the height of his genius—to transport ourselves in fancy to Madrid and stand before the *Lances* and the chefs-d'œuvre which form their suite. With the Flemish master Rubens mythology and allegory, men and gods, appear in less nobleness and purity than in Italian art, but in vigor of imagination he is unsurpassed, and in magic of color and bold-

ness of touch perhaps unequalled. We enjoy the works of the Dutch masters, with their power of penetrating to the deep meaning of common things: the whole life of Holland may be read from the canvases of her painters. Passing through the rooms devoted to the French school, we are struck by the noble dignity of Poussin and the grace of Lesueur, whose works strike the same note of harmony as the prose of Lafontaine or the verse of Racine. The art of the eighteenth century charms us, because it reflects better than anything else the life of the time and enables us to understand its way of thinking and feeling. And while we are at the eighteenth century we will take occasion to point out the fluctuations of taste, which exalts to the clouds at one moment what at another it had banished to the gutter. Remember the contempt in which the eighteenth-century art was held at the beginning of the nineteenth. Here is a Chardin which M. Lacaze picked up on the quay for a crown, and a Watteau for which he paid six hundred francs, and which is now worth sixty thousand. Chardin was assailed in his own time with the same absurd accusation which is now made against us—that of not finishing his pictures, of painting meaningless daubs, his principal assailant being no less a personage than Diderot, the father of modern criticism. We repeat distinctly that we love art under all its forms, and have no wish to usurp any place in its ranks. Artists! you are at table—keep your seats: we will add a leaf to the board and join you. We bring as our contribution to the picnic a new dish which will procure you the enjoyment of an entirely new sensation. Partake of it with us."—"We have tasted your new dish already," the other diners reply, "and have found it worthless."—"Try it again. Taste is a matter of habit, and the palate must serve its apprenticeship. Many a man has become fond of macaroni *au parmesan* who thought the first mouthful detestable. Many amateurs now rave about Corot who—" "Stop! you are wasting your comparisons. Our opinion is formed, and we are not going to reverse

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it."—"Well, then, it is a wrong one," is the proud retort of the Impressionists, "and you will have to reverse it."

In fact, a few proselytes have been won over already. A group of critics and amateurs has gathered round the Impressionists, and it is on the increase. The public may laugh and look upon them as "daft," but in spite of the laughter their pictures sell. "Though this be madness, yet there's method in it," and as much bread-and-butter as in the more popular walks of art. Charpentier, the publisher, the popular baritone Faure, Coquelin the actor, MM. d'Auriac, Dollfus, Murer, De Rasty, Choquet, Arsène Houssaye and other well-known collectors have added works of the Impressionists to their galleries. In Henri Meilhac's comedy, *La Cigale*, the Impressionist Marignan takes a picture from the wall of his studio and hands it to a departing visitor, begging his acceptance of the present. "What! a thing of so much value!" exclaims the recipient. "How can you offer it to me?"—"Take it," urges Marignan: "you see we have plenty more. Besides, if you didn't have one under your arm my concierge wouldn't let you out: he has his orders." Now-a-days, Marignan, instead of forcing his pictures upon visitors, disposes of them, sometimes at a pretty high price. Writers of talent and prestige, such as Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola, have taken up their pens in the cause of Impressionism, and well-known critics are willing to aid it, among them Castagnary, who fills the office of *conseiller municipal de Paris*, and has been charged by his colleagues with the selection of the objects of art purchased by the city. The Impressionists are not so badly off as Meilhac represents them.

Among the practices of the school which have most shocked the outside world is its abuse of the violet tones. In the twenty-four pictures exhibited this year by G. Caillebotte in the Salon des Indépendants violet was throughout the dominant hue. "I see things in my own way," says Marignan, "and I paint them as I see them. For instance, monsieur, you look to me lilac, and if I paint-

ed your portrait I should paint you lilac. Would you like me to do your portrait?" This is capital burlesque, but it is hardly fair. The satirist persists in attributing to the light of the studio effects which could only be produced by the greater light-and-shade machinery out of doors. Under ordinary circumstances a man does not look lilac, however sombre his countenance, but there are atmospheric conditions in which he may; and this violence of violet which so exasperates the public is used by the Impressionists in all sincerity. It is a fact which anybody can observe if he will, though many people may not have observed it, that under certain combinations of strong summer sunshine with quivering shadows from green leaves the carnations and draperies take a violet hue. The Impressionist, struck by this effect, has painted figures under the trees with this lilac tint. A similar tone is given to the landscape by the presence of a kind of argillaceous soil, and the result is landscapes in lilac, such as the *Vue de Noisy-le-Grand* by A. Sisley. Why should a painter be ostracised for dipping his brush in this color? He paints nothing which does not exist: he is working in fidelity to Nature, or, if you will, to his own nature. He sees that on a bright day shadows thrown upon the snow are blue, and he unhesitatingly paints his shadows blue. He sits down beside a stream and notes that the water has not always the traditional blue, but varies constantly according to the angle of vision, the state of the sky or the hour of the day. The sky may be overcast: the Impressionist seizes his brush and paints the water heavy, opaque, sea-green; or the sky is unclouded, the sun dazzling, and he strives to catch the scintillating lights, the silvery azure gleam of its ripples. If the wind blows, the motion of waves must be indicated by means of reflections. At sunset the water is filled with splendor which the setting sun pours into it like wine, and the Impressionist meets this challenge of color by bold masses of red and yellow plastered on his canvas. Alas for him! The colors do not

exactly correspond to those of older paintings, and critics and public join in a howl of denunciation. It is new, therefore it is untrue.

It takes a stronger argument than a vague instinct of conservatism to preach down innovations. Every new light is electric to those who stand full in its glare. "Before us," say the new school, "the artist always lied. The frank, decided colors of Nature shocked his artistic sense: they must be toned down and diluted; so we had pictures in which colors originally thin and faint were drowning in a subdued half-tint or conventional haze. Nature is not always swathed in a cloud. Go out into the country: at a single glance you take in the red roof and dazzling white walls of a chalet, the vivid green of a poplar, the yellow road and the deep blue of the river. At mid-day in summer all color is crude, intense: there is no softening off, no neutral wash: each color has its full value, and they meet in uncompromising clash. A little honest and unbiased observation will convince any one of this. And yet it was not till after the appearance of Japanese albums among us that any one dared to sit down on a river-bank and transfer to canvas a distinctly red roof in juxtaposition with a white wall, a really green poplar, a yellow road and blue water. Before we had the authority of Japanese art for doing it the thing could not be done. But with their art before us, in which we find the sharpest and most trenchant tones placed side by side, with no attempt at gradation, we begin to understand that certain effects which had hitherto been neglected or looked on as eluding imitation can be reproduced in a way which we had not thought of. These Japanese pictures, which many of us looked upon as crotchets of fantasy, are really surprisingly faithful. Ask any traveller who has visited Japan. He will tell you each of these sketches on a fan or in an album reflects exactly the feeling, of some familiar scene. Under the clear, luminous Japanese air the sea stretches out thus in strong bright color: here is a road bordered by the native cedars, whose branches twist into quaint and an-

gular forms, and here is Fuziyama, steepest and straightest of volcanoes. Everything is sketched, to the light bamboos covering the hillsides, to the odd little inhabitants of the villas and country-houses. Such an art, which has the merit of reproducing certain aspects of Nature by means of novel and original methods of color, could not fail to attract earnest and inquiring artists, and its influence over us has not been slight."

There is some truth in these remarks, but the fidelity of Japanese landscape is rather over-estimated by these scrupulous adherents of Nature. None of the Impressionists has ever visited Japan, if we recollect aright. Their knowledge of the country is founded upon native art and travellers' tales, which they seem to have absorbed with childlike credulity. Nor are these all on their side. This is what I find in a work on Japan by M. George Bousquet in the chapter devoted to Japanese art: "It is in delicacy of execution and a happy management of color that the Japanese artist excels. Art has been reduced to an exact science and imparted to him by tradition: the laws of contrast and of complementary colors are perfectly familiar to him. What he does not know, or even dream of, is the poetry, the emotion of color, such as we feel in the presence of a masterpiece of Titian. Emotion and thought are unstirred in the Japanese artist: he has only to apply the rules mechanically, and perhaps half unconsciously. Everything is predetermined for him with mathematical exactness: those graceful straying vines, those light petals which seem to have fluttered by a happy accident into the right place, are all executed after fixed designs which each painter has learned by heart. The study of Nature for the purpose of imitating her is an unheard-of thing. There is no progress, no spontaneity, in Japanese art, only an endless march over the old ground." The Impressionists have been unfortunate in their choice of a precedent for improvisation and vivid translation of Nature. The Japanese fans refuse to support their theory. But we will leave the Japanese side of the question and turn to their account of the new

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movement in its relations to established French schools.

"We are the product of a natural evolution in modern French art, the lineal descendants of Corot, Théodore Rousseau, Courbet and Millet. To these masters of modern landscape we owe a simpler method, a free, unlabored touch proceeding in large tracts and masses and well calculated to brave the effects of time. Theirs is the merit of having filtered painting of the old muddy impurities of litharge, bitumen, chocolate, tobacco and palette-scrappings. They showed us the benefit of open-air study. Their works exhibit not alone a feeling for color, but a perception of its most indefinable shades—a careful study of tones and of the relation between the state of the atmosphere in which a picture is painted and the tonality of the objects represented."

These names carry weight, but it should be remembered, in the first place, that there is a danger in imitating styles so essentially individual as those of the artists quoted. In the second place, although the Impressionists acknowledge so warmly the leadership of the Fontainebleau artists in open-air study, they do not exhibit any eagerness to rush out of the doors thus opened to them. Instead of following Rousseau into the mysterious depths of the forest, Corot along the vaporous ponds of Ville-d'Avray or Millet across the brown fields of Brie, they immure themselves within the town-walls to paint studio, dramshop or theatre interiors, seeking freshness in the worn, painted, spectral faces such as haunt Baudelaire's verses, and gathering what Baudelaire has called the *fleurs de bitume*. If they go to the country at all, it is on a Sunday excursion just outside the city—to Asnières, Chatou or Bougival, where Paris has discharged her crowd of grisettes, with their attendant dry-goods clerks got up for the day as *canotiers* to make the river hideous with their loudness. These are the rural figures that are perpetually turning up on the canvases of M. Manet, the high priest of Impressionism. As a general thing, the new school confines itself to urban scenes. M. G. Caillebotte paints the roofs of the Rue Halévy from

a sixth-floor window; M. Renoir prefers opera-box interiors; M. H. Gervex has endeavored to reproduce the conflict of lights between an expiring lamp and the first flush of dawn creeping in at the window; M. Claude Monet has painted the illumination of the Rue St. Denis on the night of the 30th of June, 1878. The Impressionists, like the Realists, consider the subject of a picture a matter of no importance. Yet Courbet, while he attempted to reduce art to mere imitation, and even seemed to prefer the imitation of ugliness, must at least be credited with great power of execution and perfect fidelity to the model before him. The Impressionists would confine art still more, limiting it to the reproduction of an object so far as it can be seen at a glance. It is not the soul behind the material scene, which can be seized only by insight and perhaps by long study, that they seek to transfer: it is the first transient, unstudied impression, before even its material form is discovered. They endeavor to make the public share in the feeling, good or bad, agreeable or the reverse, which they have themselves experienced at such a day and hour in such a spot. As the impression was rapid and indistinct, it is reproduced rapidly and indistinctly. It is like painting a landscape from the window of an express-train, with the blur thrown over it by the motion of the train making part of the picture.

The reasons which lead the new school to prefer a sketch to a finished picture are of so mystical a nature that it would require the vocabulary of a German Hegelian to do them adequate justice. "We see in a picture only what the artist has put into it, whereas in a sketch we see all that he has not put in—all that he might have put in. Let us confine ourselves, then, to sketches, and those of as rough and indistinct a character as possible, in order that the imagination of the public may have *carte blanche* to make of them what it will. Every spectator will thus be transformed for the moment into an incipient painter: his will be the intellectual delight of divining the artist's idea, and by an easy transition from re-

ception to creation his mind will develop the unfinished sketch before him into the complete picture. He will then be giving himself up to one of the highest pleasures which art can bestow—the charm of the incomplete.”

Meilhac has a good laugh at this passion for the incomplete in the comedy in which he satirizes the school:

“*Marignan*. There! What do you say to that picture? (There is nothing visible on the canvas except a uniform tint of gray and a huge knife in one corner.) ‘Forest of Fontainebleau on a foggy day. Impression!’

“*The Visitor*. What have you put in the corner—a knife?

“*Marignan*. Yes, that’s to explain my idea—to signify that the fog is so dense you can cut it with a knife. Ingenious, isn’t it? There’s no harm in introducing a little wit into a painting: it gives a spice to art.”

In leaving the room the Visitor accidentally knocks down a picture from an easel. It falls face downward upon the palette, receiving a smear of color in all directions.

“*Marignan*. Good Heavens! Right on the palette! But what’s this? Why, it is still finer than before!”

There can be no objection to a sketch, provided it is complete in itself, and not the mere beginning of a picture. There is no reason why an artist should give forth his work in a raw state, instead of taking the trouble to carry out his idea in full. But if the idea be already complete, no matter in how few strokes, the picture is made; and there are many studies and *pochades* which have a freshness and ease often lacking in more elaborate work. The names of Corot, Henner, Isabey and Fortuny will recall a host of examples of pictures painted with very little finish which are yet perfect works of art. Fortuny, the brilliant improvisatore of painting, has often exhibited *le charme de l’inachevé*. In some of his works breadth and detail are placed side by side in the most paradoxical manner, certain parts to which he wished to give relief being finished with incomparable precision, while the

rest of the picture is painted with intentional sketchiness and negligence. Those readers who visited the Loan Exhibition of the Decorative Art Society, held about a year ago in New York, may recollect an example of this dual method in Fortuny’s portrait of a Spanish lady, where the almost microscopic perfection of the modelled flesh was set off by a masterly breadth of treatment in the black brocade dress. Sometimes this detail was bestowed upon the background of a picture, while the foreground was almost neglected. In a Fortuny which was once put up for sale at the Hôtel Drouot the foreground was riddled with red and yellow dots, which some of the spectators affirmed to be women, whilst others were equally confident that they were meant for flowers. Before any agreement was reached the picture was sold for forty thousand francs. But Fortuny’s audacities and triumphs are all his own, and could hardly be cited as rules for a school. To copy them is quite possible, but the secret of creating them died with their creator.

The art of Fortuny, of Corot and of Millet is true Impressionism, giving form not to the mere outside detail of a scene, but to its mood or the train of thought and feeling with which it inspired them. Those worn, bent peasant forms in Millet’s sombre landscapes give us in a few strokes a deeper, sadder suggestion of toil and privation than La Bruyère’s celebrated passage on the peasants. And what an impression of morning freshness, of light and glad some serenity, we inhale from Corot’s *Morning in the Fields*! An impression is in its very nature poetic: it is the perception perhaps half unconscious—the feeling of something beyond the apparent forms of things. But what ulterior feeling can be awakened by the contemplation of a heap of cabbages cloudily indicated by the brush of M. C. Pisaro, or the blurred faces of Madame Berthe Morisot, or the *Lise* of M. Renoir—the figure of a huge, buncy woman whose features are completely hidden (and happily if they are as vulgar as her form) by a thick shadow?

The Impressionists are no doubt sin-

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cere in their convictions. They have been struck with certain effects, and have tried to reproduce them truthfully. They have failed to note, however, that there are effects which, though perfectly harmonious in Nature, are not so in painting, and which are inadmissible in art, because the painter, whatever his skill, has not the resources at his disposal which Nature possesses. He has not command of the sunlight or the atmospheric conditions which in Nature can soften the harshness of discordant tones into perfect harmony. "No artist," says M. Taine, "is a mere copyist: he invents even when he limits himself to translating; for what Nature has given in one system of tones and values he is obliged to transpose into another system of values and tones." The Impressionists fall into the same error as many English contemporaries—that of an attempt at literal reproduction. Their skies may have had that whitish look, their lawns may have been yellow and their seas of

that singular hue, when they were painting them; and perhaps if we had seen it we should have been struck by the strange effect and have admired it. But if the copy is ugly and inartistic it is impossible to admire.

The Impressionists have themselves set up the standard by which we are to judge them. We must go by our impression, as they have done. I have endeavored honestly to adhere to mine in looking at their pictures, and am forced to acknowledge that the impression which they make upon me is disagreeable. Let the reader apply the same test whenever he may come across a picture with the signature of Pisaro, of Claude Monet, Renoir, Caillebotte, Mrs. Mary Cassatt of Philadelphia, Degas, Sisley or Madame Berthe Morisot. If the impression he receives is agreeable, he may give in his adherence to the new school. Five minutes of eye-delight are worth more than all arguments or theories of art.

L. LEJEUNE.

CHANGES.

HOW soon the wreath of summer droops and falls
 From the Year's languid hands! Alas, how soon,
 In calms of fading sun and brightening moon,
 The still earth lists the Father's gentle calls,
 Which say, "Give back thy sweets, lay down thy flowers—
 A while, O Earth, thy dear delights forego,
 That thou a while no life save hope may'st know,
 And rest in patience, numbering barren hours"!
 How sweetly Earth prepares her for the change,
 And suffers all her blooms to fall away!
 How calm and gradual is the slow decay,
 Till loss itself no more seems hard or strange!
 O peaceful snow! O spirit-flower that lives,
 A wondrous bloom, upon the leafless waste!
 O Time, that glides without delay or haste,
 While Winter dreams of more than Summer gives!
 So would I learn to bid my joys farewell,
 And enter desolate ways with quiet heart;
 For He who calls me thus to mourn apart
 Can speak through silence with so sweet a spell,
 And strike so strange a joy through loss and pain,
 That rapture's self can hold no richer gain.

MARION COUTHOU.

ENGLISH COFFEE-PALACES.

"**H**ES a nice fellow—it's a pity he drinks." The phrase is not without significance, even in our own country; but it means much more in England than it does with us. There is an influential tone in American life which makes drinking disgraceful to a degree which is not true in England; and while there is, unfortunately, quite enough intemperance in the United States, it is confined almost always to certain classes. It does not touch our clergy, for example: it does touch the English clergy. A tipling divine in America would be looked upon with horror, and would not be tolerated; in England a tipling divine would not be especially a subject of pity and object of reproach except to professed teetotalers, and he would be such even to them only in a mild degree unless he were a downright drunkard. The reforming Briton who has made up his mind to deal with the drink-scurge finds that his work is no child's play. Not only is there measurably lacking that moral influence which is so precious as a supporting power to the reformer, but the evil he combats is so universal that he seems to be at war with every sort of man. It requires all that British perseverance and obstinacy we so heartily admire when it is used in a good cause to fight a vice which literally pervades all classes. At the conclusion of one of John B. Gough's lectures in London lately a clergyman of the Church of England was found dead drunk under one of the benches. A "belted earl," one whose ancestral line stretches back to the Plantagenets, has recently been the talk of all London for his drunken caprices, now ordering special trains at various railways, none of which he uses; again, as colonel marching his regiment to church, reeling at every step, only to leave his men at the church-door to repair to a neighboring pot-house, where he was found tossing sovereigns with

grooms and stable-boys in drunken jollity. My wife's little pink-ribboned Devonshire maid, with eyes like diamonds and cheeks like the rose, seeing her mistress provided her with neither beer nor beer-money, said frankly, "Well, but what am I to drink, ma'am, at my dinner?" With this universal idea everywhere prevalent that water is not a fit drink by itself; with the imperial revenue an immense gainer by the liquor-swilling, and therefore (it is to be presumed) not anxious to take the teetotalers' view of the question; with millionaires in the brewing and banking business who through the drink-traffic have realized "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice;" with "drinking your health, Your Honor," and "a trifle for beer" thoroughly ingrained as customs in the social fabric of the land; but, above all, with the well-defined appetite of all classes and ages of people, even children, for strong beer,—the reformers have had a veritable stone wall of China to pierce before they could make any headway in their toilsome march of progress. How dim and uncertain were the lights by which even the best informed were guided is proved by the offering of two hundred pounds for a prize essay which should offer practical suggestions to the officers of the Coffee Public-House Association, with the duke of Westminster as president, in regard to the management of places of resort for the working classes wherein no intoxicating drinks are to be sold. Thus groping along, almost in the dark, and fighting single-handed and alone the Apollyon of drunkenness, without the smallest sign of a promise from government to give legislative effect to any totally prohibitive measure or permissive bill, a company of men and women have formed the Coffee Public-House Association, and under its auspices scores of wonderful edifices are springing up all over

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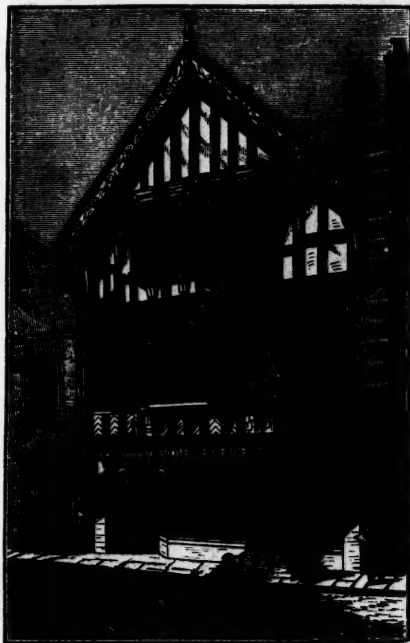
England, bearing the generic title of "coffee-palaces." The tourist who visited Europe last summer experienced, no doubt, the same shock on landing at Liverpool that all Americans do at the first sight of the vulgar splendor of the countless taverns which dot the streets of the great seaport like sores; but, happily for the cause of humanity, "things are not" (altogether) "what they seem."

Many of the public-houses, some of them the most garish, are conducted on strictly temperance principles; and it is a satisfaction to know that of the twenty thousand workmen who daily toil on the docks at Liverpool a large proportion consistently patronize the cocoa- and coffee-palaces, to the utter abandonment of the gin-hells. Since the first house of this kind was opened in Liverpool seventeen thousand persons have signed the pledge in books kept for the purpose of registration.

In regard to the architecture and ornamentation of this novel kind of public-house, the best judgment of the wisest advisers has pointed to the propriety of adopting those to which the working classes are accustomed, either in the modern gin-shops, with their sham rosewood counters and their sham marble columns, their plate-glass windows and their gin-hogsheads banded with gilt hoops and furnished with china spigots, or in the quaint hostelrys of bygone time, where, from Elizabeth's day to Victoria's, country farmers have besotted themselves and poisoned the happiness of their families by drinking up their hard-earned gains. In the romantic old town of Chester, which few Americans leave the vicinity of Liverpool without visiting, the duke of Westminster lately opened with befitting ceremony a cocoa public-house in the premises known for generations as the Little Nag's Head Inn—a structure which for picturesqueness in the matter of quaint architecture will vie with any in Chester.

In London the architecture of the coffee public-house is various indeed, ranging from premises which a pins-and-needles shop could occupy with advan-

tage to the immense street-corner location, with numerous inviting entrances through swinging doors, such as is always affected by the dram-dispensing publican when possible, and adorned with all the flaring concomitants supposed to suit the æsthetic views of the hard-handed sons of toil. The first coffee-house (in this modern movement) opened in London was the Edinburgh



LITTLE NAG'S HEAD COCOA-HOUSE, CHESTER.

Castle, an ex-gin-hell situated in one of the worst neighborhoods in the East End; and the success of this undertaking was really the settling test, for if there were latent in the breasts of the community any spark of antagonism against the coffee public-house on the score of its morality, this was exactly the neighborhood to blow it into a flame. Mr. Hepple Hall, in his excellent little book on the coffee-palaces, says, speaking of the opening of the Edinburgh Castle: "Hot coffee, strong tea, rich cocoa, a warm room, to-day's papers, a hearty

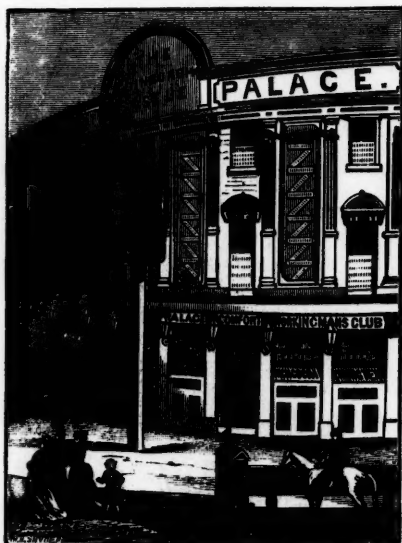
welcome, in conjunction with the concomitant blessings of friendship, sobriety and happiness, have an irresistible charm even for the most abandoned." The Edinburgh Castle was an assured success from the beginning.

The most interesting building in London in which coffee is now dispensed to

building, but no pressure is put upon the coffee-drinkers to attend its services. Mr. Gladstone, speaking on April 4, 1879, at the opening ceremonies of the Cross Keys Coffee-Tavern, Chelsea, expressed in unmistakable terms his satisfaction at hearing that the coffee-tavern and the mission-hall close to it were independent of each other, that condition of things being, in the opinion of the ex-premier, essential to the success of the former. The Rose and Crown stands directly opposite the great barracks at Knightsbridge, and many of the daily coffee-drinkers are red-coats.

Scarcely a week now passes but sees the inauguration somewhere in London—that "province covered with houses," as M. Guizot called it—of a coffee-palace. These buildings rear their bright, new, cheerful faces in almost every squalid quarter. Where the beer-sellers are thickest, there the coffee-palace projectors most earnestly strive for a foothold, and, having got it, they as earnestly endeavor to compete with the publicans for popularity. They call their palaces by the familiar names the vulgar Briton loves: the Market Tavern is in Lower Thames street; the Temple Arms adorns the Seven Dials, that centre of moral and physical degradation;

the Phoenix Tavern is in Harrow Road; the Red Boot ornaments the High street in Camden Town; the Chequers is at Stoke-Newington, near Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, a rough-and-ready quarter; the Anchor is in Goswell Road, where the sailors can easily find it; and thus, with their picturesque names and their spick-and-span neatness, they win the men and women with untidy abodes to enter their doors and be happy over coffee. Of Cross Keys there are several in different neighborhoods: one of the most recently opened of these is that in Hampstead Road, at whose "bar" I drank a comforting cup. Except that it abuts on two streets in a triangular way, the Cross Keys in Hampstead Road has about the same external aspect as the Edinburgh Castle. It is painted a bright



THE FIRST "COFFEE-PALACE" ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND, FEBRUARY 14, 1873.

the exclusion of intoxicants is perhaps the public-house known as the Rose and Crown. It is situated in Brompton, a very fashionable neighborhood, being directly opposite the westernmost end of Hyde Park and within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington Museum. For over three hundred years the inn called first the Rose and Crown, and later the Oliver Cromwell, stood on this site: Oliver Cromwell's bodyguard was quartered there, and the Protector's coat-of-arms was emblazoned on the front of the house. Several years ago it was opened as a coffee-palace, and, though coffee is sold at the low price of one penny a cup and tea at a half-penny, handsome profits have been continually realized. A mission-house is attached to the Rose and Crown in an adjoining

scarlet, real sealing-wax red, picked out with black. Great plate-glass windows line the whole front, and in them hang persuasive legends concerning the various toothsome edibles and appetizing beverages which are dispensed within: "Pork sausage and mashed potatoes, 3 pence;" "Beef, 2 pence; with large cup of coffee or cocoa, one penny extra;" "Lemonade on draught, one penny per glass;" "Ginger beer, one penny a bottle;" "New milk, one penny per glass." There are here none of those nominal euphemisms which have been strongly deprecated as an offence to the good sense of the working classes, such as calling cocoa "Brown and stout;" tea, "Young Tabby;" coffee, "Cream of the Valley of Mocha;" and even pressing the title "Champagne Cup" into service as a term for sweetened aerated water. Indeed, now that the coffee-tavern movement is an assured success, financially and morally, there is found, as usual, to be no lack of critics of every action of the committee of management, who, while graciously conceding good intention and some good accomplishment in the matter, disapprove of almost everything else. According to these censors, there was no need of simulating the exterior appearance of the gin-hell at all, for the working classes would have found out where good food and good tea and coffee were to be purchased at a very low price as soon as they were offered. The weight of testimony has hitherto been the other way, for it is not to-day alone that earnest effort has been made in England to lure the artisan from the seductive, gayly-lighted, plate-glass-windowed, high-hued gin-shop. The best suggestion which has been made in respect to the external decoration of the coffee-palaces is that of substituting enamelled and decorated tiles as house-frontages, such as beautify Lisbon, instead of painted bricks. These tiles can be manufactured very cheaply in England: they are indestructible, and every rain-storm would wash their faces clean.

Standing on the pavement in front of the Cross Keys, I glance about to take the keynote of the neighborhood in the

matter of traffic. At every other corner within sight is a public-house of the old school—garish taverns some, and others indued with an appearance of coziness and jollity which makes them seem to belong to the large family of snug hostleries which Dickens pictured, and the savory steam of whose whiskey-punches even a teetotaler might, in a literary manner, enjoy. Opposite me is the Sol's Arms; at another corner, the Lord Palmerston; farther down, the Old King's Head. Across the whole expanse of one grimy-



OLD SLAUGHTER'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

looking house stretches a brewer's sign, "Watney and Co.'s Entire;" over another portal I read "Pure Claret;" an "Italian Warehouse" is a grocer's shop, whose window is full of bottles of sherry, and customers must force their entrance to the counter past baskets of champagne. The tuning-fork of the neighborhood, struck to obtain the keynote of the traffic, gives forth a heartrending C sharp of "Drink! drink!" The lugubrious refrain is literally taken up by the crowds which hurry by, wherein drink-beared eyes, rum-blossom noses, and even reeling footsteps, serve as an all-sufficient double bass.

The swinging doors of the coffee-pal-

ace, however, are now never for an instant at rest, so constant is the stream of coffee-drinkers which pours in and out. Strolling along the busy street, I come to a fruit-vender's, the whole front of whose shop is turned into a gigantic tray, as it were, on which apples from America, oranges from Seville and Malta, white grapes from Malaga, nuts from Madeira and Kent "cobs" are piled luxuriantly. For a penny I buy a sweet Spanish orange, and linger to speak to the fruiterer, a slim, thoughtful-looking,

usual amount of gesticulation for an Englishman. At that moment other orange-buyers claim his attention, and I hurry away, returning to the coffee-palace, whose swinging doors I push open, and, approaching the counter, ask for a cup of coffee. The place is almost full of men, the majority of whom are seated at the marble-topped tables about the room, while around the counter cluster the few women who are present. It is not to be expected that many women will patronize the coffee-palaces, as most

of the sex have some sort of shelter where they are able to make a cup of tea or coffee for themselves. But to the men present the beverages seem delicious, if one may judge by the gusto with which they swallow the draughts served them in huge jorums, from which they pour out a modicum into the saucer that it may cool.

The interior decorations of the palace are quite handsome. Upon a neat oak counter covered with zinc stand three great brass urns in which coffee, tea and cocoa are kept boiling: against the wall are large looking-glasses, in front of which are shelves whereon stand bottles containing liquids colored red, yellow, violet, green and blue—whether drinkables or not I cannot say. An artistic wall-paper with conventional gold flowers on a dark background is in agreeable keeping with the looking-glass frames of ebony picked out with gold. A portrait of Sir Wilfrid

Lawson, the temperance apostle, hangs in one corner of the room: in another a huge placard, in Roman letters made irregularly with pen and ink, evidently by the hand of a novice in draughtsmanship, invites the company in these words:

"SING SONG!

COME! BE SURE AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.

FREE-AND-EASY UP STAIRS."

The attendants at the counter are men in shirt-sleeves, and the patrons are for



DON SALTERO'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

middle-aged man, whose appearance has nothing about it of the traditional British tradesman, but would rather lead conjecture to allot him a place among the students at the British Museum. "I see you have had a coffee-palace opened here lately," I say to him.—"Not before 'twas needed," is his reply.—"No?"—"Oh, I'm not a teetotaler," he goes on: "like a glass of ale occasionally as well as the next; but this dram-drinking, it is awful!" He lifts his hands and shakes them in unison with his head, an un-

the most part carpenters and cabinet-makers connected with the great furniture-houses with which the neighborhood abounds, as their blue baize aprons and paper caps attest, though a plastered coat and trousers, together with kits of tools, announce here and there a mason or bricklayer; while more than one face, as black as if begrimed for the minstrel stage with burnt cork, proclaims its owner as a chimney-sweep or coal-heaver.

The coffee-house, which in its present shape is creating so great an interest in England, is not, in an abstract form, a novel institution. On the contrary, almost ever since the introduction of the coffee-berry about 1650 there have existed coffee-houses in London. In the times of Dryden and Swift the coffee-house was a prominent feature of London life. In 1708, Hatton tells us that there were as many as three thousand coffee-houses in the metropolis—a statement which is supposed to be an exaggeration to the extent of one-third. Yet it is undoubted that every profession, trade, class and party had its favorite coffee-house. "Scotchmen had their house of call at Forest's; Frenchmen at St. Giles's or 'Old Slaughter's' in St. Martin's lane; the gamblers shook their elbows in White's and the chocolate-houses round Covent Garden; the *virtuosi* honored the neighborhood of Gresham College; and the leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's or Tom's in Great Russell street, where, after the theatre, was playing at piquet and the best of conversation till midnight."

The price for a dish of tea or coffee at the ancient resorts was twopence, and a penny, laid down at the bar on going out, paid for newspapers and lights. Smoking was allowed everywhere, even in the most aristocratic of the coffee-houses. One of the most frequented of

these resorts in the time of Charles II. was Don Saltero's, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on the Thames—an establishment open to all ranks and classes of people, and so skilfully conducted that "there was never the least conflict between the customers." The honor of introducing coffee into England belongs to Mr. Daniel Edwards, a wealthy merchant who had



THE WHITE HORSE, KENSINGTON (1700), A COFFEE-TAVERN OF THE UNREFORMED OR OLD STYLE.

earned his fortune in Turkey, and in the year 1652 returned to London to enjoy it. He brought back with him a Greek servant named Pasquet (or Pasque) Rossée, who ultimately hired premises in Cornhill and brewed for the public the fragrant decoction he had formerly made daily for his master. Rossée's first advertisement is preserved in the British Museum. It is printed on a half sheet, and starts off as follows: "The Virtue of the Coffee Drink first made and publicly sold in England by Pasque Rossée, made and sold in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, by P. R. at the sign of His Own Head."

The ancient coffee-house—or coffee-tavern, as it was more often called—is an institution which has hardly a relic in

our time. Its extinction is due to a number of influences, prominent among which was the establishment of clubs for the wealthy and exclusive on the one hand, and the springing into existence of hotels, eating-rooms, and, above all, gin-palaces, on the other. The old White Horse in Kensington was one of the last to linger on the scene of its former glories. Something of a similar sort may occasionally be encountered in the remote corners of Wales, where modern ways have not quite crowded out the old, but even here the law of the land is paramount, and roysterers who of old would "make a night of it" must perforce go home to bed at ten o'clock or the constable will tap at the window and ask disagreeable questions. In London the

law closes public-houses—even those where no liquor is sold—at midnight; in the larger provincial towns not a door may be open after eleven o'clock; and in the hamlets ten is the hour when all good citizens must be off to bed. The more determined of the temperance reformers are even endeavoring to have the law close all such places in provincial towns at nine o'clock. "And what will the jollity-loving Briton do then?" I asked an hotel-keeper of my acquaintance. "He'll 'ave his club," was the answer: "the whole community will be given up to clubs." For at your club, according to the convenient British law, you may sip your wine or guzzle your beer all night long if you like, in country or in town. WIRT SIKES.

MONSIEUR LE CHARMANT.

ABOUT one hundred years ago a certain honest coachman, Sicard by name, was driving his fiacre through the streets of Paris. It was toward the close of a cold, wet and most dismal winter's day, and the worthy man was fain to blow his fingers at intervals and clap one arm over the other, as is the manner of his kind. This little relaxation, however, grew momentarily more precarious as the darkness settled down and unseen ruts and pitfalls in the way took dangerous proportions. Suddenly a yellow oil-lamp swung over a *porte-cochère* gleamed out of the surrounding gloom, revealing at the same time the face and figure of a young man, who had apparently taken shelter in the place from the inclemency of the weather. The coachman drew up his horses. "My master," he inquired, "do you wish to cross over to the other side of the river?"

"No, thank you," replied the stripling. "If you are not going far I can easily accommodate you," persisted Sicard.

"In which direction does your business lie?"

"I was on my way to the Palais de Justice, but must wait until this rain slackens a little."

"But why, monsieur?"

"For the best of reasons," retorted the youth rather shortly: "I have no money. Now, will you be good enough to pass on and leave me in peace?"

"Not I," cried the coachman, jumping down from his box and flinging open the door of his fiacre. "It shall never be said of me that I left a pretty gentleman like yourself to shiver and catch rheumatism in all his bones for lack of a paltry twenty-four sous. Jump in, my young master: my route passes close by the Palais Marchand. I'll set you down at the Image St. Pierre, and never feel a gray hair the worse for it."

On arriving at the door of this famous eating-house, the Trois Frères of the day, Sicard respectfully doffed his hat to his unknown passenger and pressed upon his acceptance a shining louis-d'or. "You'll

feel the need of it in yonder among all those fine young gentlemen," said he. "The number of my fiacre is 144. Repay me when you are able."

Nor did the youthful stranger prove either forgetful or ungrateful, and in course of time M. Sicard was promoted to the rank of coachman-in-chief to Madame Sophie of France. He always protested, when questioned on the subject, that any one would have done the same under the circumstances, for this unknown youth, shivering in the doorway, had an air and smile so enchanting that one might easily have taken him for an angel astray out of paradise.

Lancelot-Joseph, seigneur de Létorières and Marseille, first saw the light in a little water-swamped château in the west of France. The family was badly reduced in circumstances, though claiming connection by marriage with the reigning house of England and Hanover. It is true this distinction was shared in common with almost all the gentlemen of Xaintonge and the country of Aunis by cousinship with that infatuated Calvinist, Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, who fled into Hanover after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and there espoused George William of Brunswick, and gave birth to Sophie-Dorothee of pitiful memory. It was this princess who, at the immature age of fifteen, was first married to her uncle, Prince Auguste of Brunswick, then in second wedlock to her cousin-german, George, prince electoral of Hanover, afterward king of England, and as quickly divorced and clapped into a Brunswickian stronghold for the space of thirty-three years; that is, for the rest of her life. Naturally enough, there could be little intercourse between the ill-fated lady in her prison seclusion and her far-away French cousins. But young Lancelot had an uncle in the Church, a certain Abbé du Vighan, who did not fail to keep an eye on so likely a sprig of the old tree, and when the proper moment arrived moved heaven and earth to obtain a free scholarship for him in the college of Plessis. Behold, then, the gallant youth confined between those gloomy walls, with endless recita-

tions and solemn recreations in store for the due chastening of his too volatile spirits. Monsieur l'Abbé would have shown equal good sense had he attempted to shut up some dappled, agile-limbed hind of the forest in his own chapel-crypt. One day the door was left ajar, and quick as thought the pretty creature was up and away, springing through sunshine and shadow, pitfalls on every side it may be, and imminent destruction before, but free at least, and bound to take his own course whatever befell.

Young De Létorières soon found his way up to Paris. That was the Paris of Madame du Barry, of Monsieur de Voltaire, of gorgeous coaches, perfumed within and gilded without, of black, evil-smelling gutters and yawning mud-puddles, of elegant manners and disgusting vices,—in a word, the Paris of Louis XV., sometimes called the Beloved. Monsieur de Létorières was not burdened with a heavy purse, as may be imagined, but he enjoyed life immensely. When he was cold or hungry he took a turn in the fashionable quarters and carried his thin coat and handy sword as grandly as the best of them. He had a tailor in those days to whom he owed four hundred francs, and whose good wife became much exasperated in time by her husband's dilatoriness in collecting this debt. She rated him soundly, having a gift of eloquence, on his feebleness of character, and declared that, as he durst not show his teeth, she herself would beard the charming swindler and give him a taste of her mind; she'd fetch him, fur or feathers; she'd rip up his finely-stitched jacket of borrowed silk. Thus breathing wrath and vengeance, the enraged virago set forth on her expedition. She was absent some time, and then returned in so gentle and subdued a frame of mind that the poor tailor could scarcely believe his senses. He ventured at last to inquire if she had seen Monsieur le Charmant, for by this sobriquet was the young gentleman familiarly known in the household.

"Oh, get out with you!" retorted the good wife. "I'm ashamed of you for a

hard, mercenary animal. You would shave the little lambs in winter-time, and send them out bleating into the snow. But as for me, I have a heart of compassion within me, and when I saw that sweet young gentleman sitting there alone and playing so touchingly on his violin, I would not have said a word to torment him, not for worlds!"

"And my four hundred francs?" mildly expostulated the tailor.

"Oh, as for that," replied the wife, "you may as well make out another bill for twenty-nine louis. I can't tell exactly how it was, but the young gentleman appeared so charming and melancholy that, despite myself and him, I took another hundred écus from my pocket and left it on the table."

On his twenty-first birthday Monsieur de Létorières got together his family papers and proofs of nobility, and left them at the door of Monsieur Chérin, genealogist to the king and court of France. M. Chérin was a highly-important functionary. Like St. Peter at the gates of heaven, this austere and incorruptible warden stood at the doors of the Louvre, its golden keys in his hand, and to him flocked both great and small, and were admitted or sent to the right about with inflexible rigor. To be sure, the king was at liberty to drive four-in-hand through M. Chérin's most cherished restrictions, and did so pretty freely, with Madame du Barry by his side. Still, it was well known by all those whom it might concern that any family holding a certificate of nobility, duly verified and signed by the said M. Chérin, was placed above suspicion, and among the ninety-four first families of France whose unknown origin is not less ancient or venerable than that of the Salic race; that is to say, the most noble and very first family of the universe. Monsieur de Létorières may possibly have felt some trifling disquietude as to his own exact position in that august procession; so, after submitting his papers, he took a turn in the gardens of Versailles, that he might, according to wont, the more readily reassure his courage. It was a fine day, as good luck would have it:

the place was thronged, and more than one turned to stare after our hero as he strolled along with his inimitable air. Presently the king himself appeared, surrounded by a dazzling display of silver, gold and satin. His Majesty stopped in the middle of the path. "Who may this young gentleman be?" he asked, pointing out with his gold-headed cane Monsieur de Létorières. The courtiers hastened to inform him. "And what has my good counsellor Chérin to tell us of the family of this gentleman of Poitou who calls himself Monsieur de Létorières?" blandly inquired the monarch of his favored servant.

"I have hardly seen the papers as yet," M. Chérin explained, "but I judge they will scarcely gain him admission to the king's coaches: the proofs are not altogether such as I—"

"But he is *charming*," interrupted the king. "I desire that he be presented without further formality under the title of vicomte."

Thereupon M. Chérin wrote out a certificate according to order, and Monsieur le Vicomte de Létorières received the honors of the court.

The ancient Greeks, we are told, were so susceptible to the influences of beauty and grace of action that it was found necessary to enshroud their chamber of justice in total obscurity. The same precaution would have been judicious in the case of Monsieur de Létorières, who had apparently but to appear to conquer in the most august courts of the realm. On one occasion he disputed a claim with the Sires de Pons for their principality of Mortagne-sur-Gironde before the Parliament of Bordeaux, and speedily gained his point, though utterly untenable in common justice. The high functionaries who presided in the Tribunal du Point d'Honneur were said to show the most outrageous favoritism toward this unknown gentleman of Poitou, and even the phlegmatic German mind was not invulnerable to his extraordinary blandishments. A long-forgotten legacy of the princess of Harbourg-sur-l'Elbe, née d'Oibreuse, was brought to light, and loyally paid to the amount

of fifty thousand florins of the empire, while the princely and ducal purses of Brunswick-Brandenburg were at Monsieur le Charmant's disposal.

"It is like the serpent in the garden of Eden," said Monsieur de Beaumont (the archbishop). "Should he ever appear before me in my official capacity at Paris, I shall certainly take the precaution of having him hooded and masked like one of the Black Penitents."

M. de Létorières seems to have borne his extraordinary success with equal grace and tact. His gallantries in particular were said to have been conducted with a delicate honor and discretion commensurate with their high extraction. Each day his reputation gained new éclat: the impressionable Parisian populace made of him their idol of the hour; he was followed in the streets and churches, and applauded at the spectacle. An eye-witness describes his appearance at a sacred concert on the Shrove Tuesday of 1772. He was dressed in a costume of straw-colored silk, embroidered with gold and green: the shoulder-knot was also gold and green, and his ribbon of Steinkerque attached with an aigrette of emeralds. The mountings of his sword and the innumerable buttons, great and small, which went to form a fashionable attire of the day, were inlaid with opals and brilliants, and his dark hair, falling in soft undulating masses on either side the head and over the chest, was bleached with écru-colored powder. Yet the full splendor of this toilette could not distract the attention for a moment from the surpassing beauty and grace of Monsieur le Charmant himself, whose brilliant eyes outdazzled a thousand times the brightest jewels. He was barely convalescent at the time from a delicate sword-thrust administered by the hand of the Comte de Melun, and the populace was eager to greet its favorite after his long seclusion. At the noise of the plaudits he advanced to the front of his box, glancing right and left with a puzzled air, as though to inquire the reason of this extraordinary ovation, since he was neither a comedian nor a prince of the blood-royal. That nothing could have been

more charming than his manner was admitted by the greatest sticklers for etiquette.

We now approach the last and principal adventure of Monsieur de Létorières' adventurous career. In many memoirs of the time his early death is ascribed to smallpox, then ravaging the Parisian world; but there is another version of the affair on record, apparently well authenticated on one side, while as carefully contradicted by those interested in its suppression. Among the princesses of foreign families resident at the French court was a young beauty of sixteen, a Mademoiselle de Soissons, Victoire-Julie of Savoy. This poor child was naïve and tender in the extreme, and her lively imagination took fire at the beautiful eyes of M. de Létorières. Her relatives felt exasperated beyond bounds by this childish frustration of all their well-considered plans. Princess Julie was scolded and shaken, and shut up in the dark, and fed on bread and water (the perfection of diet, as is well known, for the proper nourishment of young love), and of course pretty, gentle Princess Julie showed herself as obstinate as any common little bourgeoisie. At last her aunt, the Maréchale de Soubise, rose up in her might, an awful figure of vengeance, and speedily found means to have the little piece of perversity incarcerated in the abbey of Montmartre, with strict injunctions that she was neither to see, hear nor know any earthly thing outside its well-guarded walls. They counted a great deal in those days on the tranquillizing effects of religious seclusion, but in the case of Mademoiselle de Soissons they counted without their cost. First came suspicious rumors, then messages were intercepted, and finally a rope-ladder was discovered in the cell of mademoiselle. It was now time indeed for a grand family conclave, and there it was agreed upon that to cut the scandal short it was necessary to call out and quietly dispose of Monsieur le Charmant in single combat. This business fell to the lot of M. le Baron d'Ugeon, a well-seasoned duelist and champion of the house of Savoy.

Monsieur de Létorières was not one to shirk his part in an affair of the kind, and a meeting was arranged without difficulty. But just at that time King Louis XV. fell ill of his last malady. Smallpox uncovered its horrible visage even in the sacred chamber of royalty, and panic seized every beholder. Those gentlemen of rank who had hitherto striven for the honor of handing the royal shirt, towel, etc. vanished by the back stairways, their faces as white as the powder on their heads, and all the little golden and silver bells on their watch-chains jangling out of tune as they stumbled in haste over their high heels. In this extremity Monsieur de Létorières (mindful, let us hope, of the many favors so lavishly dealt out to him in past days) took upon himself the office of gentleman of the bed-chamber, though not entitled by right of birth to the distinction. This deviation from strict etiquette was overlooked, however, under the circumstances, and Monsieur de Létorières enjoyed the full honors of his position. No sooner had he received the king's last breath than he hastened off to fulfil the postponed encounter with Monsieur d'Ugeon. He received two wounds in the left side, was hastily banded and carried to his own house, and the door discreetly closed. Then word was given out to the public that Monsieur le Charmant had taken the spotted fever, a report easily credited. His wounds were severe enough, but this did not prevent him after two or three days of repose from scaling the walls of the abbey Montmartre at dead of night to meet Mademoiselle de Soissons under the grand arcade which led to the clois-

ter cemetery. It was their last interview. After the young princess had taken leave his wounds broke out afresh: he could not call for assistance in such a place or at such an hour, and simply bled to death on the spot. He expired without witnesses and without care, and the next day his body was found lying on a stone tomb in the cemetery enclosure. Every effort was made to hush up the dreadful affair. His appearance after death was said to have been magnificent, but they covered him up in his grave-clothes, and proclaimed that Monsieur de Létorières had died of the smallpox. Poor Princess Julie's cries of love and despair could not echo far beyond her cloister-cell. Perhaps the pale nuns may have turned a shade paler as they glided along the dim corridors and caught the sound of those wild ravings. But even these ceased in time, and Madame la Maréchale de Soubise prophesied a perfect cure. It transpired afterward that the unhappy lovers had obtained the consent of the king to a secret marriage and the promise of his influence with the family of Mademoiselle de Soissons.

The Marquis de Létorières and d'Olbreuse held a number of distinguished offices at the time of his death. He had also amassed a considerable fortune, but as there were debts left unsettled, the gentlemen of the law got possession, to the spoliation of both creditors and relatives. Mademoiselle de Soissons was always eager to put forth her best efforts in behalf of the latter. They married into noble houses, and were said to carry with them the gift of rare personal beauty, which is still remarkable in their descendants.

M. MATHER.

FOREIGN EDUCATION FOR YOUNG REPUBLICANS: ITS ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

WHEN we take into consideration the fact that an enormous amount of money is drawn from the United States every year to be expended in Europe by American travellers, and that a fair proportion of this sum is appropriated to the expenses of those seven thousand of our citizens who live there for educational purposes alone, it becomes desirable to examine the subject, and endeavor to obtain, if possible, some accurate estimate of those benefits accruing to our young compatriots which are to balance this extensive diversion of treasure.

To inform one's self personally upon this matter, and give the acquired results in the shape of didactic opinions, is scarcely sufficient. It is necessary that a correct representation of both sides of the question be submitted to the public, in order that thoughtful people may have their attention directed to it, and be able to deduce their own conclusions from the facts. Unquestionably, if the highest development is only attainable by subjection to foreign systems of education, the sacrifices made to obtain this will be repaid by such a reffluent current of mental vigor and culture into the country as will speedily restore the deficit. But if, on the other hand, a like end could be as successfully gained at home, if foreign influences act unfavorably upon republican sentiments, and the advantage attained proves to be mainly the *éclat* that attends a European education, it is equally unquestionable that the practice is a source of sad national waste from the unnecessary diversion of native wealth into alien channels.

Let us first examine with sincerity the system of instruction prevalent abroad, note how it compares with that in operation in our own country, and subsequently pass to the consideration of the other features presented by this question.

The educational institutions of North Germany have the highest reputation of

any in Europe. Here the German language is spoken more purely than elsewhere, and the schools distance competition. The great excellence of this nation in special departments of knowledge, and the permanent character that has been impressed upon all parts of the social and political organism, explain this superiority. A class of clever men, consecrating themselves to an occupation with the earnestness that can only accompany a final choice, seeing in it thenceforth the sole avenue of their ambition, and applying themselves to the attainment of a proficiency in all its branches that enables them to pass an examination of unexampled severity, must of necessity bring to the performance of their duties a degree of excellence which the distractions of a wider field and the changing relations of a larger life would inevitably prevent.

No one, I think, will dispute at this day the validity of the proposition that asserts the superiority of culture to learning. The system, then, that directs all its energies to fostering and expanding the powers of the mind must possess an advantage over that whose chief effect is the development of the memory and its replenishment with a vast number of facts. A presentation of particular examples will illustrate what I would say more forcibly than general statements. The teacher of history, for instance, in one of these North German schools takes up the textbook and summons his class. He examines its members upon the dozen paragraphs that have been given them to memorize, finds that the dates and important historical facts that are to form the nucleus of the ideas he is about to enforce have been acquired, and then closes the volume and lays it aside. Now comes the real lesson. By the exercise of a thoroughly-systematized knowledge he presents to them a vivid and complete outline picture of that portion of the great

drama to which their attention has been directed. He is perfectly conscious that the acquisition of barren formulas alone instead of benefiting the mind has a positively pernicious effect; and he is also entirely satisfied that unless the immature intellect is approached by the natural channels of awakened interest and excited feelings, it will never be reached at all. For example: in the year 1555, Philip II., in consequence of the abdication of his father, Charles V., succeeded to the sovereignty of the Spanish kingdoms, became "absolute dominator" of large portions of Asia, Africa and America, and hereditary ruler of the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands. What power has this sentence, as it stands, to thrill a child's heart? What chord can it touch to awaken the slumbering germs of thought? But wait. The instructor proceeds in clear, simple and graphic terms to fix the attention of his pupils upon the significance of this statement. Commonplace as it may appear, it begins one of the most tragic chapters in the world's history. He shows them the monarch of the most magnificent empire in Christendom, in the flood of youth and fortune, with almost inexhaustible treasures at his command, sustaining the vastest responsibility and having the noblest opportunity that could be presented to a human being, self-dedicated to persecution in behalf of religion and pledged beyond redemption to the suppression of the spirit of progress. He describes him besotted with bigotry and despotic power, brooding like an evil spirit over his inheritance, sending fire and sword upon its fairest portions, laying waste cities, devastating states, paralyzing industry, exhausting wealth and pouring out the blood of his people, until the scourge of an oppression that has no parallel in the modern world forced the finest provinces of his empire into rebellion, and Spain, the adventurous and valiant, sank, because she shared the sentiments of her king, into the apathy and decrepitude of premature senility. The class drink in his words eagerly. Then he turns the reverse of the medal, and relates the story of a little country redeemed in part

from the sea, built up by the unwearied industry and indomitable energy of its people, until it became one of the centres of civilization. They are shown how it shook off the yoke of superstition and tyranny and joined itself to the cause of the Reformation; how, tormented by remorseless oppressors, overwhelmed by superior power, gibbeted in their own doorways, burned on their own hearthstones, butchered at their own altars, robbed, defamed, proscribed, its people not only maintained their position, but steadily advanced toward their glorious goal; and how at last, amid the acclamations of sympathizing and emulous nations and the blessings and rejoicings of the faithful, it stood a free state, the refuge of the oppressed and persecuted throughout Europe.

In this way the dry statements of the historic manual are transfigured. They live, they breathe, they burn: they are dilated by a mighty meaning, and deep interest is awakened in the hearers. Now the lesson is over. It is never very long, and never crowded with heterogeneous images, but is a simple, lucid narrative, grouping correlative events about the central figures, and bringing perhaps distant nations and ages together in the correspondence of a similar development, attaining thus a double purpose—the illustration of one of the highest truths, the unity of knowledge, and impressing upon its hearers a story that has been made as real to them as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and as enthralling as the *Arabian Nights*.

This may be considered as the initial stage in the process of instruction. Two or three days are allowed to pass before the subject is renewed and the test is applied by which the impressions that have been made may be ascertained. Then the pupils rehearse the history they have heard from their master. All must be prepared, for each one is liable to be called upon. Now comes the opportunity for observing the thoroughness of their comprehension of the ideas he has endeavored to impress upon their minds. He questions, corrects, explains, stimulates the nascent faculties by pertinent suggestions, sifts again and again their

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interpretation of essential points, until, the subject having been presented in so many forms and phrases, the shell of confused speech drops away and the rich and solid kernel of a just conception remains permanently fixed in the memory.

I would not linger too long over this portion of our inquiry, neither would I fail to give a faithful representation of an exercise of surpassing value. The tutor's lecture is but the prelude to the detailed study that follows. His class have had no written summary of it to aid remembrance, and the facts given in the textbook are of the most arid kind. In order, then, to grasp the subject they must have yielded their undivided attention to the speaker. Here, then, is the first great lesson in mental discipline, and it is a fundamental one. Secondly, they learn to understand what was said in its totality—a great advance in the development of the mind. Thirdly, in order to repeat the statements connectedly the knowledge acquired must in some degree, at least, have been transmuted into faculty—must have become assimilated and capable of separation into distinct classes of ideas, which the student, because they are clear, is able to express clearly. It is this acquirement that, in its application by a more mature intellect to the profounder problems that later years present, constitutes the difference between those who can think and that vast majority of mankind who have never learned to use their intellectual powers. These are the key-notes of the method which gives to the educational system of Germany its just celebrity. The same principle obtains throughout. Direct and forcible appeals to the faculties are made from the beginning, and hence flow results as inevitable as they are important. The studies are few, and always grouped according to their natural relations. Geography forms the framework of the historic picture: it is the theatre where the drama is enacted. Literature is the expression of thought during each memorable era. Those barren descriptions of the earth's divisions, those dead details of mountain

and river, state and city, which in their fatal isolation from associations weary and revolt our poor children at home, here become instinct with life by the art of the teacher. How simple all this is when we are once aroused to the perception of it! What is there in the bare declaration that a mighty range of mountains stretches along the Pacific slope of the Western continent to stamp an image of those majestic peaks upon the cells of a young brain? On the other hand, there are probably but few children living under civilized influences who have not represented to themselves a hill standing in the storied land of Palestine called Calvary.

There are many other admirable exercises included in the German method of culture, all tending to the same end, and all worthy of careful portrayal, which nevertheless the limits of this paper compel me to slight. I can only advert to them in order to aid the conception of the system as a whole. The subjects, besides being arranged in accordance with their relationships, are further adapted to the age of the pupil and to the phenomena of external Nature. During summer the powers of observation and discrimination are vigorously exercised upon materials afforded by the woods and fields. This is the season when the natural sciences are studied, and whole afternoons are set apart for excursions into the surrounding country, where, amid the vivid interest and eager curiosity of the students, living illustrations are discovered of those laws and processes which they have learned from books, and specimens are gathered for future investigation. The earth begins to teem for the expanding mind of the boy with a new and unimagined life. The young girl learns to look upon the flower she had once regarded simply as a beautiful ornament of the fields with enlightened eyes as a link in the mechanism of the world.

Can any one doubt the effect of such a course of instruction as this? Probably not. Briefly, to conclude this description. The schoolroom, even to the dull-est scholars, is an interesting place—to

the kindling, questioning spirit it is a storehouse of delights. The object is to make it so, to enlist every faculty in the furtherance of what is going on in that wondrous workshop. Hence there is no unnecessary restraint, and consequently no jaded and dejected minds. Finally, in case it has not been clearly understood, let me repeat that various branches are not committed to the charge of a single tutor, but that each teacher has his specialty, and instructs in that alone.

Now let us turn to our own country, and take the public-school system here as representative of the national method of teaching. To begin: the buildings are usually admirable, their hygienic condition is fair, their appointments are comfortable and convenient. In the second place, the appliances for instruction—maps, globes, instruments and books—are not to be surpassed. Finally, a mass of young humanity is gathered there whose capacities are, to say the least, fully equal to those of their Teutonic kindred. Given these conditions at starting, the results should be considerable. The question is, Are they so? Does the harvest correspond with the richness of the soil that has been planted? Let every parent seek to answer this question: What is the method of cultivation to which the mind of my child has been subjected? To do this the object of education must be first fully ascertained, and what is meant by the term distinctly understood. If it be admitted that education is a process of culture and development of the mind, and not the equipment of the memory alone, I fear that the reflections which an investigation of our educational system must give rise to will be for the most part painful ones. What is the testimony on this subject of those manuals whose completeness is so much praised? what are the facts which every examination at a public school forces upon our attention? It is not possible, and perhaps it is not necessary, to carry this inquiry into minute details. Suffice it to say, that all indications point to one radical fact—namely, the operation of a system direct-

ed to the acquisition of learning, instead of to the cultivation of those intellectual powers upon which alone knowledge can be securely based. Discouraging as this allegation is, it is unhappily true, and the proofs are at hand. The very attitude of the children at their desks, the expression of their faces, the tone of their voices in recitation, tell the tale to a practised sense. I need not cite authorities: the test is within the reach of every intelligent man and woman. Take any child not exceptionally gifted and propose to it a question upon the subject that has engaged its most recent and constant attention, but let the query involve some activity of the understanding, while all suggestions from familiar forms of speech are avoided—a question, in short, that forces the mind into independent action—and the result will be more significant than many examples abstractly constructed. Our school system is one of acquisition by rote, not of attainment by the understanding. Its consequences to the intellect may be roughly compared with those that would manifest themselves in the bodily organism if, for example, one limb should remain entirely at rest while all its functions were performed by the corresponding member. That which continued passive would shrink, and finally undergo structural change, while the other would become abnormally developed. The illustration is scarcely forcible enough, for one limb may replace another to some extent, whereas no acquirements, no marvels of cultivated memory, can compensate for deficient training of the higher faculties of the mind. The method that ignores this is the more dangerous in that it fosters pernicious tendencies, which are but too apt to manifest themselves without encouragement. Conspicuous among these is the tendency to substitute brilliant impostures for honest achievement, to take for granted conclusions that require careful investigation, to rely upon the efforts of others rather than upon those made by ourselves, and on the lighter and more superficial processes of thought in preference to those severer exercises of faculty

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which are the passports to all genuine and high attainment.

Observe the rigid military discipline that prevails in our public schools, the fixed posture, the unnatural silence, and ask any physiologist as to the effect of this treatment upon the nervous system of a healthy child. Mark the results upon the feminine element in our seminaries of the unnatural restraints to which they are subjected—observe the indications of physical ill they have originated in teachers and scholars. Look, at any annual examination, over the array of pallid faces, and consider whether the brilliant but superficial display of the exhibition will repay the heavy cost it has entailed. I have taken the public-school organization as representative of American education in general, but it is not amenable to the gravest criticism. The curriculum is excellent, nor can the charge of overloading the brain with heterogeneous matter be preferred against it exclusively by any means. What are the catalogues of studies pursued in public schools in comparison with those of many private seminaries for girls? How frequently are examination-reports from these exhibited to us, that, if they were what they purport to be, would prove either the common possession of prodigious genius by the pupils or the aid of supernatural inspiration! Some of the most abstruse branches of knowledge figure conspicuously in these records, while the innocent aspirant, who has perhaps obtained prizes for proficiency in them, looks at you with eyes over whose careless brightness the solemn shadow of a single thought has never fallen. Naturally, these statements admit of exceptions. Instruction *is* given and schools *are* conducted on a different and better plan, and there are teachers both in public and private institutions whose ability and culture would make the exclusive practice of a vicious method of education impossible.

It is not to be denied that American children evince a capacity which is calculated to excite the coldest to exertion in order to secure for them the best conditions for development. Indeed, the ex-

istence in an eminent degree of the ability I have spoken of appears to me to be beyond dispute, and a residence in Europe, with full opportunity for observation, has settled this impression into a conviction. The achievements of our girls in competition with Germans under their system of training furnishes unmistakable evidence in favor of this opinion. It is the very facility their minds exhibit that makes our rote-instruction so pernicious. Their gifts operate against them and conspire to simulate attainments far beyond the reality.

Meanwhile, because our methods of education are defective and better ones are to be found on the other side of the Atlantic, seven thousand of our countrymen, as I have already said, are contributing to the support of foreign seminaries and subjecting their children to the impressions of a foreign life.

Much of the evil that attaches to this appears upon the surface, but other and graver objections remain which are not easily perceived, or at least not discriminated. Everybody knows, theoretically, that, given certain causes, certain effects must follow. It is another thing, however, to live in daily observation of the fact, and to trace the operation of these causes through their multiplied consequences in individual instances. A realization of their character is thus obtained more true and vivid than any that could be derived from theory. It is under the influence of this realization that I purpose to explain to such of my countrymen as may read this paper some of the graver disadvantages attendant upon foreign education—disadvantages so great, as I conceive them, as to counterbalance the benefits derived from that admirable school system whose operation I have endeavored to portray.

Since education is not merely the acquisition of knowledge, but, far more, the development of mind and character, it follows that, whatever be the order of study or the method of its pursuit, the general environment of the developing being is, after all, by far the most important factor in the process. It is possible to miss the advantages of the best

of systems, as it is to mitigate the deterioration of the worst, but it is altogether beyond human power to develop independently of one's surroundings. That the method of training pursued in the North German schools tends to strengthen the natural powers admits of no doubt, but that the *general development* of our children can proceed with equal success there cannot be maintained. An American educated in Germany may possibly preserve a speculative attachment to republican principles, but even while his lips are declaring the theory of our Constitution his whole character will exhibit the antagonistic impressions of monarchism. How can this be doubted? We all know the lasting results effected by natural agents—soil, climate, food, etc.—both on the individual and upon the race: can it be questioned that moral influences are at least as potent? Youth is the plastic part of life, the time when whatever modifies the character leaves its deepest and most permanent traces, and of all seasons it is the one during which the environment should be most carefully selected. Whatever be the effect upon the mind of the governmental and social systems of America, this much at least is certain, that those of Europe are completely antagonistic to them. Hence, let the improvement of our children abroad be what it may, they do not and they cannot remain genuine Americans. Two fundamental and wholly opposite principles underlie all the discipline of Germany and the United States. In the former the whole political and social body is interpenetrated and pervaded by the doctrine of obedience to authority—in the latter by that of self-government. This statement is the key to the entire problem. American freedom rests upon the personal character of the citizen. This is the source of our independence, and everything in our codes tends to foster and elevate the importance of that unit whose aggregation makes what we call the nation. Such sentiments are not only unshared by most Europeans, but cannot be comprehended by them even when expounded in the clearest language. Their effect

is only to produce a sense of such superb arrogance on our part as would befit the extravagance of madness. And how could it be otherwise? How should they be expected to understand the pride which refuses to recognize a superior in rank and at the same time acknowledges the limits of its own claims—that holds no station as a valid reason for superiority, and yet pays a simple deference to those distinctions which Nature or individual effort has created? Where could they find the solution of such an enigma as this?

The horizon of the American is only limited by his capacity: whatever force of character and constancy of purpose can attain he is free to grasp. The liberty he enjoys is not a chimera: it is his birth-gift from his country, and one which, while it is of inestimable value, involves also the gravest responsibilities. Such conditions inspire a self-respect, secure an independence of judgment and institute motives of action that are, in the nature of things, different from those obtaining elsewhere, and are not only dissimilar, but often antipathetic, to European ideas. Let us look for some illustrations. Women in the United States have a freedom that is there regarded as the condition of all true virtue. But in Germany, while their character is as high as it is anywhere, their liberty is greatly restricted by custom. With us social intercourse between the sexes is comparatively unrestrained, its best guardians being the communicating parties themselves, and yet I think that the virtue of American women stands fairly before the world. In Germany, on the contrary, the two sexes are subject to a literal divorce: their association is limited to public occasions and set entertainments. Men have their wine-suppers, and women their coffee-parties, alone. There is little friendly visiting, and no natural and informal intimacy between them. Thus being strangers to each other, the embarrassment, constraint and ceremony of their meetings, the excessive perturbation and total want of confidence, appear most singular to us. The effects of this custom are manifold and

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farspreading. Let us consider some of the most obvious.

Nature, being interfered with, takes her revenge. Strong natural impulses, denied a legitimate outlet, find one that is illegitimate. Young men seek feminine associates among their inferiors. Girls who look forward to years of self-denial and restraint after their entrance into society take their compensation before the eyes of the world are fixed upon them; and this leads me to a feature of social life in Germany which seems odd indeed to a foreigner. Besides the theatre where men and women play their parts, there is another stage where a mimic scene is continually enacted in strange, grotesque travesty of the former. Here the tragic and comic situations, the conflicting passions of real life, are all counterfeited, but the actors are *children*! The age at which girls and boys begin to play at love-making is almost beyond belief. All take their places in the lists, and the rivalries and jealousies, the triumphs and despair, the fealties and abandonments, are incredibly like those that thrill and tear the bosoms of their seniors. Some trace of this may of course be seen everywhere, fitfully exhibiting itself in individual cases or diffused in communities by the example of one or two precocious creatures who have infected the rest. Flashes of the spirit are visible in most children at times—are shown in the distant devotion of a little girl to a man, the family doctor, the clergyman or the *fiancé* of an elder sister, or, on the other hand, when some gallant little fellow, won by a smile and gentle tone, conceives a hopeless but ecstatic passion for his aunt. But this is a very different thing from the mimic courtships that go on in Germany, where almost every school-girl has her lover, who addresses her in the language of flattery and devotion, and carries on a correspondence with her that would be ludicrous indeed if it were always possible to eliminate the evil consequences that attach to prematurity. These innamorati rarely enjoy a personal acquaintance, seldom meet more closely than across the street, never perhaps exchange a word with each

other. Indeed, did they do so actual association would destroy the fiction, and childhood, inextinguishable, inalienable, neither to be abandoned nor denied, would presently reassert itself. It is the separation, in droll imitation of their elders, that keeps up the farce, the mystery, excitement, stratagems, kindled imagination and awakened vanity, that, acting as stimulants, sustain the interest in a comedy that would otherwise soon grow wearisome, and missing its aim of amusement would give place to healthier and more natural diversions. But the separation is maintained, the comedy proceeds, and the innocence of childhood is too often tainted by an anticipated maturity. It is not necessary to point out the moral of this, since that will readily be perceived by every parent who reads these lines. I would only suggest that the indirect effects of this conduct upon the character are worse than the direct ones, and that in the constant necessity for concealment there lies a greater peril than that involved in the unnatural development of the passions of jealousy and vanity, with all their train of attendant evils. In the United States women occupy a higher position than that which is permitted them in other countries, and they are sustained in this by a chivalry that has, in respect of the whole sex, no parallel elsewhere. If the social status of woman be, as is often said, a criterion by which the state of civilization in any country may be decided, that which she holds in America witnesses to the excellence of the form of government as much as it does to the development of the nation in other respects. In Germany women are much more under control, and perhaps it would not be saying too much to assert that in several essential particulars an absolute reversal of the relations existing in our own land would form the most faithful picture of the situation there. This subject is too large for treatment here. The consideration of it would demand a separate and careful study. The fact, however, is indisputable, and a most striking comment upon it is the recent prohibition

of marriages between Prussian officers and American women, *pour cause!*

The point I desire to emphasize particularly with regard to the education of our children abroad is the anti-republican influences to which they are exposed, and by which they must inevitably be affected. Here is the pith of the whole matter. It is no trifle — no less than a question of stamping our young people with impressions derived from a foreign and in many respects antagonistic social and political order of things. It is quite useless to talk of liberty and equality to boys and girls while rank and power pass by with all their pomp and circumstance, and while their companions and teachers willingly acknowledge their claims and pretensions. The influence of such surroundings is far too powerful to be resisted by the young and inexperienced.

I do not desire it to be inferred from these observations that the Germans are not tender husbands and kind fathers, good, honest and trustworthy in all their family relationships, but only that the entire association of the sexes is on a different footing from our own, and that the women, acquiescing in public sentiment and the established order of things, accept the situation contentedly. The spirit accustomed to subjection finds passive submission easy, unless perhaps the spectacle of a kinder fate may arouse an opposition born of envy. Some such feeling appears to be awakened in Germans by what they call American presumption, whether exhibited in individual, sex or class, and the sentiment is the natural and necessary consequence of institutions so antipodal to our own. Our social organization remains an insoluble problem to them, and is for that reason a perpetual challenge to attack.

It is but natural that the American child should excite a partially inimical feeling in most European schools, and this it must expect to encounter during the time that it is in subjection to their educational systems. This is a crucial test for those principles which we are accustomed to regard as a necessary and integral portion of our republican doctrines. With men and women the case is wholly different. For them such experiences have a value which cannot be doubted. Nothing is more deplorable than prejudice, and no end should be more steadfastly pursued than the attainment of that broad judgment and catholic sympathy which come from free association with the world. But this is a discipline only adapted to the mature mind, capable of sifting phenomena, of removing the disguises of error, and of resisting the influence of opinions that have their strongest hold upon that mimetic tendency which is the almost universal weakness of humanity. Let us think seriously before we expose our children to a trial that is beyond childhood's strength. It is too true that the method of education in North Germany is vastly superior to our own; but, on the other hand, there are adverse influences at work there which we shall do well not to overlook. In view of this let us all consider gravely the subject of education in the United States. By modifying and improving our methods we shall perhaps recall much of the native wealth now expended abroad to the support of American schools, in which the conditions afforded by a free country can work conjointly with a better system of instruction, not only for the attainment of a higher culture, but also of a more symmetrical development. M. H. P.

IN THE BACKWOODS OF CAROLINA.

IT was once my lot to spend six months in the pine woods of Western North Carolina, on the border of that region known to lovers of grand scenery as "The Land of the Sky." Here, shut away from books, from society, from all the distractions of the outer world, I had ample leisure to study the primitive manners and customs of the people.

My journey into the backwoods began at Greensboro', a central town of North Carolina. Many traditions and associations cluster about this place. It is the home of the Worths and Vances and Moreheads, and in the palmy days of Southern prosperity the stately brick mansions with wide piazzas, set back from the street and shaded by noble oaks, were the scenes of profuse and graceful hospitality.

Still older traditions date back to the time of the Revolution. A few miles to the northward the battle of Guilford Court-house was fought between the British forces under Cornwallis and the Americans under Greene. Mounds and trenches where the British soldiers were buried are still shown, the old trees about the ancient village of Martinsville bear marks of cannon-balls, and bullets and buttons were until within a few years ploughed up on the battle-field. The dread inspired among the negroes and lower classes of whites by the current ghost-stories has died out only during the present generation. According to these stories, spectral troops of cavalry, or "King's Light-horse," rode at night across the field, the groans of wounded and dying sounded on the night air, lights were seen moving, words of command and the clash of arms were heard. These superstitions had such a hold upon the minds of the negroes that not even for his freedom would one walk across the battle-field after dark.

The country about Greensboro' has been generally cleared and cultivated, though many forests of oak and chest-

nut still stand, and many old fields have been abandoned to a growth of sedge-grass and young pines.

I had been in Greensboro' two or three days, and was wondering in what kind of a place and among what people I was destined to spend the next half year, when one afternoon a large, antique-looking covered wagon drawn by two horses stopped at the gate, and a lively old man in homespun clothes crawled out of the forward end and jumped over the front wheel to the ground. A fringe of scanty gray hair showed under his hat; a stubby beard of two or three days' growth adorned his chin; he had shrewd, twinkling gray eyes, a hooked nose, and teeth that met on the edges. Low cowhide shoes, tied with leather strings, displayed woollen stockings the color of his butternut clothing. This was my first sight of Uncle Billy L——, a character who afforded me continual entertainment during the six months that followed.

He came up to the door, other faces in the mean while peering out of the front of the wagon or from under the curtain at the side. In a high-pitched voice he said, "I reckon our teacher's hyar—one of them Northern teachers that the superintendent brought down the other day. If she's hyar I want her. We're jist a-startin' home, and we'll take her with us. Reckon she's got a chist of clothes to go."

I presented myself, and pointed out my trunk, a large Saratoga which stood in the hall.

He looked at it a minute, with his eyebrows and upper lip elevated and his teeth set on edge, then burst into a shrill prolonged "He! he! he! Reckon you've got a man in thar," he said, "but you've no need to bring a feller down here with you from the North. We've got plenty of likely ones here: I've got six boys myself. But come to the wagon and git in: I'll send the boys in for your chist."

I followed him to the gate, feeling that the leafless oaks and blue November sky suddenly and strongly suggested homesickness.

"'Light, boys, 'light!' Uncle Billy said. "This is our new teacher.—This is my son Jeems; this is my son John; this is my son Thomas; this is my son Levi; and I've got two more at home. John's married, but you can have your pick of the rest. He! he! he!"

"Now, William," said a reproving voice from the interior of the wagon, "what d'ye want to plague the young woman for? She ain't used to your ways."

"That's my old woman," said Uncle Billy. "Come, git inside, and she'll make a good place for ye in the hay."

Just then a lady and gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in the last few days came to bid me good-bye. They seemed to be the last link that bound me to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and it was with a gulp of homesick longing that I took leave of them, and with Uncle Billy's assistance mounted into the front part of the wagon, feeling that the Dark Ages had yawned to take me in.

Aunt Betsy, Uncle Billy's wife, sat in the middle of the wagon on an old bed-quilt spread on the hay. She was stout, round-shouldered and short-waisted, and wore a little cape of old-fashioned indigo-blue calico stretched across her shoulders. Her dress was of homespun, made in the most primitive fashion: her calico sun-bonnet, stiffened with splints of corn-stalk instead of pasteboard, hung from one of the ribs or staves which supported the wagon-cover overhead. Her faded brown hair was parted crookedly on top of her head, drawn violently back and fastened with a horn comb. No garniture of white was visible about her neck or wrists. Her face had evidently been fair in youth, and still showed traces of former comeliness, but the effect was spoiled by a solitary lower tooth, which closed on the outside of her upper lip, when her mouth was shut, like a yellow tusk.

The four sons, varying in age from eighteen to thirty, were tall and loose-

jointed, with the bright eyes, good color and free expression of mountaineers. They were dressed in homespun like their father.

They returned with my trunk, or "chist," and after much rearranging of their purchases, which had been stowed away for the journey, room was made for it in the back part of the wagon. Aunt Betsy and I leaned against it; in front of us on the hay sat Uncle Billy and his oldest son, facing each other; Jeems was driver, and his two younger brothers sat beside him on the seat. The string that drew the curtain behind was closely tied, and the opening in front was nearly filled: our view of the outer world was restricted to glimpses we caught between the heads of Jeems and his brothers. So we rode out of Greensboro' and began our slow journey to the mountains. The wagon was one of a kind I have seen nowhere outside of North Carolina. The bed was longer than the bed of an average farm-wagon, and, instead of being straight along the sides, it presented a concave curve, being low in the middle and high in front and behind. The white cover followed the outline of the wagon-bed: it ran up in front, up behind, and had a corresponding depression in the middle. There were no springs, and we jolted along over the dirt-road, which had been washed into gullies here and there, the horses going all the while at a slow walk.

The glimpses we obtained through the opening in front showed us withered November woods, brown oak trees and yellow chestnuts, and old fields where the faded sedge-grass waved in the wind and the dark green of the pine-thickets contrasted vividly with the red soil of the numerous gullies.

Toward dusk Uncle Billy sprang out of the wagon with the agility of a boy, and walked on ahead of the team, now and then shouting back directions to Jeems about driving; and just before dark we turned off the road, drove through a gap in the fence, across a field of sedge-grass, and stopped in front of a low wooden house with a tumble-

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down piazza. The people who lived here were acquaintances of Uncle Billy's, and according to the Southern custom we were to avail ourselves of their hospitality for the night. I was cramped and stiff from sitting in one position so long, and was glad to crawl over the front seat, through the opening and down over the wheel to the ground. Noisy greetings were exchanged between the two families, and Uncle Billy's shrill "He! he! he!" rang out as he uttered some joke which he thought intensely funny. The wood was piled higher in the huge fireplace, and we sat around the ruddy blaze, while children with long white hair and one finger in their mouths stood on the hearth in front of us and stared at us. The girls wore homespun dresses with narrow skirts that reached to their heels: the boys' clothes were cut just like their father's, and made them look like little old men.

When summoned to supper we went out through the darkness several yards to the kitchen, where we sat down to fried pork, soda biscuits, strong coffee, persimmon pudding—or "'simmon puddin'," as it was called—and honey. The men-folks talked, and sometimes Aunt Betsy spoke of her visit to Greensboro', but the women of the family stood abashed and mute by the fireplace or brought more hot biscuits and coffee.

When bedtime came I was ushered into a room with two beds in it, and told which I was to occupy. Some members of the family slept in the other, but they came in after I was asleep, and were up and gone before I awoke. We started early next morning, after eating breakfast by candlelight. The blue November sky became overclouded, and a drizzling rain fell. The wind sighed drearily through the withered brown leaves of the oak woods, and the road was full of sticky red mud. Inside the wagon Aunt Betsy and I shivered, in spite of the bed-quilt we had wrapped around us, and Uncle Billy turned up his coat-collar, pulled down his hat-brim and set his teeth on edge. His tall sons took turns in walking up the hills, for the heavy load and thick mud made it hard pulling for the horses. We passed farms

so rocky that one might walk from one side of a field to the other without stepping off the rocks, old fields washed into gullies and partly overgrown with pines and patches of scrubby oak timber, and crossed Deep River and several swift-running streams. We toiled up one muddy hillside and down another all the forenoon, and saw in this half day's journey only two large, comfortable-looking houses with extensive grounds. The other houses we passed were low, unpainted wooden structures, with rickety piazzas in front and no front yards or ornamental shrubbery.

We stopped at noon at a house in the wet brown November woods. Several lean, hungry-looking hounds skulked around the door. No one was at home but a woman and two little children, and they were huddled over a fire in the bare, comfortless kitchen. The woman seemed afraid of strangers, and said scarcely a word, but gave us the use of her fireplace. Aunt Betsy prepared a hasty lunch from some materials she had in the wagon: she made a johnny-cake of Indian meal and baked it on a board in front of the fire, and boiled coffee in a coffee-pot set on the coals. As she bent over the fire, her face red with heat, giving the coffee-pot a spiral twirl or beating a final pat upon the johnny-cake with her broad hand, I thought I could see why she was short-waisted and round-shouldered. Fifty years' cooking by a fireplace, stooping over the hearth an hour or two three times a day, was enough to warp any form.

We passed few houses that afternoon, and few patches of cleared land. The woods seemed endless: from the top of each hill we climbed we saw an horizon of forest. The chestnuts had disappeared, and tall pines, fit for "the mast of some great admiral," mingled with the oaks. As the wind swept through their branches a long, slow, mournful sound was borne to our ears, bringing some indefinable association of sadness and longing. Great bunches of dark-green mistletoe grew in the oak trees. There was a thick undergrowth of chinquapin, persimmon and holly, the latter a beautiful

tree with clusters of bright red berries and glossy green leaves set around the edge with thorns. The persimmon-boughs were laden with fruit, some smooth, full and bright yellow, others shrivelled and purple. The latter were delicious to the taste, resembling dates in flavor, but it was a favorite practical joke among the natives to press the former upon strangers, telling them that the more tempting fruit was the better. Whoever tasted it rarely cared to repeat the experience, remembering the smarting, puckered sensation it left in his mouth. Uncle Billy presented some yellow persimmons to me with a sober face, but Aunt Betsy said, "Now, William!" and he burst into his usual shrill "He! he! he!" then went on to relate a number of familiar sayings and stories connected with the persimmon, beginning with the proverb, "It's the longest pole that knocks the persimmon," and ending with a story of his own about one of his neighbors trying to catch a 'possum which was up in a persimmon tree feeding on the fruit.

Toward the end of the day's journey the hills grew steeper and rose into mountains, and the road wound along their base or zigzagged up their sides. The country was wild and lonely. It seemed that we had left all traces of the busy, progressive world behind, having penetrated into the forest beyond the farthest echo of the railroad. Darkness came upon us while we were yet several miles from our journey's end. The jolting of the springless wagon and the confinement produced a feeling akin to seasickness, and I spent the last hour in a state of half unconsciousness, half misery, with my head in Aunt Betsy's lap.

She roused me by saying, "We've got thar;" and the next minute we turned off the main road into a short lane leading to a house. As soon as the sound of wagon-wheels greeted the inmates the door opened, firelight streamed out, three large dogs came rushing down to the big gate, figures filled the lighted doorway, and clamorous greetings were exchanged between the members of the family. The younger children shouted, "Pap and

mam's come!" and called off the dogs, who were leaping up to the horses' heads and getting in everybody's way: "Down, Towse! down, Bull! down, Pup!"

When I was seated in front of the huge fireplace these children, five in number, ranged themselves on the broad stone hearth before me, and proceeded to take a deliberate survey of me from head to foot. This was no intentional rudeness on their part, but simply an expression of childish curiosity; nor was it considered a breach of manners by the parents, for no reproof was offered. The girls had long hair, white as flax, which was permitted to hang straight down from the line of parting: when it fell over their eyes they put it back behind their ears. The skirts of their homespun dresses were long and narrow, and were finished at the bottom with a little hem.

A little shed-room attached to the back of the house, with a small four-paned window and a door that was warped so that it would not shut by several inches, was set apart for my room; and though it contained no toilet conveniences—no wash-bowl or pitcher, no looking-glass or stand—in fact, nothing but a bed and a chair, I learned to be thankful for the comparative privacy it afforded me. Many of the houses in the neighborhood had no spare room for guests, and when I went visiting I had to sleep in the same room with the whole family. The feather bed in my room was so high that it was necessary to mount on a chair to get to it, and when the plunge was made I sank down half buried.

The next morning, when I awoke, there was a row of children's faces, one above another, peeping in through the warped door. Aunt Betsy came presently with a pewter basin of water, and sent them away. She set the basin on the chair in my room and threw a towel over the back. I learned to be thankful for these accommodations and to regard myself as a pampered Sybarite.

A look from the front door showed me the character of the surroundings. In front of the house, a few rods away, was the red muddy road, and beyond it rose a hill covered with scrubby oaks, with-

ered and brown, interspersed with a few pines. Between the road and the house were the woodpile, a soap-kettle, an outdoor oven for drying persimmons and blackberries, the loom-house, and a small log building wherein were some blacksmith's tools, several old wagon-wheels and some rusty horseshoes. On one side was the garden, looking dreary and forlorn, as gardens usually do in November, with turnip-tops visible on the muddy surface, and two or three embankments marking the place where cabbage had been stowed away for the winter. On the other, in close proximity, were the barn and two or three corn-cribs. Back of the house the ground sloped steeply to a creek bordered with hazelnut bushes, then rose as steeply on the other side to an unbroken forest of leafless oaks and dark-green pines. The opposite slope was covered with white skeletons of trees, and was called "the deadenin'": the nearer slope was marked with cornstalks, showing that it was a part of the farm. I marvelled how horses and ploughs went up and down these steep slopes when preparing the ground, or horses and wagons in corn-gathering time. At the openings of the valley through which the creek flowed were mountains beyond mountains, blue with the haze of distance. And this was all there was to be seen—no sign of neighbors' houses, no sight of neighborly smoke.

Uncle Billy's house was made of logs, weatherboarded on the outside and ceiled on the inside with planed boards, which had grown brown with smoke and time. It consisted of one large room, with a loft overhead and two shed-rooms attached to the back. At the front of the house was a long porch—or "peazzer," as it was called—with a shelter and a railing. A continuation of its floor led to the kitchen, a few yards distant, but there was no protection against rain or snow. In bad weather the family made a rush from the "big house" to the kitchen, accepting without protest an inconvenience which they seemed to regard as irremediable.

The kitchen was of logs, and glimpses of surrounding scenery could be obtain-

ed through the chinks. There were two doors, one on each side, but no windows. A long table, made of two wide boards, occupied the greater part of the room, and here at meal-time Uncle Billy and Aunt Betsy sat at the opposite ends, with their sons and daughters ranged on two long benches between them, like Job and his wife before their calamities. A huge fireplace, with the pots, pans, kettles, long-handled ovens and other articles used in cooking, filled one end of the room, and the other was occupied by unused spinning-wheels, reels, quilting-frames and side-saddles. Some shelves which hung against the wall held the blue-edged dishes and yellow platters, and bundles of dried herbs and miscellaneous articles of household use, such as candle-moulds, gourd dippers and bunches of red peppers, depended from the beams overhead.

The dish-washing was not done on the table, but at the hearth, the women preferring to bend over with their heads to the fire while they washed the dishes in a "keeler." A keeler is a wooden vessel resembling a foot-tub, and a "piggin," used for carrying water from the well, is another, which resembles a pail, except that it has no movable handle, a stave which projects above the rest serving for that purpose.

The food of which these hardy mountaineers partook was produced on their own land, the usual dishes being pork in various forms, mush, crackling, corn-bread, stewed pumpkin, blackberry pies served in yellow earthen dishes, and persimmon pudding.

One day will serve as a sample of many. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, Uncle Billy got up and dressed himself in front of the fire, which he replenished by throwing on a piece of fat pine: then, opening the door of the short crooked stairs that led to the loft, he called, "Jeems! Thomas! Levi!" in a voice that must have come like a shot to the ears of the sleepers. Then, with many long yawns and groans and hums, he sat before the fire until breakfast was ready, looking into the blaze with elevated eyebrows. He was not al-

ways hilarious, but had occasional spells of low spirits, and intimidated by gloomy remarks that he thought everything was going to destruction. Aunt Betsy in the mean time had risen and waked her girls, and was now rattling the pots and dishes in the kitchen. Breakfast was eaten by candlelight: then the members of the family dispersed to their various tasks. Jeems and two or three of his brothers took their axes and went into the woods, whence the echoes of their "riving" of shingles or their chopping sounded all the forenoon. Levi, in obedience to his father's orders to take a grist (long *z*) to mill, put a sack of corn on a horse, mounted bareback before it, and rode off whistling through a path in the woods to a mill miles away on the creek. Uncle Billy betook himself to husking corn in the barn or wandered, with his hands behind his back, through his turnip-patch and cornfields, planning the next year's crops. Aunt Betsy went to the loom-house, whence the sound of her vigorous industry soon came: one daughter washed dishes in the log kitchen, and another went to sweep the floor and make the beds. She who did the sweeping had no light task. This had always been associated in my mind with carpets and dust, but here it related to bare floors and mud which had been carried in on the feet of the family. The broom was a bundle of sedge-grass about as long as one's arm, tied tightly at the stems with a string and wielded with one hand. The sweeper had to stoop with a one-sided motion at every stroke, and the energy of her efforts to get the floor clean sent the airy, thistle-like seeds of the sedge-grass floating through the room. At noon the members of the family gathered from their various tasks to dinner, then went back again and worked till nightfall.

After supper there was an irregular procession from the log kitchen into the house, and whoever shut the "peazzer"-door had to get up, and open it for the next comer, for the string was broken and the latch could be lifted only from the inside. This was a slight inconvenience, but they had become accus-

ed to it, and did not seem to think of remedying it. With a great clattering the splint-bottomed chairs were dragged into a semicircle in front of the hearth: a knot of fat pine from a pile in the corner was thrown into the fire, and the rich flame brightened the whole room. Lamps were unknown and candles rarely used. A pine-knot answered the purpose of lamps within and lanterns without. Uncle Billy and his sons sat around the fire with their hats on, and discussed farm or neighborhood matters. Aunt Betsy busied herself with knitting, and the younger children, bending over to shade their eyes from the light, pored over some schoolbook or "ciphered" on their slates. The dancing firelight, replenished now and then with a fresh pine-knot, cast a ruddy glow over the group and threw their shadows on the ceiling and back wall;

And all the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

Everything was intended for use: there was no attempt at ornament. There was no carpet, no wall-paper, no whitewash. The board walls were brown and bare; the mantelpiece, which could be reached only by standing on a chair, had nothing but the almanac and family Bible on top of it; there were no pictures, no works of art of even the rudest character. In the back part of the room were two beds, and these, together with an ancient bureau, with brass rings for handles to the drawers, two chests, or "chists"—in one of which reposed an antique, tight, old-fashioned suit of clothes which had been Uncle Billy's wedding-suit—and about twenty splint-bottomed chairs, comprised the furniture.

Hanging near the door was a small broken looking-glass wherein the beholder's face appeared in disjointed sections, and beneath it was a comb-case containing some broken combs. These were the toilet conveniences for the whole family. In the morning they went to the well and drew water, washed their faces and hands, dried them on a towel that hung in the kitchen, then came back and combed their hair, bestowing no more care on their personal appearance dur-

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ing the day. There was no clock to tell when bedtime came, but it announced itself in the yawns of the children, who grew sleepy after an hour or two spent in front of the fire, and were sent to bed by their mother. By this time Uncle Billy had got into a warm discussion with his older sons, not about politics or the state of the country—for they took no papers and knew little of the world beyond their horizon of woods—but about some local matter—whether the new foot-log was to be placed where the old one was or a little farther up the creek, or whether the white sow that broke into their turnip-patch belonged to Neighbor MacNary or to their own hogs, which ran wild in the woods. Still asserting his opinion, he rose up, hung his hat on a peg behind the door, divested himself of his outer garments and got into bed. He went on talking with occasional pauses until an aggressive snore proclaimed that he was continuing the argument in his dreams. Then the sons took themselves to the loft above, where the creaking of the floor and the rickety bedsteads announced that they were retiring for the night. The two younger children slept in a trundle-bed drawn from under their parents' bed, and two half-grown daughters occupied the other one in the room. Aunt Betsy, after nodding a while over her knitting, would rouse herself and cover the fire, and I would retire to my little shed-room at the back of the house.

The view from its one small, four-paned window over the deep valley, which at night was a gulf of darkness, to the white skeleton trees of the "deadening" and the sombre pine forest on the high ridge beyond, together with the murmuring voice of the stream, which was the only sound that broke the stillness when silence had fallen upon the household, was not particularly cheering to one inclined to homesickness.

Everything about this establishment was done in the most primitive manner. The cloth for the woollen clothes of the family was spun and woven by the thrifty hands of the mother and her daughters, the coloring being obtained

from dyes found in the woods around them, the bark of trees or nutshells. The washing was done in tubs on a slab bench by the well. The men's working garments were beaten in a pounding-barrel: the other clothes were rubbed between the hands. Wash-day, which was any time in the middle or latter part of the week, sometimes Saturday, came and went without the use of washboards, starch, bluing or clothes-lines. The clothes were stretched on the sharp points of the garden paling to dry, or on the "peazzer" rail, whence they occasionally blew down in the night, and the dogs slept upon them.

There were a few old books, mostly school-books—the children were bright and eager to learn, and made the most of their advantages—but no newspapers, no periodical literature, to bring news of the outside world. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons Uncle Billy took the deeds of his land—yellow, time-stained documents—out of the "chist" or bureau-drawer where they were kept, and read aloud in a monotonous voice the descriptions of the boundary-lines, in which there were such items as "thence east so many rods to a post oak, thence south so many rods to a black jack." This was the family classic.

At intervals a traveller passed along the road on horseback. The three dogs bounded up from their place on the "peazzer" and ran barking down to the gate; the children ran out to call them off, shouting, "Bull! Pup! Towse!" and Uncle Billy came out to ask the stranger or acquaintance to "'light and come in."

This family were an exception to the general cast of the neighborhood, but the exception was rather in their favor. They were considered the most enterprising and intelligent, had made various trips to Greensboro' to trade hams for flour and other articles, and into the upper counties of South Carolina to dispose of horses. Uncle Billy was the oracle of the neighborhood, the leader in school, meeting and road affairs. A mile and a half distant in the woods, on the opposite side of the creek, were

the meeting- and school-houses, the first a large, ancient barn-like building nearly a hundred years old, stained with pitch to protect it from the weather; the second small and comparatively new. Near by was the old graveyard, the sunken mounds overgrown with ground-ivy, which gave forth a pungent smell when crushed under the footsteps. To the meeting-house, through the woods, on horseback or on foot, came the people of the neighborhood on Sunday, the women wearing sun-bonnets stiffened with cornstalk splints, homespun dresses and woollen mitts—some of them chewing snuff-sticks—the men in butternut-colored clothing and wide-brimmed hats, most of them chewing tobacco. The ignorance of some was of a mild, negative type, and as it was combined with timid, shrinking manners, one saw nothing offensive in it; but in others it was aggressive: it took the form of assertion and self-conceit. One man, a type of the non-progressive class, was sceptical regarding the superior advantages of the outside world: he was "agin railroads and all sich," and refused to send his children to school to learn book-knowledge, which was contrary to "Scripter and to common sense." He scouted the theory that the world was round and that it turned over. Didn't "the Scripters" speak of the four corners of the earth? and if it had four corners, how could it be round? And if the world turned over, why didn't all the water in the ponds fall out? No sich book-nonsense for him or for his children! He had got along very well without eddication, and there was no need of the children knowing more than their fathers. His horizon was bounded by the pine forest about his rocky farm: he knew nothing of the great world beyond, and cared nothing for it.

The men of the neighborhood met at times to work on the roads that wound up and down the steep hills, to fill with pine boughs and earth the gullies which the last rain had washed in the soft red soil. The next rain only washed the gullies deeper, but the men had worked out their road-tax, and had exchanged "chaws" of tobacco and a vast lot of petty neighbor-

hood gossip. These, together with the occasional meetings in regard to school-matters, were the only public gatherings. The people of this section did not vex their souls with politics. I doubt if some of them knew, half the time, who was President. It was miles through the pine forest to the nearest post-office, and that was a little village on a stage-road that wound out of one infinity of distance and wound into another. The people had little money, and little need of any. The various articles of food, clothing and household use were produced on their farms or obtained by barter. Wild game was to be had for the seeking, and fish abounded in the mountain-streams. Sometimes the men and boys of the neighborhood joined in a fox-hunt, and the deep musical bay of the hounds resounded through the moonlit woods. But the chasing and catching of hogs afforded exercise and excitement enough for even the most exuberant vitality. The hogs ran wild for the greater part of the year, feeding in the woods, and became very shy and fierce, sometimes developing tusks and bristles. They were lank, lean and wild-eyed, and ran like deer when their haunts were disturbed. Sometimes the hog-chasers saw other game—a fat possum up in a persimmon tree or a black bear in the thickets of the forest.

The families of this neighborhood, though living out of sight of each other, were social in their tendencies, and found time to visit back and forth in the long winter evenings. Sometimes the elders of one family came after supper to stay till bedtime and chat with the elders of another. Sometimes the young folks, with a pine-knot torch that cast light along the path through the pine forest, went singing and laughing, accompanied by two or three dogs, to spend a merry evening with their neighbors. On these occasions the kitchen was given up to the young people, and it resounded with their laughter and songs as they played games or practised their favorite tunes. The blazing pine-knots on the hearth cast a bright light over the room, the logs of the wall, the pole rafters overhead

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and the loom at the farther end. Every family had a loom, but not every one a loom-house, and this cumbersome piece of furniture was generally kept in one corner of the kitchen. Before the young people separated the girl-visitors must have a peep at the piece in the loom to see what stripe and colors it had. There was much good-natured rivalry between the weavers, and she whose homespun dress displayed a new stripe and a new combination of dyes was regarded with admiring envy by the others. It was a matter of pride to have a variety of homespun dresses, each with a different stripe or check.

As before remarked, not all the houses had a loft and a spare shed-room, like Uncle Billy's. One that I visited was a cabin of a single room. It contained three beds—one by the fireplace and two in the back part, with folded bed-quilts piled on a chair between them. These quilts when unfolded displayed patchwork pieced together with infinite pains—bright scraps of calico in circles and squares, three-cornered bits, wavy green vines sending out round red and round yellow flowers alternately, angular flower-pots and stiff bouquets on a ground of white. These were regarded with great pride, and were used only on extraordinary occasions. The beds were commonly spread with colored homespun coverlets, part wool and part cotton, with simple figures in the centre and a procession of stiff, unnatural birds around the border.

This family consisted of father and mother and three grown or half-grown daughters. The old man and old woman smoked pipes, sitting on opposite sides of the fireplace and grumbling at one another: the daughters all dipped snuff, and the oldest one chewed. This daughter had by some means found her way out of the woods a year or two before and gone to Raleigh, where she had been chambermaid in an hotel. She brought back with her a number of silly fashions and sickly graces, beside which the rude manners and unsophisticated ignorance of her backwoods associates appeared respectable. She wore tight

corsets, cheap jewelry and a profusion of artificial flowers: she rouged her cheeks, and appeared at meeting in the first large hoops and first overskirt that had ever been introduced into these primitive regions. She was regarded with wonder and envy by the other young women, but their scant homespun dresses appeared to advantage beside her hoops and flounces, and their clear white-and-red complexions were much more attractive than her artificial bloom. She affected to despise the rude fare and simple manners of her native backwoods, and to sigh for the superior advantages of the capital; but it is questionable whether a life spent among the healthy and natural influences of this mountain-region, with few of the conveniences of civilization, would not be better than all the privileges and possibilities of cities for one like her who had conceived cheap idëals.

The people I have been describing formed the better class of this region. They were thrifty, temperate, industrious, scrupulous, as a rule, to owe no man anything, and upright in their dealings. There was a lower class, composed of "poor white trash," who owned no land, but lived as renters or squatters in rude and filthy cabins. They were lazy, trifling, worthless, without even the element of picturesqueness to relieve their squalor. Their homespun dress was a muddy brown or gray in color; they went barefoot or wore coarse cowhide shoes; and their entire personal appearance denoted an indolent acquiescence in their condition. Their uncombed hair fell over their faces, and they had not even the ambition to put it back out of the way, but gazed through it with their lacklustre eyes. Their complexion was sallow or marred with pimples, and their teeth, lips and chins were discolored with tobacco-juice. No matter how poor they were, they always managed to have tobacco for chewing, dipping and smoking. The entire family, men, women and children, used tobacco in some form. The English language in their mouths was transformed into an uncouth dialect. The civilities, courtesies, even some of

the decencies, of life were dispensed with; and as a relapse from culture is always more degrading in its influence and tendencies than a corresponding state of ignorance among a people who have never been elevated, so these degenerate Anglo-Saxons compared unfavorably with the native Indians, a few of whom still lingered in the mountains.

These mountains filled all the northern and western horizon. Gazing upon the blue and violet waves that melted into the sky, upon the nearer ranges that lifted their huge purple shoulders above the miles of pine forests, or upon the solitary domes that now draped veils of mist

about their brows, now stood revealed in all their rugged and enduring majesty, one might think that their very presence would ennoble and uplift the lives spent at their base. But the eye sees, the soul receives, only what they bring with them the power of seeing and receiving; and these slatternly, fretful women, these ignorant, shiftless men, are blind to the beauty around them: their minds are sealed to the lessons of the sky and the mountains. What to an artist or a poet would be a perpetual inspiration is to them blank and meaningless.

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

THREE DAYS.

WHAT shall I haste to lay upon thy bier,
O Yesterday! thou day for ever dead?
With what strange garlands shall I crown thy head,
Thou silent One? For rose and rue are near
That thou thyself didst bring me; heart's-ease, clear
And dark in purple opulence, that shed
Rare odors round; wormwood and herbs that fed
My soul with bitterness,—they all are here.
When to the banquet I was called by thee,
Thou gavest me rags and royal robes to wear:
Honey and aloes mingled in the cup
Of costly wine that thou didst pour for me:
Thy throne, thy footstool, thou didst bid me share,
On crusts and heavenly manna bade me sup.

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-day!
The dead past had its dreams: the real is thine.
An armored knight in panoply divine,
It is not thine to loiter by the way,
Though all the meads with summer flowers be gay,
Though birds sing for thee, and though fair stars shine,
And every god pours for thee life's best wine:
Nor friend nor foe hath strength to bid thee stay.
Gleaming beneath thy brows with smouldering fire,
Thine eyes look out upon the eternal hills
As forth thou ridest with thy spear in rest.
From the far heights a voice cries, "Come up higher!"
And in swift answer all thy being thrills,
When, lo! night falls, thy sun is in the west.

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But thou, To-morrow! Never yet was born
 In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair—
 Never yet tripped, with footsteps light as air,
 So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn.
 Fresh as the radiant dawning, all unworn
 By lightest touch of sorrow or of care,
 Thou dost the glory of the morning share,
 By snowy wings of hope and faith upborne.
 O fair To-morrow! what our souls have missed
 Art thou not keeping for us somewhere still?—
 The buds of promise that have never blown;
 The tender lips that we have never kissed;
 The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill;
 The one white pearl that life hath never known!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

POISONING, AND HOW TO TREAT IT.

CASES of poisoning are naturally very alarming, because people find themselves or others threatened with a danger of which they know almost nothing, and because they have no settled plan of action in the face of it. But however complicated the study of toxicology may become in the hands of specialists, there are a few general principles which if well fixed in the mind would enable most persons to act with coolness and self-possession until the arrival of a physician, to whom they can deliver over the entire responsibility of the case.

And this may be unhesitatingly set down as the first thing to be done upon an alarm of poison. For while what has been said is calculated to prevent the loss of presence of mind, no one without a medical education should undertake the entire management of a case of poisoning. There are possibilities in such cases which sometimes baffle the most skilful physician, and most poisons are followed by after-effects which require, scarcely less than their cause, the special knowledge which only medical men possess.

Let it, then, be understood that when it is at all feasible, immediately upon the discovery or suspicion of poisoning, some

one should be despatched for a doctor. The messenger should also, if possible, carry some information as to the poison taken, so that valuable time may be saved.

Until the arrival of the physician, however, there must be neither idleness nor despair. Usually, something can be learned of the nature of the poison. It may be a domestic article, or have been in a labelled vessel, or be recognized by some striking feature. In this case there is something definite to go on. If not, the darkness does not enforce inaction, for, fortunately, there are some things which are calculated to do good, no matter what the poison may be. Let us proceed orderly to show what may be done in either contingency.

(1.) *If the Poison is not Known.*—If the patient vomit at once—which is often the case—this should be encouraged; if not, it must be provoked. The simplest way to do this is to give large draughts of lukewarm water and thrust a finger down the throat. If there be time, and it is at hand, a teaspoonful or two of ground mustard may be stirred up in the water, or a half teaspoonful of powdered ipecac, or a tablespoonful of the syrup of ipecac. Further, let it be remembered that there

is no occasion for fastidiousness: any water will do. Water in which hands—or dishes, for that matter—have been washed may by its very repulsiveness act more quickly than anything else; and if soap have been used, it will be all the better for that, as soap is an antidote for acid poisons. And the quantity used must be large: the sufferer must be urged to drink and drink, a pint at a time, until he can contain no more and has been made to vomit over and over again.

Next, after copious vomiting, soothing liquids should be given—oil, milk, beaten-up raw eggs—all in moderately large quantities. These are especially valuable when the poison has been of an irritating character, and when it has not they allay the disturbance caused by the vomiting.

Following this, it should be noted whether the sufferer be much depressed in body or mind. If the hands and feet are cold, the lips blue, the face pale, a cold perspiration upon the forehead and about the mouth, then some stimulant may be administered. Strong, moderately hot tea, without milk, is the best thing to be used, because it is a chemical antidote to many poisons. Strong coffee, used the same way, is next in value. To either of these can be added, if at hand, brandy, whiskey, wine or alcohol in tablespoonful doses for an adult, and half as much for a child, or the spirits may be given mixed with a little hot water. Warm coverings are not to be forgotten, and if the depression be great hot-water cans or hot bricks, wrapped in one or two thicknesses of blanket, should be laid by the side of the chest, or a huge poultice placed like a jacket round the body, or a blanket wrung out of hot water and covered with a dry one.

These, then, are the things to be done when there is no definite knowledge as to what the poison is:

- 1st. Send for a doctor;
- 2d. Provoke copious and repeated vomiting;
- 3d. Give bland, soothing fluids—oil, milk, eggs;
- 4th. Stimulate if there is depression.

But, as has been said, often a good idea of the nature of the poison can be obtained. In the absence of a label or other means of certain knowledge, let us see what may be quickly learned.

And first, the poison may be a strong acid or alkali.

(2.) *Acid Poisons*.—If an acid, it will be known by its look, perhaps. *Oil of vitriol* (sulphuric acid) and *nitric* and *muratic acids* are heavy, sometimes yellowish-looking fluids; the first, as its name implies, not unlike oil in appearance, but very heavy in a bottle. The others are lighter, and give off extremely pungent, irritating fumes. All discolor anything on which they fall: the first blackens pine wood, the others turn it yellow. All burn horribly, and leave no doubt of their caustic nature.

For these the proper treatment is to give an alkali. If hartshorn is at hand it may be mixed, about a tablespoonful to two teacupfuls of water, and given; or soda, magnesia, lime, whitewash, chalk, tooth-powder, whiting, plaster or soap may be stirred up in water and given; or, in a pinch, wood-ashes might be used. Some of these are sure to be at hand, for every chamber contains soap and tooth-powder—every kitchen, soda. No time should be wasted in selecting: the nearest thing should be used at once.

After this should come the provoking of vomiting, which can be done as soon as the antidote is down, and repeated once or twice. Then the bland fluids mentioned above should be administered, and afterward rest be secured and stimulation employed, if necessary.

So we have, for acids—

- 1st. Give an alkali;
- 2d. Provoke vomiting;
- 3d. Give soothing liquids;
- 4th. Secure rest;
- 5th. Stimulate.

There is but one other acid that is at all frequently taken as a poison. This is *oxalic acid*, which comes in small, heavy, bright, colorless crystals, making a clear rattle in a bottle or jar. For this the best antidote is lime in some form. If lime-water is at hand, it may be given freely, or whitewash, tooth-powder,

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chalk, whiting or plaster from a wall. The latter may be crushed and stirred up in water, without regard to the grittiness, which will not do any harm.*

(3.) *Alkaline Poisons*.—The opposite poisons to acids are the *strong alkalies*. These are *ammonia*, always in a fluid (hartshorn), clear (if by itself), and with an unmistakable odor; *potash* and *soda*, usually dissolved, and sometimes in the form of lye. Liniments sometimes contain these substances, and are swallowed by mistake. The alkalies usually burn intensely, but not so deeply as the mineral acids.

They must be combated with an acid. Vinegar can always be had, and there is nothing better. It should be given undiluted, and a pint at a time if possible. Lemon-juice may be used, or even orange-juice, though the latter is too mild an acid to be of much service unless the oranges are very sour. Vomiting should then be provoked, and followed by bland, acid or oily drinks, rest and stimulation, if necessary.

Thus we have, for alkalies—

- 1st. An acid (vinegar the best);
- 2d. Vomiting;
- 3d. Acid or oily drinks;
- 4th. Rest;
- 5th. Stimulation.

So much for those poisons which act as direct irritants: let us now look at others which act by entering the system and poisoning in a stricter sense.

The commonest are arsenic in some form, sugar of lead, corrosive sublimate and tartar emetic. These are not infrequently taken by mistake, because they are used for various household purposes. If their nature is not known, they must be treated somewhat in the dark, as described under our first head. If it is

known, there is a special treatment for each.

(4.) *Arsenic* comes as a white, sweetish powder, often used to destroy domestic pests. It usually provokes vomiting and violent pain in the stomach. The vomiting must be encouraged or provoked, and dialyzed iron given: this can now be obtained at any drug-store. It should be given freely, in tablespoonful doses, and each dose followed at once by a teaspoonful of common salt in a little water. After which vomiting should be again provoked, and followed by the administration of castor oil.

Paris green is an arsenical preparation now much used in this country. If taken as a poison it must be treated like simple arsenic.

(5.) *Sugar of lead* comes in white lumps or powder, and calls for vomiting, epsom salts, milk, eggs and castor oil.

(6.) *Corrosive sublimate* comes in small colorless crystals or in a clear solution, and is used to destroy insects. If taken, vomiting must be provoked, and some form of tannic acid given. Tea is the handiest thing containing this, and its administration should be followed up with eggs and milk.

Tartar emetic, a white powder, is best treated in the same way.

(7.) *Phosphorus* is sometimes chewed off matches by children. It is a poison which acts more slowly than most others, and affords ample time for securing medical advice. But some five-grain doses of sulphate of copper may be given, dissolved in water, at intervals of ten minutes until vomiting comes on. Then a dose of magnesia should be administered.

Besides these there are medicines which are sometimes taken in poisonous doses. Of these *opium* and its preparations are the most frequent causes of accident.

(8.) *Opium Preparations*.—These are *opium*, *laudanum*, *paregoric*, *black drop* and the many poisonous nostrums sold as soothing syrups, pain-destroyers and drops for infants. Their symptoms are deep sleep, with narrowing of the pupil of the eye to a small circle which does not enlarge in the dark. Here emetics

* *Carbolic acid*, which is sometimes, though rarely, taken as a poison, is usually in solution as a thick, clear or dusky fluid. When taken by the mouth it causes whitening and shrivelling of the mucous membrane lining it, with intense burning, and then numbness. There are also nausea, weakness and depression, sometimes actual collapse. It is a very dangerous poison, because it acts rapidly and benumbs the stomach, so that it is hard to provoke vomiting. This must be attempted, however, and large draughts of oil or milk given. Rest, warmth of the body and stimulation must also be secured.

must be used promptly and persistently, and vomiting produced over and over again. If there is time, the nearest drug-store will furnish twenty-grain doses of sulphate of zinc, but they must not be waited for: the other means mentioned above must be used while the messenger is gone. Strong coffee must be freely given as a stimulant. The coming of a physician must be absolute: no appearance of improvement must be trusted implicitly. So long as the breathing does not fall below ten to the minute there is no *immediate* danger of death, but opium is a treacherous poison, and requires all the skill that can be obtained to combat it. An electrical battery should be secured if possible, and used to keep up the breathing. This is done by applying to the skin of the chest a current strong enough to excite pain and produce efforts at crying. The custom of walking a patient up and down and slapping him with wet towels is to be deprecated, because it adds exhaustion to stupor. If a battery cannot be obtained, it would be better to lay the patient upon a lounge and slap his skin with the back of a broad brush or with a slipper. This is all the arousing that is necessary so long as the breathing keeps above ten to the minute. Should it fall below this, the case is very urgent and the chances against recovery. However, even if the breathing should cease the effort to save life must not be given up. Artificial respiration should then be employed, by placing a roll of cloth under the shoulders, slowly drawing the arms away from the sides and round till they meet above the head, with a distinct pull, then quickly doubling them and pushing them down hard against the sides of the chest. This will fill and empty the chest. It should be repeated about eighteen times a minute so long as the heart beats or till the medical man arrives and takes charge of the case.

Chloral has come into such general use that cases of poisoning by it are not rare. It is a damp, crystalline, colorless substance, usually, however, in solution. Its symptoms and treatment are the same as those of opium. Sometimes there is a

distinct odor of chloroform about a person poisoned with chloral.

(9.) *Strychnia* is an intensely bitter white powder. It produces what is called lockjaw: first, stiffness of the jaws, then of the limbs and body. It should be treated by provoking vomiting, giving a purge, and, if they can be got, doses of thirty grains of bromide of potash or twenty grains of chloral, or both (to an adult). The greatest quiet must be secured. The poisoned person should be put to bed in a darkened room, with doors, windows and shutters closed, so as to exclude all sights, sounds and draughts.

(10.) *Aconite* is sometimes contained in liniments and swallowed by mistake. In such a case vomiting must be brought on, and followed by the administration of stimulants. Strong coffee may be used, hartshorn (a teaspoonful in a teacupful of water), wine, whiskey or brandy. The patient will often feel a peculiar numbness or tingling in the arms or legs, which is an evidence that the poison has entered the blood, and makes the attention of a physician imperative and urgent. If there is depression, warmth should be used, as described when speaking of unknown poisons.

(11.) *Lunar caustic* is sometimes, though very rarely, swallowed. The antidote of this is common salt, mixed with water and very strong, given again and again, and vomiting should be provoked until the vomited matters cease to have a look like thin milk.

(12.) *Alcoholic liquors* are sometimes taken in such large quantities as to be poisonous. When this is the case there are evidences of deep stupor or depression. The course to be pursued is to cause vomiting, give hartshorn and water—a teaspoonful in a teacupful—and keep the body warm.

(13.) There are, besides these articles, a number of vegetable substances which are sometimes eaten by children or older people without knowledge of their poisonous character. Such are *hemlock*, *deadly nightshade*, the *Jamestown* (or *Jimson*) *weed*, *monkshood* and *toadstools*. *Tobacco*, too, sometimes causes poisonous effects. All produce deep depres-

sion, and must be treated with vomiting, followed by stimulation and warmth, very much as in the case of aconite poisoning.

(14.) *Decayed meats or vegetables* usually excite vomiting, which should be encouraged till the stomach is empty, and followed by a dose of castor oil and some powdered charcoal. This is usually all that is necessary.

We have now completed the list of poisons that are at all common, and have seen what should be done in almost any

case that is likely to occur. In conclusion, let it be remembered that when there is an alarm of poisoning some one, at least, *must keep cool*; then that a physician is to be summoned (sending him word, if possible, what poison has been taken); and that, until his arrival, the course indicated above should be followed. To save time in an emergency, the following table may be consulted, which gives the name of each poison we have already studied, and the proper treatment for it:

POISON.	TREATMENT.
1. <i>Unknown</i>	{ Provoke repeated vomiting; Give bland liquids; Stimulate, if necessary.
2. <i>Acids</i> — Sulphuric, } Nitric, } Muriatic, } Oxalic, }	{ Give an alkali; Provoke vomiting; Give bland fluids; Secure rest; Stimulate, if necessary.
3. <i>Alkalies</i> — Hartshorn, } Soda, } Potash, } Lye, }	{ Give an acid (vinegar); Provoke vomiting; Give bland liquids; Secure rest; Stimulate, if necessary.
4. <i>Arsenic</i> — Paris green, } Scheele's green, }	{ Provoke vomiting, Give dialyzed iron and salt, } repeat several times; Give dose of castor oil; Secure rest; Stimulate, if necessary.
5. <i>Sugar of Lead</i>	{ Give Epsom salts, } repeat several times; Provoke vomiting, Give bland liquids; Give dose of castor oil.
6. <i>Corrosive Sublimate</i> , } <i>Tartar Emetic</i> , }	{ Provoke vomiting, Give strong tea, without milk, } repeat several times; Give raw eggs and milk; Give dose of castor oil; Stimulate, if necessary.
7. <i>Phosphorus</i>	{ Provoke vomiting; Give five-grain doses of sulphate of copper; Give dose of magnesia; but <i>no</i> oil.
8. <i>Opium</i> — Laudanum, } Paregoric, etc., } <i>Chloral</i> , }	{ Provoke vomiting, repeatedly; Give strong coffee, without milk; Keep up the breathing.
9. <i>Strychnia</i>	{ Provoke vomiting, once or twice; Give a purgative; Secure absolute quiet.
10. <i>Aconite</i>	{ Provoke vomiting; Stimulate well.

Turk," the mountain-outline being that of a man with a turban lying on a couch of marble as gray as the vapors that cling to its barren rocks. Away to the north lies the pretty town which gives its name to the lake, and on the south, extending like a peninsular promontory into the quiet waters, imbedded in trees and velvet hills, is the queer old hamlet of Traunkirchen, centuries ago the abode of barbarians, the fierce Avares, who raised a watch-tower of granite upon the promontory and made it the storehouse for their booty secured in robber-raids. Six centuries later, in the year 1300, some good monks built up this old tower into a chapel and dedicated it to St. John, and the Jesuit Fathers, who came three hundred years afterward, strengthened the building, adorned the little shrine and left it as we find it to-day. Upon the hillside below it, just at the water's edge, these priests built a convent, from whose Byzantine towers and minarets the Angelus still rings out as the Alpine glow of evening spreads its wondrous rose-purple over the majestic heights of the Traunstein.

The Villa Toscana is a simple chalet of red and gray marble, which resembles porphyry. It is three stories in height, and covered with a pointed roof whose eaves extend far out and almost form a cover to the graceful balconies which project from the centre of the building. These balconies are not only delightful for the residents, but give a most picturesque effect to the villa from the front lawn. They are broad at the first floor, or *rez de chaussée*, and narrower at the second and third floors, so that those who are sitting upon the upper balconies can look down upon those below them as into a fern-garden, for ferns and foliage-plants, palms and vines of passion-flowers, wreath the dark red shafts and columns which support and connect one balcony with another.

The entrance is at the rear of the building, under a graceful portico covering the carriage-drive, which is raised in a semi-circle by a bank of mosses and ferns, as if to support the columns of the *portecochère*. The great vestibule, separated from the corridor by a broad glass par-

tition, is full of palms and foliage-plants, and the white marble staircase to the right is bordered with dark-green flower-pots containing holly trees, whose glossy green leaves contrast charmingly with the white heather and crimson fuchsias which are interspersed among them. All the vestibules or anterooms being divided by glass partitions from the long corridors which run the whole length of the building, we obtain a sight of the antlers and chamois-horns and the stuffed heads of *auerhähne* that line the walls of these corridors, from which the imperial apartments and reception-rooms open.

The *rez de chaussée*, or first floor above the basement kitchens and servants' apartments, contains the chapel, reception-rooms, the apartments of the *grande maîtresse* (Countess Attems, mistress of ceremonies to Her Highness the archduchess Maria Immacolata), the guest-chambers, including a *salon* and sleeping-room for each guest, the billiard-room, reading-room, smoking-room, apartments of Count Scapinelli, master of ceremonies and gentleman-in-waiting to the archduke, and the dining-room. The second floor is occupied by Their Highnesses the archduke and archduchess as reception-room, boudoir, *salon* and sleeping-rooms. All these apartments are simply furnished in light shades of gray, blue and white uncut velvet, the woodwork of the furniture exquisitely carved in sprays of gentian, clusters of Alpine roses, violets and edelweiss, while the walls of pearl-color are frescoed with garlands of Alpine flowers. The lamps and porcelain card-receivers which stand on high bronze tripods in every room are all of most delicate pearl-gray Vienna china, with Alpine blossoms painted upon them.

Three guest-chambers for the imperial family or sovereign princes visiting here, the nursery of the baby-princess Maria, the apartments of the abbé and those of the young archdukes, are also on the second floor. The corridor here, as below, is filled with trophies of the chase, for His Highness is a passionate lover of stag-hunting, and, like the emperor, one of the most fearless chamois-hunt-

ers in the empire. The anteroom and the marble staircase leading to the third floor are also filled with moss and foliage-plants, small trees of hemlock, arborvitæ and scarlet salvia. The third floor, which commands from its windows and balcony the finest views of the surrounding country, is occupied by the three young archduchesses and their lady attendants. The salon of the eldest archduchess is a large square room furnished in white uncut velvet and maple-wood exquisitely carved with edelweiss and Alpine flowers. The walls are of a gray-pink tinge, with fresco borders of Alpine roses, edelweiss and fringed gentian. The tables and brackets are quite in the Austrian style: not a book or pamphlet is to be seen upon them, but vases of porcelain and Bohemian glass, photographs of the family in marvellously carved frames and *bonbonnières* cover every available space. Two or three *jardinières* of fresh and richly-colored exotics brighten up the room, and on the cottage piano are great green majolica baskets containing fresh Alpine roses and blue forget-me-nots. To English eyes the room has nothing restful or tasteful: it seems only an *Ausstellung* of imperial gifts; and so it is, for these pretty, luxurious articles are all birthday or Christmas presents from the family.

The view from the great windows opening upon the balcony is exquisite. The deep-blue lake, the dark masses of the Traunstein and the huge giant slumbering there, his splendid Greek outline of forehead, nose and chin defined against an Italian blue sky, the masses of vapor filling the crevices of the marble rocks and floating upward like incense when the sun pours down upon them, form a dream of beauty too transient to paint even in thought. But what shall be said of it when at sunset these glorious heights blush rosy in the Alpine *glühen*? I watched them last night, as I have done almost every night since our arrival, but words can never paint the glory of such Alpine sunsets. Here the sun goes down behind the western hills which border the Tyrolean mountain-passes. Thus the Traunstein is directly east of them, and stands

like a mighty canvas for the god of day to paint upon before he sinks to rest. Last evening at sunset the Traunstein, under the Sun-god's brush, became an altar of flame, golden, fiery: then paler fires seemed rising from every crevice of the bare gray rocks. This hue deepened to a ruddy yellow, but the yellow soon passed, and the red glare became rosy, while violet hues, mingling with the rose-light, made it the very color of the Alpine roses. The rose-light partially faded, and the hue of the mountains became that of the violet of the Alps, pinky mauve, which deepened into a shade of deep blue,

As if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

Then the western heaven grew crimson, which slowly faded into a tender rose-gray, until the stars came out and night winds whirled dark shadowy vapors over the sleeping giant.

The grounds surrounding the archducal villa are laid out in the English landscape style—none of those fearful clipped trees and stiff geometrical forms of French gardening which are seen at Schönbrunn. On the lawn before the villa is designed the imperial crown, its rubies Alpine roses, its sapphires gentians and myosotis: the emeralds are tufts of exquisite moss, and the pearls, starry edelweiss and white heather-bells. The crimson velvet cap within is formed of crimson geraniums, and the purple bands of amethysts are pansies and passion-flowers glistening in the dew-drops of a fountain which rises in the central diamond clasp, and constantly flings a feather-like spray of rainbows over these flower-jewels on the velvet grass.

On the lawn behind the villa are traced the lilies of the Bourbons, which belong to the escutcheon of these royal Toscanas, defined upon the green sward in crimson and golden foliage-plants. From either side of the house huge flower-beds, forming fans, jewelled in the imperial gems, spread far out until fringed with a lace-work of myrtle and creeping clematis. But in such an immense, park-like domain as this, which extends for miles on

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every side, flowers as flowers produce a very small effect.

The front of the house is toward the lake, separated from it only by the lawn and two fields of golden wheat. Behind the house the park stretches away through forest-walks and wooded hills to the magnificent hunting-grounds of the archduke, which join those of the emperor at Ischl. As yet, we have not been to these hunting-grounds, but I have looked into them with my field-glass, and nothing more velvety than their pathways or more tufted and feathery than their huge trees of beech and birch can be imagined.

One of the prettiest objects on the estate is the little peasant-cottage belonging to the archduchesses. It stands upon the brow of the hill toward the north-east, just on the edge of the forest, and commands a superb view of the lake, from Gmunden on the north to the southern point of Traunkirchen with its convent-towers. To describe this cottage and the queer old things it contains would occupy too much space here. The archduke has done everything possible to make it a facsimile of a Tyrolean peasant's hut, and from the costume of the princesses when they come to make butter and cook in this new Trianon to their spinning-wheels, everything is perfect.

Our days are spent in walking, driving or sailing to places of interest in the surrounding country. Last week the archduke took us in his pleasure-boat to the Kalbach Falls on the opposite side of the lake. They are formed by a broad sparkling mountain-stream, the outlet of a lake hidden away up in the mountains behind the Sleeping Turk. They are not unlike the Catskill Falls. We were served with a delicious collation under the trees bordering this mountain-brook, at the lodge of one of the emperor's chamois-huntsmen, and sailed homeward in the twilight as the convent-bells rang out the *Angelus* beneath the Alpine *glühen* upon the Traunstein.

M. A. S.

THE STUDY AND READING OF HISTORY.

PROFESSOR SEELEY has recently been commenting on the use and purpose

of history, describing and enforcing the distinction which must be drawn between histories which are scientific works and those which, though their authors are pleased to call them histories, are really but carefully-constructed historical novels. Mr. Seeley thinks an historian's proper materials are not collections of old armor nor the upholstery of senate-chambers, nor yet the tittle-tattle of palaces, but parliamentary debates and official reports; and, as he well says, the details of such matters as currency or land-tenure or administrative machinery cannot be made entertaining by any stickler for truth. For the object of history is to give mankind instruction which they can put to practical use, to furnish the data from which we can construct our own idea and system of politics. History, that is, is no longer philosophy teaching by example, but philosophy teaching by phenomena; and the philosophy taught is not that which concerns man as man, but one according to which men are but imperceptible atoms, of account only when aggregated into states. Now, history that is made out of blue-books is of course dry, as Mr. Seeley says, and yet everything else, according to him, is more or less obviously fiction. To books that are avowedly historical novels he does not object, thinking them well enough for women and children; but to those who from his point of view are literary quacks—writers, that is, who make the reader believe that they can at once entertain and inform his mind—he shows no mercy at all.

Now, it seems to me indisputable that whoever claims to study history must proceed upon Mr. Seeley's method; but students of history are few, and readers of it numerous. Is it Mr. Seeley's opinion that except to students historic themes are fitted only to amuse? I, at least, am of a different opinion; and the fact that hundreds of thousands read history in a popular form to one who concerns himself with the scientific treatment of it, proves clearly enough, to my mind, that for most purposes the common form is the best. The most attractively-written history is not as agreeable reading as a

good novel; whence it is evident that when mankind read it they expect to derive therefrom something besides amusement. But the reason for this is not that we hope thereby to become better prepared for our political duties, nor even, chiefly, to furnish our minds with materials for allusions in conversation; which seems to Mr. Mallock the greatest advantage of historical reading. "Let any one," says Carlyle, "bethink himself how impressive the smallest historical *fact* may become as contrasted with the grandest *fictitious event*—what an incalculable force lies for us in this consideration: The Thing which I here hold imaged in my mind did actually occur!" For the proper study of mankind is man, not systems of government; and there is no way in which man can be at once so profitably and so pleasantly occupied as in the study of what I may term polite, as distinguished from scientific, history. I am willing to admit that readers who have gone through no scientific training are not filled with that hatred of historical fictions which animates the true seeker after truth, and that, on the other hand, they interest themselves in events less because of their real meaning than of their superficial picturesqueness. But to remedy this we must desire to have our books prepared by conscientious workmen, not to have polite history abolished.

But it is just this way of looking at the matter which seems to Mr. Seeley most reprehensible. "That the history is true and well authenticated, that the proper authorities have been consulted as a matter of course, they make no doubt. All such matters they leave to the historian, whom they assume to understand his business." Of course they do, just as they assume their doctor or lawyer to understand his business. Few would care to defend Macaulay from the charge of more or less conscious inaccuracy, but it is rather odd in Mr. Seeley to accuse him of making the art of writing history go backward. Our English professor seems to have got his ideas on the subject from his ponderous German brothers; but the kind of writing which he ad-

mires—history which is as dull and lifeless as a census report—is becoming a thing of the past even in Germany. It has become a canon of criticism even there that, as a well-known critic has put it, "Es nicht Beruf des Historikers ist den Leser in seine Werkstätte einzuführen, sondern aus dieser ein Kuntswerk hervorgehen zu lassen, an dem die Spuren der Arbeit nicht mehr haften."

Even granting the presence of poison in much of our historical literature, we are not likely to want antidotes—scholars who shall tell us in the most vigorous language that the French Revolution was not a sudden and unpreventable eruption of popular madness, that William Tell is a myth, and that Charles the Great was not a Frenchman. And is it not worth while to be acquainted with the original men and striking events of that period even when *taille* and *corvée* and law of Nature are quite unfamiliar to our ears? Is only that history valuable which "is made of acts of Parliament, budgets and taxation, currency, labyrinthine details of legislation and administration—topics, in short, which become the most tiresome in the world as soon as they have passed from the order of the day"? Regarded as a matter of mechanical mental discipline, I will not question the truth of Mr. Seeley's opinion; but for the purpose of broadening the mind and promoting culture, as distinguished from knowledge, I deem the small volume of Arndt's memoirs far more valuable than his bulky life of Stein, and Carlyle's *Mirabeau* than Taine's *Ancien Régime*. A. V.

THE LAST OF HER RACE.

WE have just laid down to rest the last of a once numerous race of servants, whose duties and whose privileges kept them separate from their colored brethren, and whose fidelity won for them a higher place in the affection of their owners than was ever attainable by other slaves.

Before the war each Southern household had its *mammy*, who was honored and petted by both the parents and children of the white family. Mammy slept

in the nursery adjoining her mistress's apartment, and had the entire care of the younger children day and night. Her meals were sent from the table, and she ate them in the servants' hall (a pantry near the dining-room) or else in the nursery; and in the absence of her mistress she carried the store-room key. These colored nurses loved their "white children" better than their own offspring, and the latter were quite willing to occupy a subordinate place in their mother's affection because of the honors heaped upon her in the "great house," as the master's residence was called.

Since the war these old nurses have died off, and none have been found willing to undertake the motherly duties that would confine them constantly to a room beneath the roof and under the eye of their employers; and I had not seen or heard of an old-fashioned mammy until I came to North Carolina and met "Aunt Maria," the aged and well-beloved mammy of the friends I visited. In this State, as in all others where there were slaves, the negroes have sought the proof of their freedom in homes of their own, and go into service most reluctantly, disliking anything like restraint, some even refusing to hire themselves at all unless given bedrooms in an out-building, where they can be entirely free from the surveillance of their former owners when their day's work is done, and be able to spend half the night, if they wish, at a prayer-meeting or festival, or in entertaining their friends, without its being known or commented upon by the "white folks." Such is the present state of affairs in the South: let us, then, place on record the story of the former relationship between mistress and maid.

The bond of affection between "Aunt Maria" and her "dear Mittie," as she called her young mistress, was even stronger and tenderer than was usually the case. Maria had lost her husband, and was a childless widow when selected from among the servants to take charge of her old master's grandchild; and upon the baby-girl she lavished the whole wealth of her loving heart.

At nine years of age Mary Hall was sent to boarding-school, and Maria went with her. In a Southern school there was no difficulty in making this arrangement, and the faithful old servant was entrusted with the care of the dormitory in which her charge slept: she occupied the teacher's alcove and put out the lights at night. She waited upon her young mistress at table and took care of her clothing. If she saw the girls whispering together, she would at once interrupt their secret conference and carry off her darling, telling her companions, "My chile shall not listen to any story you has to *whisper*: she aren't used to it."

Maria next followed her "chile" to the house of a friend of her master's, where his daughter was to be instructed with the children of the family. Here Maria assisted in the light work of the house, while still watching with a mother's care over the health and morals of the gentle young girl, who tenderly returned her affection and grieved at the idea of ever being separated from "mammy." This mammy was so well known that in later years, whenever her old mistress and her grown daughter paid a long visit to their friends, Maria was an expected and welcome guest of the families they visited.

Miss Hall married a young physician soon after leaving school, and mammy of course followed her to her new home. The war with its changes had come and gone, but Maria thought she had always been as free as she cared to be; and as to "wages," what need had she of them when "Mittie" gave her everything she wanted? "A house of her own:" why, she could not be content unless she slept in the room next to Mittie. Didn't she have to dress and undress her chile, and sit with her while "Mas' John" read the Bible at night? And when the babies came she must lie by the crib, no matter how late the hour was, until the young mother was ready to retire. "If de baby cries at night I is bound to go to him: Mittie tells me 'tis no use for me to git up, but *she* don't know nothing about chillen."

She was jealous of her prerogative, and

as age told upon her and her friends tried to lighten her duties, she would *hide* the house-linen to force them to call upon her for it.

Her last illness was a short and almost painless one. She was generally in a stupor, and seemed to have but one thought—the children. A cry from one of them would waken her, and she would try and rise to go to them. A clergyman visited her frequently, and when roused and asked if she wanted to go to heaven, she replied earnestly, "That I does!" and asked "Mas' John" to read her favorite chapter, the Sermon on the Mount. A mother could scarcely have received more constant and tender care than that bestowed upon Maria by her mistress and master. From her master's own hand she took food and medicine, and he alone could induce her to receive the nourishment she needed, but could not relish, during all her illness. After death her countenance was almost beautiful in its expression of blissful peace, though in life the dusky face of the tall, thin woman wearing a bright-colored turban was not specially attractive. I have never seen the face of death bespeak more plainly the joy of that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

The clergyman who officiated at her funeral remarked to me that he was deeply gratified and impressed by the conduct of the colored undertaker and his attendants. They moved about the room speaking in whispers, and only when it was absolutely necessary, and when they lifted the body of the aged nurse to place it in the coffin they "touched it as gently and reverently as if they realized indeed that it was a temple of the Holy Ghost, which would rise at the last day to share in a glorious immortality."

With sad hearts and eyes filled with tears her master and mistress stood by the grave of their old mammy, while a number of her colored friends, with deep reverence, listened with them to the solemn words of the burial-office: then the earth was heaped upon the coffin, and sorrowfully we went away, leaving her alone—to sleep.

A. L. D.

PETTY HINDERANCES.

AMONG the many permanent causes of human sadness, one which most generally impresses thoughtful and earnest people is the difficulty of attaining the best purposes of their lives—of even reaching the point which affords time and opportunity for trying to attain them. Every sort of interruption and hinderance makes an impediment in their way. Some are occasioned by their own infirmity of will; others are unavoidable, and proceed from necessary claims and delays imposed by the most sacred duties: then the art of living pleasantly and gracefully may be at deadly war with the dogged persistence in effort which is the root of all accomplished results. Not a few go through life with the feeling that their poem is unwritten and their song unsung and their great design unachieved, all because of the incessant perplexities and distractions which every day offers. There are the miseries of trifling ailments—a heavy head, an aching arm; there are household and street noises, which make connected thought impossible; there are visiting, gossip, society among the idle classes, and with others the necessity of every-day work—the farm, the counting-house, the details of domestic management, the care of children and the like. The power one longs to exert upon the highest effort is wasted, frittered away, without apparent result. "Men must work and women must weep, for there's little to earn and many to keep;" and by the time middle life is reached they have a feeling of having departed from their ideals—of having played the rôle of Martha, "cumbered about much serving," instead of hearing sacred, heavenly voices teaching the higher lessons and the nobler life. There are those who can accomplish conflicting work, who can obey Carlyle's exordium, doing the duty that lies nearest, and at the same time write their novels, essays and poems. Mrs. Somerville, for instance, used to carry her mathematical calculations in her mind while she attended to her house-keeping—consulted her cook, ordered her dinner, managed her servants and

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looked after her silver and linen. This domestic routine did not hinder her work, and her serene mind was not fretted by prosaic details, being large enough to grasp the whole and allow even the trivial a place. She did, however, complain gently of the inequality of privileges between the sexes—that whereas a man might break our social observances and declare that his time was too important to be wasted, a woman was, on the contrary, at the mercy of any gossiping friend who chanced to take it into her head to come in and spend the day. Miss Austen is another example of a mind undisturbed by petty interruptions and able to work at will without commanding times and seasons. Her authorship was for a long time unsuspected by her most intimate friends: it was her habit to write in her mother's morning-room, where visitors were freely ushered in, and when they were announced she flung her fancy-work over her manuscripts, sprang up, received them, then after an hour of gossip went back to her sheets. Perhaps if she had worked more wearisomely and with more lofty views of her own genius her books would lack that ease and charm of every-day English country life which more careful introspective and analytical writers fail to imitate.

One of the most successful of our minor novelists is a man who holds an important position in the largest dry-goods store in the world, where he spends his days, then after dinner sits down at eight o'clock in the evening and writes rapidly for two hours, while his sons and daughters sing and play and dance around him. Many of our most successful female magazine-writers are women who hold an important place in their own household and in society about them, and do their work at intervals of leisure, without absolutely commanding an hour of uninterrupted time in all their day.

But these exceptions do not form the rule. Shakespeare may have thrown off his plays in the rush and uproar of a London theatre, but his genius was as supreme as the forces of Nature, and com-

pelled everything into its service. To most of us it seems necessary to have some special fitness in the occasion. If we respond equally to every sort of demand upon our time, the result is, as we have said, that the opportunity for the great work is thrust aside. The question is, then, how to secure ourselves from intrusion—how to be able to take up our purposes and work them out with sincerity and coolness. L. W.

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

THE idea of utilizing electricity seems to have taken a very firm hold upon the public mind all over the civilized world. This was strikingly illustrated a few months ago at the *Gewerbe-Ausstellung*, or Trades' Exhibition, in Berlin. An enterprising firm of machinists in that city had constructed and exhibited a so-called "electric railroad," and this proved to be much the most popular part of the whole display. It was always surrounded by throngs of people, and there were very few among the visitors who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to take a trip over the line.

The most novel part of this new-fashioned railroad was the absence of any visible motive-power. There were three small open cars and something which answered to a "locomotive," but which was occupied only by the conductor. The train, carrying usually about twenty passengers, moved over a track rather more than a fifth of a mile in length in about two minutes—not less than the ordinary rate of speed on steam railroads. In truth, the force which really moved it came, primarily, from a steam-engine located in the general machinery hall. This force was there converted into electricity, and conveyed through the rails and wheels to the locomotive. An electric stream being ingeniously established, the electric force was changed again into mechanical force by means of strong electro-magnets inside the locomotive, and thus the necessary motive-power was obtained. The train could be easily stopped by interrupting the electric stream and putting down the brakes.

It is reported that an over-sanguine

German engineer intends trying to perfect this system and to introduce it on public railroads, with the hope of superseding the one now in operation. But it is hardly possible that this expectation can be realized. So much force is wasted in the various transmutations from mechanical to electric force and *vice versa*, that the system, as now carried out, cannot be of much use where a great and long-continued exercise of power is needed. Yet there are many operations in which only a comparatively small degree of force is necessary, and for such cases this peculiar form of employing electricity seems to offer a positive advantage. Its use will, consequently, be very apt to extend, and it has already been proposed to employ it on street railroads. Its advantages over the old-fashioned "dummy" are certainly very marked. Among them are less danger to passengers and to people on the streets,

and freedom from the annoyances of smoke, fire, steam and noise, as well as from the necessity of carrying fuel and water *en route*. The engine could also be stopped with even more ease than an ordinary locomotive. The cost would probably be somewhat greater, but this disadvantage might perhaps be avoided by judicious management.

It is not improbable, then, that the adoption of this plan may form the next "new departure" in the matter of street railroads. If it could be successfully carried out on the elevated lines, it would remove one strong objection now made to that method of rapid transit. People living on the streets through which the "L" roads run would not then have their chambers invaded by the smoke and steam of passing engines, and would not be forced to endure the puffing, wheezing and snorting of the iron horse just outside of their windows. W. W. C.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Burke. By John Morley. (English Men of Letters.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Morley's sketch of Burke is at once an excellent and an unsatisfactory piece of work. It shows the requisite familiarity with Burke's career, with his writings and speeches, with the measures in which he was interested, the men with whom he was associated, the movements and ideas which he championed or opposed. It is marked, too, by the fairness of statement and impartiality of judgment to be expected of the student of history whose sympathies are with the winning side, but who is more intent on analyzing the operations and estimating the results than on reviving the spirit of the conflict or depicting its impetus and bustle. One can easily imagine the different method in which Macaulay would have handled the subject while arriving at very similar conclusions—with what elaboration of argument, what balance of antithesis, what scenic display of changes and contrasts, he would have depicted Burke as

towering in genius above all his compeers, yet on certain occasions sinking below the least of them in judgment and taste; as matchless in eloquence, yet wasting his powers on empty benches; as the most philosophical and far-sighted of statesmen, yet renouncing or violating his principles at the impulse of prejudice and passion; as now the most genial, tolerant and delightful of companions, and now the most irritable, arrogant and unbearable; as falling into neglect and obscurity while he was in the right, and exalted into an object of idolatry when he was most in the wrong. But all this pomp of rhetoric would only have veiled what Mr. Morley's calmer and balder narrative leaves exposed—the lack of that deep insight and imaginative power by which a character is grasped in its totality, and presented with a vividness that gives to each detail the stamp of personality, and produces a single ineffaceable impression.

We must not, however, quarrel with Mr. Morley because he has not executed a por-

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trait in the style of the great masters. If he has not helped us to a fuller and more lucid conception of his subject, he has agreeably refreshed our recollections of it and stimulated our interest by his intelligent comments. At times, it is true, his explanations, through their very abundance, have a somewhat confusing effect. It is not easy to gather a very distinct or striking notion from the remark that "the influence of literature on Burke lay partly in the direction of emancipation from the mechanical formulæ of practical politics; partly in the association which it engendered, in a powerful understanding like his, between politics and the moral forces of the world, and between political maxims and the old and great sentences of morals; partly in drawing him, even when resting his case on prudence and expediency, to appeal to the widest and highest sympathies; partly, and more than all, in opening his thoughts to the many conditions, possibilities and 'varieties of untried being' in human character and situation, and so giving an incomparable flexibility to his methods of political approach." One cannot help doubting whether all the parts thus assembled constitute a whole. In like manner, Burke's course in regard to the French Revolution is explained by his "uniform conservatism," his hatred of the application of abstract theories to politics, "a certain mysticism" which lay "at the bottom of all his thoughts about communities and governments," the prescience that enabled him to foresee at the outset the excesses of the revolutionists, his ignorance of the real condition of France, and his inability to discern the "social question that burned under the surface of what seemed no more than a modification of external arrangements." All this may possibly be true, but it leaves us with a feeling that a link is still wanting, that the full chord has not been struck, that the riddle remains unsolved why a man pre-eminent for breadth of vision, mastery of principles and habitual study of the organism of society should have shown himself, at a crucial epoch, so incurious as to facts, so shallow in his judgments, so rash and extravagant in counsel. Buckle's hypothesis of insanity was an attempt to cut the knot. The inference one is tempted to draw from Mr. Morley's reasoning, though he himself would doubtless reject it, is that Burke, with all his profundity, was a specialist whose researches and conceptions were

confined to the foundations and working of the English constitution.

It was perhaps a straining of terms to class Burke among "men of letters." He was undoubtedly a great writer, but his writings, with few and very unimportant exceptions, have the tone and style of oratory, and belong to the literature of politics in a confined and practical sense, to which his life also was as much devoted as that of Fox or Pitt. Had it been otherwise, Mr. Morley would doubtless have found space, even within the limits assigned to this biography, for fuller glimpses of his domestic habits and social characteristics. Scanty as are those which he has given us, they serve to recall an image which it is delightful to dwell on—that of one of the most attractive figures of a society and an epoch in which men put more of their real selves into their mutual intercourse than has been possible, or perhaps desirable, at a later day and generation—the object of an admiration which often mounted to reverence, yet was always blended with affection, and not seldom with compassion—a character that seemed to unite all the elements of sweetness and strength, yet through some lack of harmonious adjustment was painfully and enigmatically marred.

Sarah de Berenger: A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Ever since Jean Ingelow first sang to us with her "wood-notes wild" we look to her books for a certain charm of freshness and real human interest, in which she has never disappointed us. It is, after all, worth something to be a poet as Miss Ingelow describes the poet: "A poet in her degree, which means that she was a partaker of Nature's boundless hope. She was made welcome to a hint of Nature's wishes." With all its sadness, its tragical limitations, its bitter disappointments, life to her is a sweet and joyful experience, and the minor key but enhances the rapture of the gladder strains. The laughter of happy children, the song of birds, the flight of clouds across the blue ether, a spray of roses drenched in dew,—any one of these acts upon her as a distinct impulse to recognize with tender imaginative piety the worth and beauty of existence.

The plot she has chosen for her latest novel is one of unusual power, and compels interest through the strongest elementary

sympathies. The heroine, Hannah Dill, after marrying a man who had been the object of her passionate love-dream, awakes to find him worthless—a selfish brute, a faithless husband and a convicted criminal. His offences against the laws of his country separate him from her for a term of fourteen years, and this opportunity is given her to bring up her two little girls apart from the miserable conditions of what would have seemed to be their appointed lot. The story hinges on this: partly by chance, and partly because of her aspirations for her children, Hannah has given them an aristocratic name, De Berenger, which makes their after-fate. The poor mother renounces the outward dignity of motherhood, and is content to become their servant. These circumstances, intended at first as mere parenthetic incidents, deepen in importance and lead to results which, by an irresistible logic, make such falsehoods apparently the best truth. The children grow up without any knowledge of the actual tie between them and the woman they call their nurse. When she is finally separated from them by the necessity of returning to her husband, the ex-convict, their grief is a mere childish sorrow for the loss of a faithful and attached servant.

These incidents of the story follow each other easily, without any particular emphasis. Just as in life we find time to eat, drink and be merry in spite of the universal sadness, so Miss Ingelow refrains from insisting that a pall shall cloud the sky in consequence of the bitter tragedy of her story. We have time for charming pictures: nothing can exceed the tender grace with which she has depicted Amabel and Delia. The simplicity of some of her effects, in contrast with the tragic element which lies behind, shows her to be a true artist.

The story she has perhaps gathered from real life, or concocted out of imaginary incidents and characters, is, it may be, greater than her conception of it: at least it surpasses her powers, and is not adequately treated. Victor Hugo alone perhaps could handle unerringly the painful problems with which Miss Ingelow has confronted us. Hannah Dill, in her simplicity, her strength, her utter self-renunciation, suggests the hero of *Les Misérables*. But a truer moralist would never allow a palpable lie to triumph over universal truth, as Miss Ingelow has with

seeming consent permitted it to do. All motherhood is wronged by it. The divine maternal rights are renounced for pleasant fictions of refined living and graceful association. It is apparently better to Miss Ingelow that Amabel and Delia should be little ladies than that the truth should be recognized as truth. It seems to us of importance that a higher view and a clearer vision should be insisted upon from a novelist of Miss Ingelow's worth, and that mere prettinesses and refined instincts should not be allowed to blind her.

There are some scenes of real power in the book—notably, the interviews between Dill and Hannah in the latter part. The by-play between the minor characters is pleasant: the people talk to each other naturally, out of good-will and fellowship, and forbear the witticisms of the youthful party in *Off the Skelligs*. Miss Sarah de Berenger just misses being capably depicted, and one has no quarrel with the author for giving, rather inconsequently, her name to the book. The men are women's heroes—nice, good, clever fellows, fit to be the associates of charming women, and not men at all. It occasionally strikes us that the book was written with a high moral purpose from a temperance point of view. There are, in fact, innumerable allusions to the temperance question, and the amiable Amias is supposed to show some grandeur of motive in repelling the advances of his great-uncle, who is a wealthy brewer. Strict poetic justice is displayed afterward, when the wealthy brewer loses all his money and becomes dependent upon his neighbors.

If Miss Ingelow was really aiming at the promulgation of temperance views, it seems a pity, for her talents clearly unfit her for didactic discussions, and her evident opinions, that breweries cause beer-drinking, and that wise legislation will do away with all appetite for spirituous liquors, strike the reader as rather feminine and utopian.

But we do not look here for that wide survey of the topic which shall approach the true causes of crying evils, and ought to be very well contented with such creditable opinions as belong even to the worst of the characters. Through the entire book there is a charming play of intelligence, and all the improvisations upon facts of human life are sweetly and truly rendered: in her widest sweep of fancy the author maintains a sim-

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Hector Berlioz. Selections from his Letters, etc. Translated, and preceded by a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By William F. Apthorp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

There was a time when, in the window of almost every music-shop, a lithograph was to be seen entitled *Eine Matinée bei Liszt*. The famous virtuoso, with his noble head and rather theatrical pose, is sitting at the piano with an expression of almost solemn inspiration, and about him are grouped the most celebrated musicians of the day—a past day now, alas!—in various attitudes of rapt enjoyment or attention. There are Chopin, with his pensive elegance; Ernst, violin in hand, his handsome, distinguished face turned with exulting sympathy toward the pianist; Czerny, with his hand to his ear, looking as crabbed as his exercises; and among others whom we cannot now recall one with a short, stout figure, a face square above and round below, and a mop of curly hair. This is Hector Berlioz, the subject of the present volume, little known in this country either as a man or a musician. Yet no one ever gave posterity more ample opportunity of knowing him. Besides being a composer, he was in a certain sense an author, and not only his autobiography, but everything he wrote, is penetrated with his personality. Mr. Apthorp has compiled and translated a thick volume from Berlioz's writings, and he has done it well: there is not a dull page between the covers. Readers who are not musicians will skip the technical passages, but enough is left to interest even the uninitiated; while the large class who without understanding music as a science love it as an art and possess it as an accomplishment will find themselves in a sphere where music is not only meat, drink, sleep, but the very vital quality of the air. Mr. Apthorp's translation is not free from small errors, such as rendering *deception* deception, instead of disappointment; *vermeil* vermillion, instead of silver-gilt; *enfants perdus* lost children, instead of forlorn hope; and his English leaves something to be desired, as he uses *would* for *should*, and makes similar slight mistakes. He imitates Mr. Carlyle, and writes about Berlioz as if he were Cromwell or Abbot

Sampson, in curious contrast with a grain of vulgarity which gives a common flavor to his style. Yet the translation is remarkably well done on the whole; and, as work of that sort is generally done now, we ought to be heartily grateful for the very spirited manner in which the task has been performed and the characteristics of the original preserved: its greatest merit is that in reading it we can forget that it is a translation.

The volume opens with a biographical notice. Berlioz was the son of a physician, and was born in a small provincial town of France on the borders of Piedmont in December, 1803. His passion and genius for music showed themselves very early. When he was a little fellow he found an old flageolet in a forgotten drawer, and tried to play "Malbrook" by ear upon it, until his father, "in self-defence, taught him the mechanism of the instrument, and he was soon able to regale the whole family with that heroic air." Soon afterward he took up the flute and guitar, which he learned to play well. Meanwhile, his education was going on steadily, as is seen by the range of his knowledge in later years: his nascent love of books turned principally toward travels, but broadened into an enthusiasm for the best in literature. Shakespeare, Scott, Schiller, Goethe and the Latin poets, especially Virgil, filled his fiery soul with the same mad delight as the great masters of his own art. At twelve years of age he fell violently in love with a young lady of eighteen, and his adoration was divided between her fine eyes and a pair of pink boots which she wore. Her name was Estelle, which never lost its magic for him, and late in life, after much unhappiness with two wives and many other women, he returned to this love of his childhood, then an old woman. But there was a long stretch of vicissitudes, aberrations and explosions between the first and last chapters of this curious romance.

At nineteen, in spite of his distaste for his father's profession, Berlioz was sent to Paris to study medicine. There, of course, he instantly crossed the threshold of the great musical world, from which he had been remote in his frontier province of Isère, and the conflict between vocation and an enforced application began. There was a temporary endeavor to combine an unwilling attendance on medical lectures and the dissecting-room with the impetuous pursuit of music.

He made several attempts at composition—a mass, an opera (called *Estelle*), an oratorio—some of which attracted notice, but none were peculiarly successful, until his father, a kind and upright man, but unconvinced of his son's genius, finding that he had gone heavily into debt to bring out one of his productions, paid the money and gave Hector the choice of dropping music altogether or having his allowance stopped. Berlioz, having just joined a class at the Conservatoire, could not bring himself to give up his art: he broke with his parents, and got a situation in the chorus of a minor theatre to gain a livelihood. This gave him fifty francs a month: he presently got a few pupils, and his first extravagance was to buy a pianoforte for one hundred and ten francs, although he could not then play upon it. He lived in a garret, his fare was bread and dried fruit, and he worked incessantly and with ardor. He competed for a prize at the Conservatoire, failed, fell ill and nearly died of quinsy, saving his life by opening the gathering in his throat with a penknife. As he was recovering his father heard of his illness and of his industry, and relented. Berlioz's allowance was renewed, which enabled him to give up chorus-singing and devote himself to his musical education, but to eke out his means he wrote for newspapers and periodicals. He tried again for a prize at the Conservatoire, and again failed, but the third time took the great prize, the *prix de Rome* of the École des Beaux Arts, and went to Italy with a pension for five years. Mr. Apthorp remarks in regard to this: "Only the insane spirit of routine which at that time possessed the Paris Academy of Fine Arts, and which subjected all its alumni, whether painters, architects, sculptors, musicians or engravers, to the same course of treatment, could ever have hit upon the notion of a man's receiving valuable musical impressions in Italy, where music had long been in a wholly putrescent condition." The best answer to this is that the same rule still holds good (two years' residence in Rome, a year in Germany, the rest of the time to be spent in travel or in Paris as the successful candidate prefers); that several other European nations which have an art-school at Rome also send their best musical pupils thither; and that the young men profess to find not only provision for a life of calm and study, but a fount of inspiration in the scenes, objects and associations which surround them.

Berlioz remained in Italy about two years. Almost immediately on his return to Paris he met for the second time Henrietta Smithson, an English actress, who had produced a sudden and profound impression upon him when he first saw her four years before in the character of Ophelia. It was also the first time he had seen a play of Shakespeare's, and he says that it struck him like a thunderbolt. The tremendous revelation included in its effect upon him the high priestess, whom he saw the next night as Juliet. "An English critic said in the *Illustrated London News* that after seeing Miss Smithson in Juliet I had cried out, 'I will marry that woman, and write my grandest symphony on this play.' I did both things, but never said anything of the sort." He alarmed the lady by his frantic demonstrations of admiration, and wrote her such letters that she forbade her maid to receive any more of them. In 1832 they met again, at a concert where some of Berlioz's music was performed, among other things a melodrama called *Lelio*, in which he told the story of his love. At the passage, "Oh that I could find her, the Ophelia, the Juliet, of my heart!" Miss Smithson was startled. The next day he was introduced to her. Soon afterward the unlucky actress—who was already overwhelmed with debt from the failure of her professional ventures—broke her leg, thereby ending her career upon the stage. The actors and musical artists of Paris showed their proverbial generosity in doing what they could for their unfortunate colleague: Berlioz got up a benefit for her, and before a year was over married her, in spite of the opposition of both their families.

The marriage was unhappy. Berlioz's life was unhappy: he had not the qualities needed to enable him to live on tolerable terms with his fellow-creatures, men or women. His irritable, uncontrollable temper embittered the most intoxicating triumphs. Between 1840 and 1842 he made a journey through Northern Germany, bringing out his own compositions. At Leipzig, Dresden, Brunswick, Hamburg and Berlin—notably the last—he found magnificent resources, orchestras, choruses, solo-singers, distinguished musicians as conductors, and had no cause to complain of coldness in his audiences. He received tumultuous plaudits from the multitude; tears, cries, flowers, presents, serenades, from individuals; the sympathy and admiration of musicians, the flattery of princes. Like

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most artists, he was a democrat, yet enjoyed the society and appreciation of magnates. He seems to have found excellent musical material, capital listeners, and perhaps his keenest pleasure at the courts of the small principalities—we had nearly written “despotisms”—like Weimar and Darmstadt. One of the pleasantest incidents of this journey is his meeting with Mendelssohn, whom he had known in Rome, the same heavenly creature as ever: even Berlioz’s satirical pen cannot take away a ray from the halo of Seraphael.

During these brilliant victorious marches through foreign countries his popularity at home did not increase, and his domestic life became more and more intolerable through the ill-temper and long-unfounded jealousy of his wife. Goaded by her unjust suspicions and tormenting disposition, and doubtless not less by his own tempestuous nature, he broke from his conjugal bonds into a loose mode of life, and finally, after much anguish on both sides, he and his wife agreed on an amicable separation. She did not live many years afterward: she became paralyzed, and died in 1854. Berlioz returned to nurse her in her last illness with tenderness and devotion, and mourned her and the love and dreams of his youth with passionate grief. He remarried, again unhappily, and after eight years was a second time left a widower. He was past sixty, and it was then that he renewed his acquaintance with his boyish idol, the Estelle of former days, at the instance of an impulse which had prompted him to seek her out sixteen years before without result. There was no disappointment or disenchantment here, because she was worthy of the ideal affection of a genius, and because the terms of their intimacy prevented his destroying it himself. Mr. Apthorp says: “Her letters are full of gentle, womanly dignity and kind feeling. . . . She appears eminently a superior woman of large sympathies and a warm heart—a woman of sterling character.” This friendship was the bright spot of his declining years. He was tortured by disease, disappointed in his noblest ambition by the total failure of his favorite and finest opera, *Les Troyens*, bereaved in his dearest hopes by the death of his son, a young man of high promise. He had ardent friends and fanatical admirers, but was too melancholy and morbid to take pleasure in their companionship. Lethargy and apathy took possession of him: his power of enjoy-

ment even in music died out. He was expiring before his time from the reaction of a life of over-indulgence in every sort of excitement, the only emotion for which he cared in or out of his art. A mournful love of Nature was all that was left to him, and he spent some months beside the Mediterranean not long before his death, drinking in such calm and consolation as his spirit could receive from the beauty of the climate and the sea. He breathed his last in Paris, March 8, 1869, and was buried, as he had lived, with demonstrations of honor from the greatest in his own art. His nature was a noble one, notwithstanding his excesses. Mr. Apthorp insists strongly upon Berlioz’s truthfulness, and even his worst confessions bear witness to it and to his absolute honesty to himself and others. Speaking of the praises of a high personage, which, though sincere, he felt to be undeserved under the circumstances, he said: “His applause weighs on my heart like ill-gotten gain.” He relentlessly burned the scores of long, laborious compositions when he perceived that they lacked merit. His music, as we have seen, was always highly admired and valued by musicians, his talent was instantly recognized in Germany, and his compositions have been gaining favor with his own countrymen ever since his death. The few selections from them which are at all widely known in this country through Mr. Thomas’s orchestra are not those best calculated to give an idea of the classic beauty and grandeur of his finest works, especially of portions of *Les Troyens*.

His biography has left no room to speak of his writings except such as exclusively regard music. Music is always the text of Berlioz’s discourse, but he indulges in all sorts of digressions, reminiscences of celebrated people, pungent gossip, chit-chat of extraordinary variety and vivacity. Among other topics he gives a full account of the Parisian *claque* and of the experience of the jury on pianofortes at an international exposition. Now and then the papers are evidently pot-boilers, but even that heavy wood takes fire under Berlioz’s breath and crackles and coruscates with wit, fancy and originality.

Chequer-Work. By Thomas G. Appleton.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

“Patchwork” would perhaps have been a better name for a book made up of scraps so various in color and pattern. “These im-

provisions," as the author calls them, are entitled "The Artist of Tanagra," "The Love of the First-rate," "Una Replica," "May a Monkey possess Genius?" "The Gashed Helmet," "The Philistine," "Rambling in England," "At the Pollards," "An Ideal of the Future," "The Island of Bogassa," "Free Trade," "Ary Scheffer," "The Luck of Van Spendins" and "Sight-seeing." A series of papers on such diverse subjects necessarily lacks the uniformity of chequer-work: the only similarity between them is in texture, which is consistently flimsy. Some of them are pleasant reading enough for an idle—a very idle—hour. We fancy the production did not cost much more effort than the perusal requires, from the negligence of style, and such a slip as attributing Count Alfred de Vigny's novel of *Cinq Mars* to the poet-laureate Casimir de la Vigne. The idea of "The Artist of Tanagra" is pretty, and, although not new, we have never seen it in exactly this shape: the best part of it is a couple of photographs of two exquisite little antique figures, no doubt the gems of the collection which Mr. Appleton's munificence lately bestowed on the Boston Art Museum.

Whenever an intelligent American writes about Europe there is interest in what he says, and Mr. Appleton's cultivation and practised perceptions can be felt in his sketchy recollections of the old countries, especially in "Rambling in England" and the second part of the article on Ary Scheffer. The latter is a reminiscence of Paris in its literary, artistic, dramatic and some other aspects during the reign of Louis Philippe, of whom it is justly said that "the one thing in France a king cannot become with safety is a *bourgeois*," the *bourgeoisie* or middle class being unpopular with every other.

Some of the papers are fragmentary tales with a touch of the supernatural, which feebly recall Washington Irving and Hawthorne. Most New Englanders have a haunted chamber in their brain, but, although Mr. Appleton has the obligatory ghost, it looks as if it were made of a sheet and a broomstick.

The paper which will attract most attention is that on the "Love of the First-rate." The author tells us that this unhappy passion (together with the climate) is what is the matter with Boston folk, for everybody else knows that there is something the matter. He carefully notes the points of resemblance which have won for Boston the name of "the mod-

ern Athens," though he does not tell us who gave it that name, which we should be glad to know. This subject leads him to the following magniloquent burst: "Perhaps this bloom of New England thought is the latest truth has fostered in the world's garden. How important, how lovely, is this flowering we can see when we place the words 'liberty of thought' beside those others, 'political liberty.' Thought inoculates the world from a point in its surface and through the contagion of a few: the heavenly virus of right government and right thinking reaches through the breadth of America in every drop of New England blood, and has virtue enough to modify, if not eradicate, the old diseases of intolerance and bigotry. And we know whence came this healing force, who bore it hither and who distributed. With such knowledge must not the children of the elected ones feel a pride of which they are not ashamed? Is not the arrogance of New England, so irritating at the Capital to those owning no such parentage, inevitable? Without this asperity of virtue could the Puritan child fitly remember the fathers? With a standard so high, with a jealousy of all forms of base control inherited from those who found home unholy if tainted by a tyrant's presence, can they do less than utter a perpetual protest against an invasion on all sides of corruption and time-serving, of cheap motives and unblushing fraudulency?"

Books Received.

The Silk Goods of America: A Brief Account of the Recent Improvements and Advances of Silk Manufacture in the United States. By Wm. C. Wyckoff. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

A First German Reading Book. (The German Principia, Part II.) On the Plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina." New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Ciceronis Epistolae Selectae. (Harper's Greek and Latin Texts.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Scattered Notes on the Text of Shakespeare. By J. G. Herr. Philadelphia: W. C. Wilson & Co.

Afternoons with the Poets. By Charles D. Deshler. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Earl of Mayfield. "Fortis est Fidelis." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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